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SWIFT'S VERSE

AN ESSAY

By

F. ELRINGTON BALL, LITT.D.

EDITOR OF "SWIFT'S CORRESPONDENCE"

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PREFATORY NOTE

Although Dr. Elrington Ball did not live to see the publication of the present volume, he had completed his task, save for the preparation of an index and the final revision of the proof sheets, at the time of his death in January last. For the revision of the proofs I have had the good fortune to secure the services of two scholars, Professor Nichol Smith and Mr. Harold Williams, whose authority in regard to Swift's writings is recognised by all students of the subject. The thanks of all who are interested in the great Dean are due to them for the generous way in which they have contributed of their time and of their knowledge to the preparation of this volume for the press.

E. M. Walker.

Queen's College, Oxford,
June 28th, 1928.

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INTRODUCTION

After the death of Mr. Litton Falkiner, whose memory is regarded by students of Irish history with respect and by his friends with affection, I undertook to supply so far as lay in my power his place as an editor of a new edition of Swift's Correspondence. It was not without solicitude that I entered on that task, conscious as I was that a failure on my part might detract from the high reputation that Mr. Litton Falkiner's gifts had earned for him, and it was most gratifying to me to find that, through a somewhat exceptional knowledge of the ruling classes in Ireland both in the past and in my own day, I was thought not to have altogether failed in carrying out Mr. Litton Falkiner's desire to throw fresh light on the life and times of Swift.

Although it was circumstances rather than inclination that had connected me with Swift, I felt that it was right to give such further help as I could in elucidating his Works, and on the conclusion of the War I spent the greater part of two years in collecting information in regard to his verse, which I had become aware was in a most chaotic state. That information I embodied in an Essay, but the circumstances of the time rendered the issue of the Essay impossible, and I could only communicate then to the public through *Notes and Queries* a summary of its contents.

As I have now reason to believe that a fuller account of the result of my investigations would be of use to others, I have committed the Essay to the press. Although it was written seven years ago, I have found occasion to alter it only in a few of its attributions, and I am glad that a charge of hasty judgement is no longer possible.

Without knowledge of his verse a true picture of Swift cannot be drawn. In his verse he sets forth his life as a panorama, he shows more clearly than in his prose his peculiar turn of thought, and he reveals his character in all its phases from the most attractive to the most repellent. Before the testimony of his verse the work of many of his biographers cannot stand, and withering fades away in the light of lines such as those with which he comforted Stella at the close of her life, and encomiums become unreal in the light of lines such as those in which he ridiculed the fatal marriage of his life-long friend Provost Pratt.

Verse was in Swift's hands a most powerful lever. During his lifetime he opened with it the door to every social circle, and since his death he has caught through it, no less than through Gulliver's Travels, the imagination of succeeding generations. In the form of early ballads, which he was fond of imitating, he used verse politically with tremendous effect, and broke down with it all distinction between the classes and the masses.

No exact prototype is to be found for Swift's style of versification. It has been described as Hudibrastic, but the influence of Samuel Butler was only partial. In its construction Swift laid

under contribution all classes of metrical composition from the Elizabethan age to his own, ephemeral songs and ballads no less than the standard writings of poets and dramatists.

Inspired as he was by love of power and not of fame, Swift regarded with unconcern the fate of his pieces once their immediate object was served. He sent them into the world anonymously, and from the love of mystery that was inherent in him he wished posterity as well as his contemporaries to be unable to attribute them to him with absolute certainty. The authenticity of only a limited number of the metrical pieces included in his Works has been therefore admitted by him, but the authenticity with few exceptions of the remainder, whether found amongst his papers or identified from internal evidence and style, cannot be doubted. Indeed, although Swift asserted in the latter part of his life that he had borne the reproach of many hundreds of printed papers that he had never seen, research tends to prove that the statement was an exaggerated one, and that the vast majority of the pieces attributed to him owed their origin to his inspiration if not to his pen.

The collection of Swift's verse now generally used was the work of many hands, and as a preface to the Essay, its progress may perhaps be usefully summed up here in the form in which it was communicated to *Notes and Queries*. As I said there, the first collection was one of thirteen pieces in the Miscellanies issued in 1711 by John Morphew. That collection was followed by

one in the Miscellanies in which Swift and Pope joined in 1727. In the latter twenty-two pieces were added to the thirteen which had been published by Morphew, and which were reprinted. These pieces were supplemented by ten more pieces which were published in another volume of the same Miscellanies in 1732. Then in 1735 George Faulkner, the prince of Dublin printers as Swift called him, issued as the second volume of his edition of Swift's Works a collection in which an addition of sixty pieces was made to the forty-five pieces previously published. To that collection Faulkner added further pieces in the sixth, eighth and eleventh volumes of his edition of Swift's Works, issued respectively in 1738, 1746, and 1762. Meantime in England Dr. Johnson's contemporary, John Hawkesworth, who was more ambitious than successful in his career, took a part in the collection of pieces, and was succeeded by John Nichols, whose researches have afforded material for subsequent editors and biographers. Finally, as the Essay tells in detail, a vice-provost of Trinity College, John Barrett, whose attainments have been forgotten in the fame of his penurious habits, and Sir Walter Scott gave their aid.

F. Elrington Ball.

London,
November 1927.

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SWIFT'S VERSE

CHAPTER I

THE INSPIRATION OF THE FAMILIAR STYLE

Ann. Dom. 1682–1689. Aet. suae 14–21.

"COUSIN SWIFT, you will never be a poet," are words attributed to Dryden during his short intercourse with his kinsman. He is said to have made that prediction on seeing one of Swift's pindaric pieces; but judging by his opinion of *Hudibras*, he would not have thought that he had erred in his forecast if he had lived to see the octosyllabic lines on which Swift's fame in verse rests.(1) Swift's pieces are the very antitheses of those that were the glory of Dryden and his fellows. In Swift's verse, fire of poetry and magnificence of imagery or language have no part. In verse as well as in prose he seeks the most simple statement, the plainest phrase and the most ordinary comparison, and aims at conveying his meaning with the utmost clearness and force.

But in spite of their lack of the spirit of poetry, Swift's verses find a place in every English anthology, and even by those who would fain censure, Swift is numbered amongst the poets of England. In the opinion of Goldsmith, he

owes his title to the name of a poet not so much to the greatness of his genius, as to the boldness of it. He was, says Goldsmith, the first poet who dared to describe nature as it is with all its deformities, and to give exact expression to a turn of thought alike dry, sarcastic and severe, and in consequence of this courage he is placed by Goldsmith for poetical genius in the same rank as Milton, Dryden and Pope.(2)

To his boldness Swift added in verse faultlessness in numbers and rhyme, and by these qualities he forced Johnson, grudging as he was ever in his praise of him, to admit that in a humorous familiar style his more important pieces left little to be desired.(3) From that verdict no subsequent critic of authority has differed. Drake is of opinion that Swift attained perfection in the form of versification with which his name is identified,(4) and Hazlitt went so far as to say that if Swift had written nothing but his verse, his name would have lived.(5) In later times their judgement has been confirmed in a greater or less degree by Lecky, Saintsbury and Courthope, and, although they emphasize Swift's want of poetical spirit, by Taine and Churton Collins.

In a remarkable passage Sir Henry Craik has enunciated the theory that poetic fire was repressed rather than wanting in Swift's character, and that the failure to find utterance for it blasted his temperament and affected his whole life.(6) It is at least certain that Swift was in his earlier years intensely ambitious to excel in the language

of poetry, and that throughout his life he selected as his chief friends those who did so. Of the poets of his time there was scarcely one with whom he had not personal acquaintance, and in succession Addison, Prior and Pope occupied the chief place in his affections.

Swift's verse is in its essence practical. It deals with a particular person or class, practice or policy, and apportions directly praise or blame. His best-known verses have for their subject his own circumstances, but generally his pieces relate to persons, or things external to himself, and frequently they are inspired by a desire to shield his friends or further their interests. The influence of his friends upon Swift, which has been hitherto hardly appreciated, is specially noticeable in considering the history of his verse. It was not so much his own inclination as anxiety to gain recognition for another's talents that led him to strike a lower note and to spend much time in the composition of trifles, and it was not injustice to himself, but injustice to others, that kindled his greatest paroxysms of indignation. Too often the influence of his friends was in versification a snare for Swift. His power of changing his subject and style was as illimitable in verse as in correspondence, and in his efforts to associate himself with the thought and conduct of those to whom he extended his friendship, his judgement was swayed.

In Swift's earlier years the tendency to take his tone from his environment led to his adopting the use of coarse allusions, which has brought

his verse into much disrepute. At the time of his entrance into it in 1682 the " College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity near Dublin " had, even for the reign of Charles the Second, an unenviable notoriety for loose manners. Those accustomed to life in Oxford and in London were surprised by the atmosphere. The provost spoke of the lewdness and debauchery of Dublin affecting the students,(7) and a government official said that the college was more a sepulchre than a nursery for the youth of Ireland, and that as the gentry were in consequence of its condition beginning to send their sons abroad to be educated, it would be soon left desolate.(8) From within the walls of the college lampoons of the grossest description emanated. Besides a loathsome speech of a terrae filius in 1688, which was found by a famous vice-provost of Trinity College named Barrett at the beginning of the nineteenth century and printed in Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift's Works, there are extant, as specimens of the lighter products of the college then, several pieces of shameless verse and the speeches of two earlier terrae filii than the one made known by Vice-Provost Barrett.(9) Some of the verses were written before the close of the provostship of Narcissus Marsh, who was raised to the episcopal bench of Ireland in the spring of 1683, and the remainder in the interregnum before the appointment of his successor; and the first of the speeches, which is partly in English and dog-Latin prose and partly in verse, was written in 1685, and the second, which is wholly in verse,

was written in 1687. To those engaged in the production of either the speeches or the verses, which together cover forty-two pages of small quarto paper, forming originally a thin book, there is in the manuscript no clue except in the case of the second speech. It is headed "Mr. Brady's tripos,"(10) and was no doubt delivered in the character of a terrae filius by one Joseph Brady, who in the spring of 1687 was admitted, as Swift had been a year previously, by special favour to the degree of bachelor of arts, and who, though junior in standing to Swift, was several years senior in age to him. A few weeks before graduating he had been admonished with Swift and others for neglect of duties and frequenting the town, and a few months after graduating he was expelled for writing and publishing a scandalous libel on some ladies of quality.(11)

The speeches of 1685 and 1687 and the verses are in a collection made by one of Swift's friends (12) and including some of Swift's letters, and as Swift's residence in Trinity College extended from the spring of 1682 until the beginning of 1689, they may have owed in some degree to him their preservation. Indeed, as regards the speeches it seems not impossible that he had a part in their composition. In *Captain Gulliver's Real Diary*, which contains information about Swift that can only have been gathered from what he had told himself, there is a statement that while in college he wrote lampoons,(13) and there is reason for a supposition that he was the author of some verses on a judge's clerk which must have

been written before the spring of 1687, when one of the judges mentioned in them was superseded. These verses, which are headed

> An Elegy on the Pig that
> followd Ld Chief Baron Henn and
> Baron Worth the Connaught circuit to Dublin,

were first printed with a piece that is undoubtedly by Swift (14); they refer to a part of Ireland of which he had knowledge through a college friend,(15) and although puerile, they are not devoid of the originality that one associates with Swift's writings in his later life:

> Being one of those that trot o'er Bog
> 'Twas want of English made this Hog
> Upon his Tongue to wear a Brogue.
>
> Your Connaught Pigs talk Irish best,
> Therefore they speak true English least,
> For those are Wide as East from West.

The speech of the terrae filius in 1688 found by Vice-Provost Barrett, and published first in the *Essay on the earlier part of the Life of Swift* by him, is in the main similar to the speech delivered in 1685, but it is longer, and includes a dialogue, a style of composition not adopted in the earlier speech. It is preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, in a manuscript collection made by the first peer of the line of the Earls of Lanesborough, Theophilus, Lord Newtown Butler, who entered Trinity College towards the close of Swift's residence, and maintained a friendship with him until they were divided by the

question of whig and tory. The collection, which consists with a few exceptions of pieces of verse written in the last twenty years of the seventeenth and first twenty years of the eighteenth centuries, fills three volumes of small quarto size, and to the collection this title-page is prefixed :

> The Whimsical Medley, or A Miscellaneous Collection of severall Pieces in Prose and Verse some Latin, most English, being an agreeable Variety of Satyr and Elogy, Epigram and Sonnet, Fable and Ballad, Lampoon and Pasquinade. To which is Added an Appendix of the same Nature with what went before, Good, bad and Indifferent, Just as it happens to Chime in with the Reader's Humour and Opinion.

The peculiarity of this title led probably to the collection being examined by Barrett in the course of researches in Swift's early life. These researches were undertaken in consequence of a tradition that towards the close of his college career Swift figured in the character of a terrae filius, and as a result of the speech delivered by him was expelled. By his researches Barrett disproved that Swift had been a terrae filius or expelled, but he came to the conclusion that the speech, which he found in *The Whimsical Medley* and which had been delivered by one who is known to have been Swift's friend, had been composed by Swift. In arriving at that conclusion Barrett relied on the fact that Swift was on

several occasions in conflict with the college authorities, and on resemblances between passages in the speech and in Swift's acknowledged writings. On account of its scurrility, John Forster has laboured in his *Life of Swift* to dissociate him from all connexion with it. But a dispassionate reader will neither be disposed to agree with Barrett that the speech was the work of Swift alone, nor with Forster that there is nothing in it which recalls Swift. The speech is probably the work of various minds; and whether Swift wrote them or not, there are passages in it which were in his recollection at later periods of his life.

With the prose, which resembles in its dog-Latin the speech of 1685 so closely as to suggest that the same person was engaged on both, these pages are not concerned, but five distinct pieces of verse which the speech contains call for notice. In the opinion of Barrett, they all breathe in a greater or less degree the spirit of Swift, and were all his work; but they differ considerably in style and quality, as well as in metre, and are not likely to have been written by the same person. In one of the pieces, which is in octosyllabic couplets, there is undoubtedly a familiar ring to those accustomed to Swift's verse, and there seems sufficient ground to attribute it to him. It is headed Heroic Poem, and it has for its subject the vice-provost of Swift's time, who lives in the annals of the college as the courageous defender of its rights against the encroachments of James the Second.(16) Its keynote is found in the lines:

A Mortall Enemy to Punning,
Nor mightily inclin'd to Running,
He still with Care did Guard his Hart
From all the Wounds of Cupid's dart.(17)

Besides it, there is a piece on a beau of the time, Thomas Weaver by name, which displays in a remarkable degree the intensity for which Swift became afterwards so celebrated. The piece tells us that Weaver—

Can sett his Fore Top, Manage well his Wigg ;
Can Act a Proverb, and can dance a Jigg ;
Does sing French Songs, can Rhime and furnish Chatt
T'inquisitive Miss from Letter or Gazett ;
Knows the Affair of Cock Pitt and the Race,
And who were Conquerors at either Place ;
If Crop or Trotter took the Prize away,
And who a Fortune gain'd the other day ;
He swings Fringe Gloves, sees Plays, writes Billedoux,
Fill'd up with Beauty, Love, Oaths, Lyes and Vows.(18)

The general impression is that Swift showed no glimmer of his peculiar gifts and future ability during his college days, and so far as his undergraduate course, from his fifteenth to his nineteenth year, is concerned, this impression finds justification in his autobiography if read superficially. In his autobiography he says, what is known from other sources, that he failed to qualify for the degree of a bachelor of arts and obtained that degree only by special favour, and he adds that the ground of his failure was dullness and insufficiency.(19) But he leaves it open to doubt whether in giving the grounds

he was expressing his own opinion or the opinion of others. It has been discovered that he did well in Latin and Greek,(20) and it may be inferred from his incidental reference to his having applied himself to reading history and poetry, that he was not idle.

It seems impossible that Swift can have showed in the attainment of general knowledge the dullness and insufficiency attributed to him in regard to the curriculum of his day, and it is certain that he numbered amongst his college friends men who were not likely to have chosen an ignoramus as their associate. During his candidate-master's course, from his nineteenth to his twenty-second year, Swift was undoubtedly guilty of two breaches of college discipline, but he had no reason to be ashamed, from an academic point of view, of those in whose company he erred. On the first occasion, in the spring of 1687, when he was one of seven residents in the college who were admonished for not discharging their academic obligations and for spending their time in the city, all Swift's companions, with a single exception, graduated; one was both a sizar and a scholar; two were sizars; and two were scholars. Again, in the winter of 1688, when he was one of six residents in the college who were suspended for setting the authority of the junior dean at defiance, all his companions graduated, and one was both a sizar and a scholar. In addition it may be remarked that in both cases his companions were men of good antecedents. One, a fellow-commoner, was the son of a government official,

another was the son of a knight, and three were sons of clergymen.(21)

In his college days Swift laid also the foundation of his friendship with St. George Ashe, then a fellow and his own college tutor, and Dillon Ashe, then a scholar. It is only necessary to say here that St. George Ashe was one of the most distinguished men of his day, "noted for his great knowledge of most sciences as well as of tongues,"(22) and became provost of the college at the age of thirty-five and a bishop at the age of thirty-eight, and that Dillon Ashe was thought worthy to preach before the Irish House of Commons (23) and to be an archdeacon. As well as with them, Swift laid in his college days a friendship with John Jones, the terrae filius in 1688, who was then a sizar and a scholar, and who became "the most eminent schoolmaster in all Ireland"(24); with Henry Tenison, the son of one of the foremost Irish bishops of that day, who became a member of parliament and a commissioner of the revenue, and is seen by his will, made while he was still a young man, to have been both accomplished and highminded (25); and with Theophilus Butler and Brinsley Butler, two brothers, who were created respectively Lord Newtown Butler and Viscount Lanesborough, and were highly popular and valued members of society as well in England as in Ireland.

About the year 1688 Swift was undoubtedly laying the foundations of his peculiar style in versification. Of this the proof is afforded by an interesting relic in the possession of Mr. Joseph

Christie, of Newtown House near Swords in the county of Dublin. It is a small volume containing an almanac and prognostication for the year 1666 with an account of the highways and fairs of Ireland, and unprinted interleaved pages which are covered by ballads and other topical verses in the handwriting of Swift. Of this manuscript Sir William Wilde made use in his *Closing Years of the Life of Dean Swift*, but Wilde has fallen into some errors through taking the pieces in the order in which they appear in the volume, and not in the order in which they were written by Swift. According to the present arrangement of the leaves in the volume, Swift appears to have begun to write towards the end of the volume, and to have returned when he reached the end to the beginning. Whether this was so, or that the order of the leaves has been altered in binding the volume, is immaterial. There can be no question that, following the present pagination, Swift began to write on page seventy-seven and continued to write to page eighty-eight, and that he returned to page seven and continued to write at the same period to page seventeen, where a change occurs in the colour of the ink.

The pieces contained in the foregoing pages of the volume are: (i) Upon Nothing; (ii) The Catholic Ballad, or An Invitation to Popery upon considerable Grounds and Reasons; (iii) Room for a Ballad, or A Ballad for Rome, being A Continuation of the Catholic Ballad inviting to Popery upon the best Grounds and Reasons that could ever be produced; (iv) On Rome's Pardons;

(v) The Council, or The Composing a Prayer for the Unborn Prince of Wales; (vi) The Miracle; (vii) A Paper put in the King's Shoe; (viii) A Paper found in the King's Room; (ix) The Prince of Orange: A Packet of Advice; and (x) The Packet-boat returned. By Sir William Wilde, Swift was believed to have been author of all these pieces, excepting Upon Nothing and On Rome's Pardons, which were stated by Swift to have been written by the Earl of Roscommon, but the Catholic Ballad and Room for a Ballad are known to have been written by Walter Pope, an Oxford don, and the pieces which concern the birth of James the Second's son are written with a facility in versification that Swift did not possess at the time of their composition.(26) Evidently their preservation was for the purpose of using them as models. In his attempt to prove that Swift was the author of the pieces Sir William Wilde laid great stress on variations between the versions in the manuscripts and those in printed collections of the time. But it is possible that Swift believed in his ability to improve on the author's work, or that he may have copied from a printed version no longer available which contained the variations. In the piece entitled The Miracle, some sixteen variations between two printed versions have been noted.

NOTES

1. Elijah Fenton appears to be the earliest authority for Dryden's words. See Sir Henry Craik's Life of Swift, 1894, i. 45; Dryden's Works, 1882, i. 314, xiii. 112.

2. Goldsmith's Works, 1884, iv. 418, v. 345.

3. Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

4. Essays illustrative of The Tatler, by Nathan Drake, 1805, iii. 150.

5. Lectures on the English Poets by William Hazlitt, lecture vi.

6. Craik, op. cit., ii. 262.

7. Dict. Nat. Biog., 1893, xxxvi. 216.

8. Ormonde Manuscripts, Hist. MSS. Com., N.S., vi. 421.

9. Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 38671.

10. As at Cambridge, the speech of the terrae filius and the terrae filius himself was called tripos at Dublin. The terrae filius was always a bachelor of arts, which has enabled the year of Brady's Tripos to be fixed.

11. An Essay on the earlier part of the Life of Swift by John Barrett, 1808, p. 10.

12. John Rochfort, immortalized by Swift as Nimrod.

13. Gulliveriana, p. 132.

14. A Duel between Two Doctors (infra, p. 55). The two pieces were published with Speed's Counter Scuffle in 1708, the title of the volume being—The Counter Scuffle: Whereunto is Added A Duel between Two Doctors: With an Elege on the Lord Chief Baron Henn's Connaught Pig.

15. Henry Tenison, whose father was from 1682 to 1690 Bishop of Killala.

16. Richard Acton.

17. Barrett, op. cit., p. 73.

18. Ibid., p. 50.

19. Life of Swift by John Forster, 1875, p. 12.

20. Ibid., p. 38.

21. Barrett, op. cit., pp. 10, 14; cf. Alumni Dublinenses, by G. D. Burtchaell and T. U. Sadleir.

22. This character is given to St. George Ashe by John Dunton, who refers to him as a man of worth and humility,

and attributes his early promotion to hard study and foreign travel. Ashe recommended himself to Dunton as a generous buyer at his book sales, and testified to Dunton's justice and fair dealing. The Dublin Scuffle, 1699, pp. 52, 130.

23. See A Sermon preach'd before the Honourable House of Commons at St. Andrew's Church, Dublin, January the 31st, 1703/4, by Dillon Ashe, D.D., Dublin, 1704.

24. This character is another given by Dunton (op. cit., p. 131). He says that Jones was universally beloved, and that his conversation was coveted. His success did not surprise Dunton, who found that he was seldom outbid at his auction and did not lose his time by being busy about nothing. In conference he was found by Dunton a person of great piety and of a most sweet disposition, as well as free from vice, being above the ends that make men wicked. It may be remarked that Jones obtained his degree of bachelor of arts, like Swift, *speciali gratia*. For some particulars regarding him see Swift's Correspondence, 1910, i. 45, n. 2.

25. A reference to Tenison in the Journal to Stella shows that he was a most intimate and much-loved friend of Swift's. His will was made and proved in 1709, the respective days being September 21 and October 14.

26. These pieces are to be found in A Collection of the Newest and Most Ingenious Poems, Songs, Catches etc. against Popery, 1689; The Muse's Farewell to Popery and Slavery, 1690; Poems on Affairs of State, 1703; A New Collection of Poems relating to State Affairs, 1705.

CHAPTER II

PINDARIC AND HEROIC ABERRATION

Ann. Dom. 1689–1694. Aet. suae 21–26.

BEFORE the age of fifteen Swift was an admirer of the poetical works of Abraham Cowley, the idol of the Restoration period, who enjoyed for some decades after his death a great reputation as the inventor of the English pindaric ode and as a writer of heroic verse,(1) and after Swift came to England and began to live with Sir William Temple in the spring of 1689, he devoted himself to an attempt to imitate Cowley's intricate stanzas and stately couplets. Two of Swift's efforts in pindaric verse have been hitherto dated as if written immediately after his arrival at Temple's celebrated residence, Moor Park, near Farnham, but a letter of his own shows that one of these was not completed until several years later and the other did not probably take its final form until about the same time.

The first piece of Swift's that can be dated without doubt is the Ode to King William on his Successes in Ireland, and this ode is not in pindaric verse but in quatrains, similar to those used by Dryden in his *Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Oliver Cromwell.* Of the date of this ode, which was circulated sufficiently to enable the compiler of *The Whimsical Medley* to obtain

a copy,(2) there can be no doubt. Its contents show that it must have been composed at the close of the year 1690 or at the beginning of the year 1691. It opens thus:

To purchase kingdoms and to buy renown,
Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
You, mighty monarch, nobler actions crown,
And solid virtue does your name advance.

Your matchless courage with your prudence joins,
The glorious structure of your fame to raise;
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
And into adoration turns our praise.

These stanzas are followed by others of involved and hollow panegyric. If William had come to the throne by dull succession, says the poet, his merit would not have been fully known, but now his worth must have its just rewards. Timely he snatched Britain from the jaws of Rome, and gloriously he preserves his conquest by his arm, on which Europe now depends. With amazement his action at the Boyne was seen: his design startled even Schomberg, and the impulse, the fight and the event were wholly his own. By his success his foes are disarmed: in vain by secret malice or open force does France endeavour to interrupt the fortune of his career. Deeds that must employ all tongues are about to commence, and William is hailed as the pledge and earnest of England's glory and her lasting joy.

It is said by Swift himself that this ode was written in Ireland, and it is known from other sources that he returned to Ireland after the Battle

of the Boyne for his health or more probably in the hope of obtaining employment there. Besides this ode he wrote then, as Mr. Christie's little volume evidences, some pieces in the familiar style. As has been mentioned, a change in the colour of the ink occurs in Mr. Christie's volume at the end of the pieces to which attention has been directed in the first chapter, and a fresh start is made with a piece entitled The Gentlemen at Large's Litany. The Litany is followed by A Ballad to the Tune of Chevy Chase, and the Ballad by some lines headed Mrs. Butler, the Player in Ireland, to Mrs. Bracegirdle, her Correspondent in London, the three pieces, which were copied into the volume together, relating to society in Dublin after the Battle of the Boyne.

Whether these pieces were composed by Swift, or copied by him, like the preceding ones, as models, is open to question. As the contents of *The Whimsical Medley* show, there were in Dublin in the reign of William and Mary several persons engaged in writing verse of the kind. Their talents were mainly used in the production of lampoons on the viceregal circle. On the departure of William from Ireland, the government was vested in two lords justices, Henry, Viscount Sidney, who was afterwards created Earl of Romney, and Thomas Coningsby, who was afterwards created Lord Clanbrazil and Earl Coningsby, and was held up to odium by Prior in *The Viceroy*. Three months later, in December 1690, Sidney was called to office in England, his place as a lord justice being taken

by the lord chancellor, Sir Charles Porter, but the terror of husbands, as Sidney has been called, seems to have been sufficiently long in Dublin to stamp the viceregal circle with a libertine reputation. One of the lampoons, entitled *Advice to a Painter to draw the late Ball at Clancarty House*, was written in the autumn of 1690, while the sword was still held by Sidney and Coningsby, who are represented in it as surrounded by a very immoral court; and three of the others were written in the beginning of the year 1692, on the occasion of a representation of D'Urfey's play *Love for Money* by amateurs in the Archbishop of Dublin's palace. As Swift was again at Moor Park with Sir William Temple when the last pieces were written, he cannot have been the author of any one of them; and as he was in the autumn of 1690 seeking government favour, he is not likely to have indited an attack on the lords justices, such as the *Advice to a Painter* was.

But so far as The Gentlemen at Large's Litany is concerned, it seems certain that it was by Swift. It cannot have been copied as a model, as it is incorrect in its numbers and uneven and forced in its composition, and from the fact that it is not one of the pieces in *The Whimsical Medley* it is not likely to have been circulated. The following are a few of the verses:

From quarrelling amongst ourselves without
Somebody to hold us from going out,
From handling cold iron, being stout,
Libera nos Domine.

From playing at cards in the room above stairs,
And losing our money with a bon air,
To gratify the lady that's not very fair,
Libera nos Domine.

From the steward's rebukes, the comptroller's smile,
Bestowed with a grace enough to beguile
One out of his way a Yorkshire mile,
Libera nos Domine.

But the strongest internal evidence that Swift was the writer lies in the wording of a final note : " This Litany would have been longer, but that the author knew these gentlemen's constitutions can as ill endure long as frequent prayers."

For the same reasons the Ballad to the Tune of Chevy Chase seems also to have been by Swift. The dramatis personae are the chief baron of the Exchequer and the chief justice of the Common Pleas, and the date of the composition must have been the spring of 1691, after the judges had returned from the first circuit after the Battle of the Boyne. It opens thus :

God prosper long our government,
The lords and ladies all ;
A woeful quarrel lately did
At Lord Chief Baron's fall.

To combat ladies bold and brave
Lord Pyne found out the way ;
His brother Kit might live to rue
Making him drunk that day.

The third piece, Mrs. Butler, the Player in Ireland, to Mrs. Bracegirdle, her Correspondent

in London, is written with more care and smoothness. This piece, which was circulated sufficiently to gain a place in *The Whimsical Medley*, is a lampoon on the female leaders of society in Dublin. Incidentally Lord Sidney is mentioned and is designated as good-natured, which was no doubt the view Swift took then of him, although at a later period he saw reason to change his opinion. The Dublin actress begins thus to the London one:

> Mars, my dear friend, was so triumphant grown,
> Such civil wars before were never known;
> They were so prejudicial to my trade,
> I scarce could live both by the gown and blade;
> But now, I hope, thanks to our kinder stars,
> We shall have here no more intestine jars;

and proceeds then to mention the Dublin ladies of the time and their attributes, moral and immoral.(3)

After Swift's return in the summer of 1691 from his visit to Ireland, he went to see his mother at Leicester, and thence set out for Moor Park, paying on his way a visit to Oxford, where one of his aunts, the mother of his cousin Thomas Swift, was then residing. Whether as a result of that visit or not, he applied himself for a considerable time after his return to Moor Park, which took place about Christmas, to attaining proficiency in pindaric verse. Writing to his cousin Thomas Swift in May 1692, he says that for the study of poetry he considers two hours in the morning the flower of the day, and that he

uses it for the purpose of writing pindarics. But he does so only if he is in the humour, and seldom is able to write two stanzas of an ode in a week. In a burst of confidence he adds, what he would not have the world know for a million, that he is overfond of his own writings, and when he composes what pleases him he is a second Cowley to himself, and can read it a hundred times.(4)

It is from this letter that it is known that one of his pindaric odes, hitherto dated May 1689, An Ode to Dr. William Sancroft, was not completed until three years later, and that the supposition has been drawn that a similar ode, hitherto dated June 1689, An Ode to the Hon. Sir William Temple, was an analogous case.(5) Anything more unlike Swift's later verse than the ode to Temple could not be imagined, and the disorder of the stanzas is only surpassed by the obscurity of the matter. The ode opens with the following lines of fulsome flattery :

Virtue, the greatest of all monarchies !
Till, its first emperor, rebellious man,
Depos'd from off his seat,
It fell and broke with its own weight
Into small states and principalities,
By many a petty lord possess'd,
But ne'er since seated in one single breast.
'Tis you who must this land subdue,
The mighty conquest's left for you,
The conquest and discovery too :
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's Terra Incognita,

Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever since but in descriptions found;
Like the philosopher's stone,
With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

The poet then goes on to say that the world had been led astray in seeking to find virtue by rules taken from musty morals, and in believing that learning hides all its treasures in the deep grave of a book. In that way knowledge is purchased at the expense of breeding and sense, and forfeits all humanity. Thrice happy is Temple to have escaped the general pest. In him the souls of Virgil, Epicurus and Caesar are united, and round his head, crowned with the bays of the Nimeguen peace, the lightning plays like lambent fire. By him the wily shifts of state have been exposed and the mountain has been shown to be shaken by a mouse. What serpent is it, asks the poet, that lurks in palaces and courts and has sent Temple thence? With that basilisk he oft renewed the fight, but unable to overcome her, and tired with loss of time and care, he resolved to give himself, as he had done his country, peace.

The poet's muse is then invoked to sing of the pleasures of retreat, and to publish over the plain how mighty a proselyte nature has gained. In this new scene Temple is expected to explain how the kernel grows into a tree, and whence it takes its increase and its birth, and he is assured that his garden is better worth his pain than a barren court. In conclusion the poet turns to

himself, and asks how so divine a spirit as Temple's can be cast in the same mould as his own. He tells how nature has bound him to the muse's gallies, and how, when in vain he tugs and pulls the oar, the muse stops his complaining breath with promise of a mad reversion after death. By indolence and ease the spark infused by nature at his birth has been kindled and made intemperate by praise. In vain all wholesome herbs he sows. By an equivocal birth whatever he plants runs up to poetry.

The date of the completion of another of Swift's pindaric pieces, the Ode to the Athenian Society,(6) is known to have been February 14, 1692, just six weeks after his return to Moor Park from Ireland. The knot of obscure men who composed this society had then for a year been dispensing universal knowledge through a journal conducted on the lines of *Notes and Queries*. While visiting Oxford, Swift had heard some very learned gentlemen speak of the journal with admiration, and finding on his return to Moor Park that Temple was enthusiastic about it, Swift poured forth his eulogium. As he tells his cousin, in the letter already cited, the ode was all rough drawn in a week and finished in two days after, a dispatch which he attributed to his being zealous in the cause of the society, for he took it to be " a part of the honesty of poets that they cannot write well except the subject deserves it." The ode opens with lines likening the effects of the Revolution to the effects of the Flood, a simile which may have been due to Swift's recent experience

of the desolation in Ireland, and picturing philosophy rising above the devastation :

As when the Deluge first began to fall,
That mighty ebb never to flow again,
When this huge body's moisture was so great,
It quite o'ercame the vital heat ;
That mountain which was highest first of all
Appear'd, above the universal main,
To bless the primitive sailor's weary sight,
And 'twas perhaps Parnassus, if in height
It be as great as 'tis in fame,
And nigh to Heaven as is its name ;
So, after th' inundation of a war,
When learning's little household did embark,
With her world's fruitful system, in her sacred ark,
At the first ebb of noise and fears,
Philosophy's exalted head appears ;
And the Dove-Muse will now no longer stay,
But plumes her silver wings, and flies away ;
And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
To crown the happy conqueror,
To shew the flood begins to cease,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

The poet's muse, after making an humble chaplet for the king—the ode which Swift wrote in Ireland—discovers a country where songs of nature and art, philosophy and love, charm the ear. By the poet the great unknown and far exalted men who inhabit it are asked to pardon the wild excursions of a youthful pen, and to forgive a young and almost virgin muse. Impertinence has two factions, the good-natured and the ill-natured, those in whom merit begets

GIFT OF CARNEGIE CORPORATION

admiration and praise, the poet being one of them, and those who make railing a rule of wit and obloquy a trade. To such as Pluto's helm wisely shrouds, follies are perhaps visible in both, in the one case cause for pity and in the other for laughter. By the war wit has been made as narrow as trade, and the wits, or rather atheists, of the age owning the effects of providence, yet denying the cause, will say that the great unknown are a crowd of atoms. But the poet is content to believe that the scene is moved by exalted men. Fame does not consist in an empty name : it is to be found in the seat of virtue and religion with which those addressed are alone acquainted. To the poet the great unknown seem to have been transformed into water, flame and air, so well do they explain all phenomena. By them philosophy has been divested of the strange habits in which succeeding ages have clothed her, and restored to her looks of Heaven.

Then turning to himself the poet says that the muse changes all his thoughts and transfers them to beauty and the praise of her own tyrant sex, and he complains that the great unknown increase the pride and cruelty of women, who boast of the platonic champions they have gained without one female wile. Let that vain sex dream on. Though the great unknown have raised women, they have raised men as well, and for the poet it is pride and happiness enough to be of the same sex as their benefactors. He sighs when he thinks how fleeting and vain are

learning and wit, and grieves that the noble work of the great unknown may fall at last to interest, folly and abuse. There is a noon-tide in men's lives, and no conquest carried by one mighty hero to its height ever flourished under either a successor or a son. When the animating mind is fled, the body, though gigantic, lies cold and dead. Thus it will fare with the unhappy men who dare to be successors of the great unknown. Censure, pedantry and pride, the poet foresees, will with blind rage break all peaceful government, yet traces of the great unknown shall remain sufficient to tell the vast extent of their conquest, and to show how strange a paradox is true—

> That men who liv'd and died without a name
> Are the chief heroes in the sacred list of fame.

The only other pindaric piece by Swift which survives is the Ode to Dr. William Sancroft, late Lord Bishop of Canterbury.(7) Zeal for his cause did not ensure speed in composition, and the ode hung heavy on Swift's hands. When writing to his cousin, in May 1692, he says that in five months he had written but nine stanzas. Half of them, he adds, did not please him, and the ode was then not nearly finished. Although shorter than the one to the Athenian Society, the ode is sufficiently long to show that even then Swift's versatility was extraordinary and that depth of religious conviction, a quality too often hidden under a cloak of profaneness,

was already manifest in his character. In his opening lines the poet says :

Truth is eternal, and the Son of Heav'n,
Bright effluence of th' immortal ray,
Chief cherub, and chief lamp, of that high sacred Seven,
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by day :
First of God's darling attributes,
Thou daily seest him face to face,
Nor does thy essence fix'd depend on giddy circumstance
Of time or place,
Two foolish guides in ev'ry sublunary dance :
How shall we find Thee then in dark disputes ?
How shall we search Thee in a battle gain'd,
Or a weak argument by force maintain'd ?
In dagger contests, and th'artillery of words,
(For swords are madmen's tongues, and tongues are madmen's swords),
Contriv'd to tire all patience out,
And not to satisfy the doubt ?

Even the image of truth, the poet goes on,(8) is not easily found in a world which is but a dusky shade of Heaven. From that world there pass weak shapes, wild and imperfect, as sunbeams shot too far from the glass produce in it mimic forms in strange postures and uncomely dress, or again as Cartesian artists show figures inverted and colours of a faded hue. Such are the ways of ill-guided mortals when they judge things above by things below. It is not wonderful that men talk amiss, for the poet is doubtful whether even his muse can tell the place which the ghost of the bright essence haunts.

But if virtue, submission and humility are the best resemblances of it, Swift believes that truth finds its brightest pattern on earth in Sancroft, in the divinity of his retreat. To explain nature's laws, errors are propounded by men, and the weathercock of state is believed by the herd to be firmly hung on the pinnacle of the church while there is no wind, and when it is turned by a blast of fate, it is thought that the church has moved. Thus to fools, who suppose that truth, like all the world, is their own, holy Sancroft's motion appears irregular. It is vain for the muse to try to influence the multitude: rather let her make the poet's words like daggers and fire. Too easy government and too great prosperity have caused weeds to grow until they shade the royal rose, which is too free from thorns. The poet, who is left no province but to rail, asks for forgiveness for his ill-governed zeal. None but Sancroft and his Almighty Master knew how to bear the giddy turns of popular rage. Although he should be ill-understood as equalling the sin of his countrymen to that of the Jews, the poet fears that the spirit of the Jews is in some of Albion's sons. In reviling His great ambassador they discover what they would have done to Heaven's Almighty Son. But zeal is weak and ignorant, though proud and turbulent, and is like the medley in the idol's toes, which crumbles into dust, or moulders into rust, or melts away at the first shower. Nothing is fixed that mortals see or know, unless some stars, and these show on earth like all transcendent excellence.

False mediums cheat men, and far exalted objects lessen by their height. Thus primitive Sancroft moves too high to be obscured, and rolls on his own sphere, shedding, though unseen, his influence on earth.

Why should the church be led by the state, asks the poet, and laid waste to mend the state's dilapidations? The world, whose eyes are on England's prince, thinks that William's subjects have had their sins cancelled by Heaven and that they share his influence, but wicked kings draw more examples than good. Weary with the weight of a declining church, oppressed by faction, and finding the mitre almost as heavy as the crown, Sancroft has wisely retreated to his heavenly rest. May no unkind earthquake of the state disturb his present mitre, as a storm of late swept up whole churches. Such was the storm that inwreathed Sancroft's mitre, like his Master's crown, with thorns. But now the bitter cup is passed, and whether his action was moderation or fortitude, human reason must decide.

In the exaltation of his retreat, Sancroft shows glimmering of the prelate glorified. Why should the sun be proud to lodge behind a golden cloud? Though fringed with evening gold, the cloud is but a low-born vapour kindled by a ray. At length it is overblown, and no deflowered eye can face the naked light. Yet this perfection proceeds from strength of its own seed. The world bears but one branch of gold, on which the spirit lodges like the dove, and which, transplanted to Heaven, will improve to be the brightest plant there.

For whatever theologic levellers dream, the poet knows there are degrees above, and as chief of the mitred saints Sancroft shall be given a high-spirited throne, translated from his being arch-prelate here to be archangel there.

Since through blindness or fate Sancroft has been lost to the church, the poet begs the powerful blessing of his prayers. What was the nation's crime that sent wild reformers to tear religion's lovely face, and strip her of every ornament and grace? Religion now lies on her death-bed, and physicians swarm to show their mortal skill. Reformers and physicians are the same and have one end and design, the death of the patient and gain. But the angry muse is bid to check her satire or to choose a more worthy subject. Since Heaven and Cato are pleased, she is not to allow the outcasts of this outcast age to provoke her rage nor to permit her mighty spirit to be raised.

Swift was himself conscious of the obscurity of his pindarics. He confesses to his cousin in his letter of May 1692 that he cannot write anything easy to be understood, even were it but in praise of an old shoe, and proposes to send him as proof of the truth of what he says a piece called The Ramble, which was addressed to one of the "twenty young women" to whom he had paid attention before that time. As well as the odes, a translation of Virgil then occupied him. Like the odes, it stuck "plaguily" on his hands. Only two hundred lines had been written, and those not without the omission of

two passages, which with any meaning he could give them looked "confounded silly nonsense in English." Their omission was naturally not approved of by Temple, who liked the translation otherwise, and an appeal for help is made by Swift to his cousin, who had boasted that he could make a set of verses in a morning.

According to Sir Walter Scott,(9) in that summer of 1692, during a short residence at Oxford for the purpose of taking the degree of master of arts, Swift wrote in light octosyllabic quatrains an English version of Horace's Ode *Non ebur neque aureum.* The attribution of this version to Swift has been adopted eagerly by John Forster,(10) and with some reserve by Sir Henry Craik.(11) But this version has been claimed as the work of another. Thirty-five years later it was printed by James Arbuckle, a poet quite capable of writing it, and stated by him most definitely to be his own composition.(12)

The attempt to forestall Dryden's great work was doubtless in heroic couplets, and before the close of the following year, 1693, that verse had wholly superseded the pindarics in Swift's estimation. Two poems in heroic couplets which were written then survive, one being To Mr. Congreve, which is dated November, and the other being Occasioned by Sir William Temple's late Illness and Recovery, which is dated December.(13) The tribute to Congreve was written with the idea of its being printed with one of Congreve's plays. Whether Congreve ever saw it is doubtful. Writing at the beginning of December to

his cousin, Swift asked whether Congreve's play, *The Double Dealer*, which was then being acted, had been well, ill or indifferently received, and says that his sending the poem to Congreve depends upon the answer.(14) The poet opens the tribute with the lines :

> Thrice, with a prophet's voice and prophet's pow'r,
> The Muse was called in a poetic hour,
> And insolently thrice, the slighted maid
> Dared to suspend her unregarded aid ;

and says that on these occasions she chid his zeal as unpoetic fire. Now the verse is hers, for none but divine power could leap the bounds which part Congreve from the poet. On her side there is no mean design of making use of the eagle's wing for a perch from which a wren may sing. Godlike is the force of Congreve's bays in assisting the poet's pride, which looks with scorn on half mankind and averts from them the judgement of his pen.

The age is spared because the poet's hopes are fixed on Congreve to reform the stage. He believes that never did a poetic mind produce a richer vein or clearer ore than Congreve's, and he beholds with indignation the vile pretenders who maintain their stock by scraps and filings from Congreve's brain. Notwithstanding that they pad thus on wit's high-road they do not cease to criticize, but they cannot obscure Congreve's light, any more than swarms of gnats can rob the world of day. Congreve would blush to know the birth of those who cause him to

stoop ignobly in fear. By the poet, the nest in which they lay before becoming city butterflies has been searched, and they have been found to be country-bred in the poet's own scene; they have adjourned from spinning tops and learning grammar to the inns where schoolboys sprout into beaux. Thus a lad near Moor Park, sent a year before to town, returned that summer a finished spark, and aroused the anger of the poet, whose lash is destined to make sin and folly bleed, by boasting of his acquaintance with Congreve, and of his having advised him not to write heroics, for tragedy would prove his doom. Fools live in a sort of dream, and delude themselves into believing that they keep high company, and if the vilest scribbler, whose name shall not secure immortality by mention in these lines, should usurp Congreve's place, the cheat would pass.

But the muse's hour is vainly spent in satire instead of in Congreve's praise. What matters it to her if mankind be a fool, since she is happy in pleasing Temple, he who is all that is good among the great. With the poet she meets in a reverend cave, where on a better day some Druid had her early favour felt, and while she and the poet prate, he wanders from being a grave adviser. In conclusion he asks Congreve to take a lesson from his ode called The Poet, in which he had advised that beaten paths should not be retrod, and that fancy should be given room. Shoals of critics will pronounce the doom of his verse and rally his muse. Accustomed to

her father's sheep, she will behold with amazement the chattering throng and avoid the offensive herd. Even now she is retreating far into the crystal cave, and as she flies, faint inspiration sickens and the spirit dies. In the descending sheet Congreve will haply find refreshment for his mind:

> Naught it contains is common or unclean,
> And once drawn up is ne'er let down again.

Although in heroic couplets, and the shortest of the pieces which Swift wrote at that time, the poem Occasioned by Sir William Temple's late Illness and Recovery is almost as obscure as Swift's pindarics. In the opening lines the poet exclaims that it is—

> Strange to conceive how the same objects strike
> At distant hours the mind with forms so like,

and then describes how his muse appears to him at the Moor Park stream, where Temple had oft been her darling theme, with eyes betokening a glad farewell to a tempestuous day. She upbraids the poet because no change had come in his looks when every cause of grief is past, and bids him listen while she teaches him to sing. Lately she has seen ghastly fear on every face as when a convulsion of nature scatters strange agues over sickly minds, and shakes the atheists' knees. This fear caused the best companion of the best of men to tremble. Even the countenance of his sister, who was within a few days

maid, wife and widow, was suffused with tears. And sables were cast over the faces of the household, who mourned for the quickening spirit, as would earth and life if Heaven's action was suspended for a day.

Such thoughts the muse tells the poet to take, and to find employment in the fancy furnished by returning joy. But on seeing that he regards her not, she pauses and bids him speak and tender his submission for his neglect. In reply, the poet tells her that she is the bane of his peace and the cause of all his woes. Of late she has grown no more than an amusement for his scorn and hate. As her meteor blazes above him, she is believed to be still his. In truth she is no more than a glittering voice, a painted name, a walking vapour, like her sister Fame. If she be a female power, why does she linger beside the dregs of youth ? She ought to scorn to look upon a wretch such as the poet, assigned for life to unremitting grief, and never visited by the smallest ray of hope. Over the happy, time takes a swift flight, but over the wretched, he sweeps his scythe with a heavy pace, and he has as trophies of a year, in which his greatest enemy hope has fled, the havoc in the poet's looks. To the muse, the poet owes his restless thoughts, and his scorn of fools, by them mistook for pride. She had bid him not to stoop to interest, flattery or deceit, but ill-presented this grace had bred contempt, where she intended should come esteem. Always to be cheated, never to be pleased, is a madness that has seized no fancy, since the poor

content that delusion finds is one false beam of joy.

There the muse's enchantment breaks, and from that time the poet renounces her visionary power:

> And since thy essence on my breath depends,
> Thus with a puff the whole delusion ends.

NOTES

1. See Swift's Letter concerning the Sacramental Test.

2. Swift's cousin Mrs. Whiteway had a copy apparently in print. See Nichols's Literary Illustrations, v. 382. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1776. It is suggested by Sir Walter Scott (Works of Swift, 1824, i. 77) that a piece written in 1689, To Dr. Sherlock on his not taking the Oaths, was by Swift; but no confirmation of the attribution has been found in the matter, execution or circumstances.

3. Mr. W. J. Lawrence (Notes and Queries, 10 S. iii. 266) is inclined to attach a slightly later date to this piece.

4. Swift's Corr., i. 364.

5. It was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1755.

6. It appeared in the Supplement to the Fifth Volume of the Athenian Gazette, 1691, pp. 2–6. In 1725 it was printed in pamphlet form with the title—Sphinx: A Poem ascrib'd to certain Anonymous Authors: By the Revd. Dean S——t. It was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1755.

7. It was included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1789.

8. Miss Strickland gives (Lives of the Queens of

England, 1852, vii. 412) extracts from a version of this Ode, " far superior in perspicuity and polish." She says that this version is amongst Cole's Miscellaneous Manuscripts, but it has not been found in those preserved in the British Museum. She says also (p. 450) that Swift wrote a pindaric ode on Queen Mary II, which, in Miss Strickland's opinion, could not have been worse. According to her, it appeared in the Athenian Oracle, but it has not been possible to identify it.

9. Op. cit., i. 31. His authority appears to have been The Hibernian Magazine (July 1775), v. 430.

10. Op. cit., p. 60.

11. Op. cit., i. 39.

12. A Collection of Letters and Essays on Several Subjects lately published in The Dublin Journal, London, 1729, ii, 36, 298, 428.

13. They were included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1789. In the poem to Mr. Congreve, Swift mentions another piece called The Poet.

14. Swift's Corr., i. 366.

CHAPTER III

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FAMILIAR STYLE

Ann. Dom. 1694–1707. Aet. suae 26–39.

It has been generally assumed that the despondency which pervades the heroic piece on Sir William Temple's Illness and Recovery arose from Swift's discontent at his dependent position, but if the piece itself is to be believed, his despondency was caused by his failure to succeed in the Cowleyan school. The last lines are very explicit, and the intention expressed in them was carried into effect by Swift, who made up his mind that success in lyric or epic poetry was not to be attained by industry and learning alone, and resolved, with the robust common sense which characterized him, to lay aside for ever the idea of gaining fame by versification of a conventional kind. Indeed for a time he appears to have abjured every type of metrical composition. No verses written by him between the years 1693 and 1698 have been found, and in a long list of books read by him in the year 1697(1) only two English poetical works are included, namely Davies's *Nosce te ipsum* and Blackmore's *Prince Arthur*, to both of which he would have been attracted on another ground than that of form.

It is probable that the next piece in verse that

can be attributed to Swift is one occasioned by the destruction by fire of the palace of Whitehall in the opening days of the year 1698, an event which has given Macaulay a subject for one of his wonderful word-pictures. Although Swift still used heroic metre, the piece On the Burning of Whitehall,(2) which did not get beyond the stage of revision, is in the familiar style, and displays the intensity of Swift's later verse :

> This pile was raised by Wolsey's impious hands,
> Built with the church's patrimonial lands ;
> Here bloody Henry kept his cruel court,
> Hence sprung the martyrdoms of every sort ;
> Weak Edward here, and Mary the bigot,
> Did both their holy innovations plot.

The piece goes on then to recount the ill-uses made of the palace in subsequent reigns and refers with freedom of language to the debauchery that the palace walls had witnessed. In the concluding lines it pictures the conflagration, which it represents as a just judgement from Heaven :

> Down come the lofty roofs, the cedar burns,
> The blended metal to a torrent turns ;
> The carvings crackle and the marble rive,
> The paintings shrink, vainly the Henrys strive,
> Propt by great Holbein's pencil, down they fall ;
> The fiery deluge sweeps and swallows all.

When the palace was burned, Swift was living at Moor Park. In 1694, just six months after he had written the heroic piece on Sir William

Temple's Illness and Recovery, he had left Temple, and had spent the next two years in Ireland, engaged first in taking holy orders and afterwards in discharging his parochial duties as prebendary of Kilroot, but in the summer of 1696 he had returned to Moor Park, and he remained there until the beginning of 1699, when Temple died. Before his return he had received a promise from Temple of his interest in obtaining for him ecclesiastical preferment in England, and so certain did he consider himself of it that about the time of the fire he resigned his Irish prebend. The retirement of Lord Sunderland, which preceded the fire by a few days, had removed, however, the minister to whom he looked for favour, and the piece On the Burning of Whitehall may have been designed to recommend him to another patron. In its sentiments the piece, which was intended to bear as date the anniversary of Charles the First's execution, was calculated to please the extreme section of the whig party, going as it did in the conclusion so far as to suggest that "Inigo's famed building" had been spared by Providence as the scene of the death of a tyrant. Owing to this passage the attribution of the piece to Swift was rejected by Forster,(3) but it seems well grounded, as the original manuscript, which was in his own handwriting, is said to have been corrected by him, and it is possible that it was on his realizing that he had been carried by his fervour into expressions which he was not prepared to justify that he laid the piece aside.

In the year 1698 Swift composed also a piece which he thought worthy of a place in his Miscellanies.(4) It is in octosyllabic metre, and purports to have been written on ivory memoranda tablets belonging to a lady. As it has been dated 1706 as well as 1698 it is probable that, although composed in the former year, the piece Written in a Lady's Ivory Table-Book was revised in the later year, a procedure which as will be seen Swift adopted in other cases. With the same intensity as in the lines On the Burning of Whitehall, Swift gives a number of entries from the tablets: some made by the lady referring to toilet requirements, and others made by her admirers containing professions of devotion:

> Here you may read, Dear charming saint;
> Beneath A new receipt for paint:
> Here, in beau-spelling, Tru tel deth;
> There, in her own, Far an el breth:
> Here, Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!
> There, A safe way to use perfume:
> Here, a page fill'd with billet doux;
> On t'other side, Laid out for shoes;
> Madam I die without your grace;
> Item, for half a yard of lace.

In conclusion, the author asks who that had wit would expose it to the chance of being blotted out by a cloth, and replaced by the nonsense of some peeping fop, and expresses his own opinion that for such a book, and such a heart as the owner's, the proper tool is a wealthy idiot, "a gold pencil tipped with lead."

When the death of Sir William Temple took place in January 1699, Swift's future was still in suspense, and the hope of obtaining a settlement soon brought into his life the influence of a new patron in the person of Lord Berkeley, the second earl and tenth baron of his line, who was then about fifty years of age. Like Temple, although a man of very different calibre, Berkeley had been a diplomatist, and had acted as envoy to Spain and Holland, but unlike Temple, he was still living in the world when Swift joined him. For Berkeley, Swift had at no time much respect, and he considered that he owed nothing to him, but through his connexion with Berkeley, Swift was brought into a situation that left a mark upon him, and fitted him for the part that he was to play in the days of Oxford's ministry. After Temple's death Swift lost no time in ingratiating himself with Berkeley and his family, and before spring was far advanced, he is found addressing a very characteristic letter to Berkeley's eldest daughter, who married Thomas Chambers, sometime master of the Mint, in connexion with a proposal to send her father as ambassador to Constantinople.(5) In this letter Swift said that the idea of his correspondent's younger sister, Lady Betty Berkeley, trusting herself amongst infidels had caused great concern to Sir William Trumbull, who, although he had been himself once ambassador to the Porte, was "a man of mean mind as to courage," and that Sir William had flown into raptures which he had addressed after

the manner of Cervantes to Lady Betty under the name of Galatea :

> Her charms the limits of an isle disdain,
> And spread a powerful empire o'er the main ;
> Shall she to barb'rous coasts from hence remove,
> And melt their tyrant hearts with flames of love ?
> To punish haughty slaves that proudly dare
> Triumph o'er beauty and insult the fair.

It may be inferred that Swift had no wish that Berkeley should exile himself, and he cannot but have read with pleasure in the middle of May an announcement in *The Post Boy* that Berkeley had " excused himself to his Majesty and the Turkey Company as to this employment," and with still greater pleasure six weeks later an announcement in the same journal that Berkeley was " going for Ireland in fourteen days to take upon him the place of one of the lords justices of that kingdom."(6)

With Swift in his train, Berkeley set out from London early in July 1699 for Ireland, and travelling by way of his seat in Gloucestershire and Bristol, where he embarked, he reached Dublin in the latter part of August. There before long Swift found subject for verse in the failings of his lord, who had mortified him by passing him over in the appointment of a secretary and in subordinating his claims to those of another chaplain when a deanery fell vacant. In The Discovery, Berkeley is represented as more anxious about the price of forage than about the welfare

of the state, and as finding a willing helper in testing the markets in his secretary, Arthur Bushe, who is alleged by Swift to have supplanted him in the office of secretary :

> My lord, said Bushe, a friend and I,
> Disguis'd in two old threadbare coats,
> Ere morning's dawn, stole out to spy
> How markets went for hay and oats.
>
> With that he draws two handfuls out,
> The one was oats, the other hay ;
> Puts this to's excellency's snout,
> And begs he would the other weigh.

This satire was followed by a lampoon of a very gross kind called The Problem, in which Swift introduces as well as Berkeley the wife of the first Viscount Rosse, a daughter of the famous Lady Tyrconnel by her marriage to Sir George Hamilton, the wife of Charles O'Neill, an ancestor of Lord O'Neill, and the wife of Sir Richard Levinge, the first of the Knockdrin baronets, then solicitor-general for Ireland and afterwards one of the chief justices. It has been suggested that Swift's presentation to Laracor, which was part of the debris left by his successful rival, was due to the fact that Berkeley had seen the libels and dreaded further disclosures; but although Swift is known to have shown The Discovery to his friends, there is no indication that he allowed The Problem to be seen.(7) In the latter, as in many of Swift's later pieces, justification is found for Taine's criticism that Swift's mind was prone

to dwell upon what was intended to be hidden and that in revealing his thoughts he spared no ignoble detail or offensive word.(8)

In Mr. Christie's volume there is a piece entitled The Character of a Coxcomb, which was apparently written also in the winter of 1699–1700 by Swift. It describes the members of Dublin society then frequenting the viceregal court, and is modelled on a piece entitled The Picture of a Beau, in which members of London society at that time were similarly pictured :

> As he that would a perfect picture make,
> From different faces must the features take,
> So he that would the character design
> Of a staunch coxcomb must together join
> The differing qualities of each fop and beau
> That all the play, the strand and castle show.

A year later, in the opening months of 1701, Swift wrote one of his most celebrated pieces, Mrs. Harris's Petition.(9) At that time Berkeley's connexion with Ireland was drawing to a close, and his departure was expected at any moment, being only delayed by the illness of the Earl of Drogheda, who was one of the lords justices designated to succeed Berkeley and his colleague, and whose arrival at Dublin Castle is mentioned in the Petition as imminent. In January all arrangements for the departure of Berkeley and his colleague, the Earl of Galway, were completed, but the change in the Irish government did not take place until the opening days of April. While in this state of suspense Mrs. Harris, one of

Lady Berkeley's gentlewomen, lost her purse, and the Petition tells of her efforts to recover it. In the Petition, which is written in lines of immense length, and which Mr. Courthope thinks may have been suggested by *Gammer Gurton's Needle*,(10) the members of Berkeley's household all come under review, and such is the realism of the picture in this inimitable doggerel composition that each of them seems to live still and to be an acquaintance of our own. In turn there appear Lady Betty Berkeley, then a girl of about sixteen; the chaplains, Swift and his Derry rival; the steward, "that beast Ferris"; the clerk of the kitchen; the valet; the housekeeper; the footman's wife; and the housemaid.

So next morning we told Whittle, and he fell a swearing :
Then my Dame Wadgar came, and she, you know, is thick of hearing.
Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loss I have had ?
Nay, said she, my Lord Colway's folks are all very sad :
For my Lord Dromedary comes a Tuesday without fail.
Pugh ! said I, but that's not the business that I ail.
Says Cary, says he, I have been a servant this five and twenty years, come spring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a thing.
Yes, says the steward, I remember when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd, just about the time of gooseberries.

Up to this time Swift says that he had given little heed to the politics of his own day and he appears in an attitude of detachment in a few lines in Mr. Christie's volume, entitled A Fable yet a True Story, which he wrote on the invidious position of William the Third in 1700 during the struggle between the whigs and the tories over the Resumption Bill:

In Aesop's Tales an honest wretch we find,
Whose years and comforts equally declined;
He in two wives had two domestic ills,
For each had different age and different wills;
One pluck'd his black hairs, t'other pluck'd his grey;
The man for quietness did both obey,
Till all the parish saw his head quite bare,
And said he wanted sense as well as hair.

The parties henpecked William are thy wives,
The hairs they pluck are thy prerogatives;
Tories thy person hate, and whigs thy power,
Though much thou yieldest still they tug higher,
Till thou and this old man alike are shewn,
He without hairs, and thou without a crown.

But when the ascendancy of the tory party, which had caused Berkeley's supersession as a lord justice, resulted in the spring of 1701 in the impeachment of the whig ministers, Swift's interest in current politics was aroused. At the moment he was starting with Berkeley for England, and while travelling with him he concerted the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome,(11) and also probably a piece entitled A Poem, occasioned by the Hangings in the

Castle of Dublin, in which the Story of Phaeton is Express'd.(12) It refers to the political situation of that time, picturing William as the eager charioteer, and Portland, Halifax, Somers and Orford as the great, the good, the just and the wise :

If, either void of princely care,
Remiss he holds the slacken'd rein,
If rising heats or mad career,
Unskill'd, he knows not to restrain ;

Or if, perhaps, he gives a loose,
In wanton pride to shew his skill,
How easily he can reduce
And curb the people's rage at will ;

In wild uproar they hurry on ;
The great, the good, the just, the wise,
Law and religion overthrown,
Are first mark'd out for sacrifice ;

When, to a height their fury grown,
Finding too late he can't retire,
He proves the real Phaeton,
And truly sets the world on fire.

On Swift's arrival in London there is ground to believe that he became allied with the most able pamphleteer of that day, Dr. Charles Davenant, who was a maternal uncle of his cousin Thomas Swift, and that they collaborated in the production of a curious tract in which the policy of the tory party is both denounced and defended in verse. To the tract, which originated in one

signed Legion attacking the tory attitude with regard to the second partition treaty, and which was advertised in *The Flying Post* of June 28, 1701, the following title is prefixed :

> The Ballad, or, Some Scurrilous Reflections in Verse on the Proceedings of the Honourable House of Commons : Answered Stanza by Stanza with the Memorial, alias Legion, reply'd to Paragraph by Paragraph.
> London : Printed by D. Edwards and Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster, 1701.

Another tract, which is announced in *The Post Boy* of October 2, 1701, as published that day, has also much in it that recalls Swift's acknowledged pieces. Its title is :

> A Dialogue between the Cities of London and Paris in relation to the present Posture of Affairs, Resolved into Verse and made applicable to the Disturbances which now seem to threaten the Peace of Europe. Written by a Person who has no money to pay Taxes in case of a War.
> Printed and are to be Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster, 1701.

In addition there is corroboration of Swift's collaboration with Davenant in a letter written in the summer of that year by Simon Harcourt, afterwards the first Viscount Harcourt, to Robert Harley, the future Earl of Oxford. From this

letter it appears that Davenant had then a companion, chum he is called, and that this companion was to be one of a party of five at a mysterious dinner, the other four being the Duke of Ormonde, Harley, Harcourt and Davenant.(13) It was also at that time that "the splenetic madman," Prince Butler, to whom Swift refers in The Public Spirit of the Whigs, was in the public eye, and Swift's knowledge of him was most likely to be through Davenant, with whom Prince Butler had been allied in opposing the prohibition of the use of Indian silk.(14)

During the next year, 1702, when Swift again spent six months in England, there appeared a parody of an address presented to King William on behalf of the clergy of New England by one of the most notable of the early colonists, the Reverend James Blair, president of the College of William and Mary in Virginia. It contains many of the phrases in the Dublin effusions of Swift's earlier years, and in truly Swiftian style represents the clergy of New England as unable to endure the affront offered to William by the French in dubbing the Pretender, King of Great Britain :

Wherefore if your foes do persist for to slight you,
We will all of us pray, nay and some of us fight too ;
For like Hogans half-drunk, your polemics, I fancy,
Can club pretty well when inspired with Nantsy ;
Among all the black guard, you can't miss of an Hector,
Unless you chance light on the Williamsburgh rector ;
Yet we'll favour the French if we find they'll be civil,
For be it known that we fear 'em no more than the devil.

However we can huff it, if they never come near us,
If they should I am afraid they would damnably scare us.

It was issued as a broadside with the following heading and imprint:

> The Loyal Address of the Clergy of Virginia. Williamsburgh: Printed for Fr. Maggot, at the Sign of the Hickery-Tree in Queen-Street. 1702.(15)

In the same year, while on a visit to Berkeley Castle, Swift wrote also two other pieces, A Ballad on the Game of Traffic and A Ballad to the Tune of the Cutpurse.(16) The first pictures Lord Berkeley playing cards in his domestic circle. In the scene there figure Lady Berkeley, two of her gentlewomen—the famous Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Weston, and a Dame Floyd, who was probably the mother of "the happy composition"; and in an extra stanza composed by Lady Betty Berkeley, Parson Swift is introduced. Hitherto this piece has been headed "written in the time of the Earl of Berkeley's government," or "written at the Castle of Dublin 1699," but a reference to Jack Howe indicates that it was written after the Gloucestershire election of December 1701, and that consequently the castle in which the scene is laid must have been not Dublin Castle, but Berkeley Castle. Besides, if Mrs. Weston and Dame Floyd had been inmates of Dublin Castle, they would have been inevitably introduced in Mrs. Harris's Petition. The stanza by Lady Betty Berkeley was added by her surrep-

titiously, and this episode gave rise to the second piece, which is dated August 1702. The latter is an imitation of the song of the ballad-singer in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*:

Once on a time, as old stories rehearse,
A friar would needs show his talent in Latin;
But was sorely put to't in the midst of a verse,
Because he could find no word to come pat in:
Then all in the place
He left a void space,
And so went to bed in a desperate case.
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.
Let censuring critics then think what they list on't;
Who would not write verses with such an assistant?

Before the year 1704 a piece in Swift's Works entitled A Conference between Sir H. P——ce's Chariot and Mrs. D. St——d's Chair must have been written.(17) It has for its subject the wooing of Miss Dorothy Stopford, afterwards mentioned in the Journal to Stella, as Countess Doll of Meath by Sir Henry Piers, the third baronet of the Tristernagh line. In 1703 he was a young man of twenty-five, and the fair lady, who was a member of the family from which the Earl of Courtown descends, was evidently older, and married in the next year a widower of sixty-six in the person of the fourth Earl of Meath, whom she replaced on his decease by Lieutenant-General Richard Gorges. The piece, which is in the familiar style, but in heroic metre, has all Swift's gift of intensity, and from his other references to

Countess Doll and the contents of the piece, which has many indelicate allusions, it cannot be doubted to be from his pen.

During a long visit paid by Swift to London in the years 1703 and 1704 a fresh stimulus appears to have been given to his literary ambition. After that visit A Tale of a Tub was published,(18) and a distinct advance is perceptible in his versification. Whence the stimulus came is not apparent. Possibly it was the result of the intercourse which he had then with high whig statesmen, or of his acquaintance with that great patron of wits Anthony Henley.(19) To that period Ambrose Philips's story of Swift as the mystery man of the coffee-house frequented by Addison and his circle applies; and although Forster endeavours to antedate the incident, there is no proof that Swift was then personally known to Addison.(20)

While on that visit Swift composed the first version of a piece entitled Vanbrugh's House, which in its second form was said by Bolingbroke to be the best thing of the kind that he ever read.(21) This piece was occasioned by the erection of a house of diminutive size on the site of the Whitehall palace by Sir John Vanbrugh, whose achievements as a playwright, as an architect and as an officer of the College of Arms are told. The second version contains a reference to the form of joking known as a 'bite,' which Swift first alluded to, and described as 'new-fashioned,' in December 1703.(22)

In the next year, 1705, Swift wrote a lampoon,

of a very unsavoury kind, upon Lord Cutts, who came to Ireland in that year as commander of the forces, and filled during the absence of the lord lieutenant the office of a lord justice. Although repulsive in its matter, Swift gave it a place in his Miscellanies,(23) and certainly as a composition its merit cannot be disputed. Besides The Salamander, as that lampoon was called, he wrote in 1705 A Parody on the Recorder of Blessington's Address to Queen Anne,(24) Blessington being one of the almost invisible parliamentary boroughs attached then in Ireland to the seats of prominent political personages, and the recorder being a curious barrister, of strong tory inclinations, rejoicing in the name of Crowe.(25)

From a town that consists of a church and a steeple,
With three or four houses, and as many people,
There went an Address in great form and good order,
Composed, as 'tis said, by Will Crowe, their Recorder.
And thus it began to an excellent tune :
Forgive us, good Madam, that we did not as soon
As the rest of the cities and towns of this nation
Wish your majesty joy on this glorious occasion.
Not that we're less hearty or loyal than others,
But having a great many sisters and brothers,
Our borough in riches and years far exceeding,
We let them speak first, to show our good breeding.

And as Mr. Christie's volume shows, Swift wrote then the piece mentioned in connexion with the Elegy on the Pig. That piece originated in a contest for the office of physician to the army between Sir Patrick Dun, the father of the Dublin medical

school, who was successful, and Dr. Ralph Howard, an ancestor of the Earls of Wicklow, the piece being originally entitled The Duel betwixt two old Physicians :(26)

Ye high commissioners of death,
And fatal stoppers of our breath,
  By Jove you make us wonder :
That you who ought like birds of feather,
Most lovingly to flock together,
  Should now be riv'd asunder.

What devilish motives did you feel,
Or was the devil in the deal,
  To cause this dismal fray :
For sure his kingdom can't increase,
If you, his agents, be not at peace,
  And both in concord slay.

Charon for joy did shout so clear,
That you from Arctic might him hear
  To the Antarctic poles :
If one of you by sword had fell,
Few souls he'd ferried o'er to hell
  For want of mortal bolus.

With the title Epigram on the late York-street Duel, a few lines on the same subject are preserved in *The Whimsical Medley*, in which the preceding piece also appears :

O valiant doctors ! will you not give o'er ?
Have you so many kill'd, you'll kill no more ?
Yet (by long practice being cruel grown)
As other lives, will you destroy your own ?
A favour this is, for by doing this,
You down yourselves, lest you should murder us.

Although his biographers represent him as visiting London in the summer of 1705, Swift remained in Ireland from the summer of 1704 until the winter of 1707, when on arriving in England he wrote that all things appeared new to him "after an absence of less than four years."(27) It was during that period, in the year 1706, that a first version of Baucis and Philemon, one of his best-known pieces, was composed. It describes with a wealth of detail, afterwards much abridged, the transformation of a farmer into a clergyman, his wife into a parson's dame, and his house into a church, and concludes by metamorphosing the clergyman and his dame into yew trees. The first emotion of the reader is wonder that any brain could conceive so minute and perfect a picture of English country life, and that wonder becomes tenfold greater when it is realized that the piece was composed in another country, in the streets of Dublin or the fields of Laracor.(28)

Meantime the wits in London were busy discussing A Tale of a Tub, and publishers began to attribute pieces to its author. Thus there appeared in the year in which the Tale was issued a pamphlet with the title:

> The Fairy Feast, Written by the Author of A Tale of a Tub, and the Mully of Mountown.
> London: Printed in the Year, 1704,

but The Fairy Feast, afterwards called Orpheus and Eurydice, was the work of Dr. William King,

the civilian and starving wit, who was also responsible for Mully of Mountown. Two years later there appeared :

> The Tripe Club. A Satyr. Dedicated To All Those who are True Friends to Her Present Majesty, and Her Government: To the Church of England, and the Succession, as by Law Established : And who Gratefully Acknowledge the Preservation of their Religion, Rights, and Liberties, Due to the Late King William Of Ever-Glorious and Immortal Memory. Difficile est Satyram non Scribere. By the Author of the Tale of a Tub. London : Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn-Gate ; And Sold by the Booksellers of London, and Westminster. MDCCVI.(29)

This piece reports a debate of a small coterie of high-church tories, who met in a Dublin tavern " to censure heroes and the acts of kings," and tells in the conclusion of the arrival of Religion, who bids the high-fliers cease from their transports of rage and trust in Queen Anne, and of an unceremonious ending to the debate. Amongst the members of the coterie mentioned are several who became connected with Swift in his tory days, the Reverend Francis Higgins, who became known as the Irish Sacheverell, Archdeacon William Percival, who sought at a later stage to rival Swift in versification, Richard Nutley, who became a judge, and Edward Worth, who was a leading Dublin physician.

Although the weight of evidence is against the attribution of this piece to Swift, the question is not easily determined. The piece relates to Ireland, where Swift was residing when it was written, and in part it displays his characteristic of intensity. It was published by Tonson, who knew Swift as editor of Temple's letters, although probably not as author of A Tale of a Tub. But, on the other hand, devotion to the church is made a cause of ridicule, which was far from Swift's custom. That the piece was incorrectly attributed to him is further indicated by another one entitled A Satyr on some Collegiate Wits.(30) The latter was written at the same time as The Tripe Club, and cannot be doubted to be by the same hand. In it no trace of Swift is to be found. But the strongest point of all is that the author of The Tripe Club was well known in Dublin, and figures in an answer to it under the sobriquet of Somnio,(31) yet not one of Swift's Dublin contemporaries ever connected the piece with him, and it remained for Barrett fifty years after Swift's death to father it upon him.

NOTES

1. Craik, op. cit., i. 72.
2. Scott, op. cit., i. 46.
3. Forster, op. cit., p. 64.
4. The piece is printed in The Miscellanies of both 1711 and 1727.
5. Letters, Poems and Tales: Amorous, Satyrical, and Gallant. Which passed between Several Persons of Distinction. Now first Publish'd from their respective

Originals, found in the Cabinet of that Celebrated Toast Mrs. Anne Long, since her Decease. London: Printed for E. Curll in Fleetstreet 1718, p. 26; cf. Swift's Corr., v. 205, 229.

6. See the Life of a Chief Governor of Ireland in the Reign of William III, Notes and Queries, 12 S., vii. 361.

7. An "original holograph manuscript" of The Discovery was found in the collection of Swift's friend, Sir Andrew Fountaine, and sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge on December 15, 1906. The Discovery and The Problem were included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1755.

8. History of English Literature, by Hippolyte A. Taine, 1886, iii. 238.

9. It was printed in The Miscellanies of 1711, and had been previously published with Baucis and Philemon by Hills in 1709 and with A Meditation upon a Broomstick by Curll in 1710.

10. History of English Poetry, by William J. Courthope, 1895, v. 126.

11. See Swift's Memoirs relating to that change which happened in the Queen's Ministry in the year 1710. The Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons in Athens and Rome with the Consequences they had upon both those States is advertised by John Nutt near Stationers' Hall, in The Flying Post for October 23, 1701.

12. This piece was discovered by Barrett in The Whimsical Medley, and was included in Swift's Works by Sir Walter Scott. It is to be found in a broadside form in the Bradshaw Collection in Cambridge University Library.

13. Portland Manuscripts, Hist. MSS. Com., iv. 18.

14. Notes and Queries, 12 S., vii. 404.

15. Appendix I.

16. The Ballad on the Game of Traffic was included in

Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1746. The Ballad to the Tune of the Cutpurse is to be found in The Whimsical Medley, and was printed in The Miscellanies of both 1711 and 1727.

17. It was found by Barrett in The Whimsical Medley and included in Swift's Works by Sir Walter Scott.

18. A Tale of a Tub was advertised in The Daily Courant of May 10, 1704, by J. Nutt, near Stationers' Hall, as published that day.

19. A copy of the Works of Virgil, an Elzevir edition, is inscribed "Jonathan Swift Donum Ant. Henley, July 12, 1701." Courville's Autograph Prices Current, ii. 186.

20. Works of Swift, by Thomas Sheridan, 1784, i. 46; cf. Forster, op. cit., p. 158.

21. The Journal to Stella 1710, Nov. 11.

22. Cf. Swift's Corr., i. 40–1; infra, p. 82.

23. It appears in The Miscellanies of both 1711 and 1727.

24. It was found by Barrett in The Whimsical Medley and included in Swift's Works by Sir Walter Scott.

25. Some amusing letters from Crowe will be found in the Ormonde Manuscripts, Hist. MSS. Com., viii. *passim*.

26. The Elegy and the Duel were published in a broadside form. A copy was sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge on July 27, 1911.

27. Swift's Corr., i. 62.

28. Infra, p. 68.

29. There are other editions: (*a*) The Swan Tripe-Club In Dublin. A Satyr . . . Printed at Dublin, and Sold by the Booksellers in London and Westminster 1706; (*b*) The Swan Tripe-Club: A Satyr, On the High Flyers; In the Year 1705 . . . London: Printed and Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster, 1710.

30. It is preserved in The Whimsical Medley.

31. The New Idol. A Poem dedicated to all True Subjects of Her Majesty's Government, and Friends of the Church as by Law Establish'd. And Inscrib'd to the Unchristian Author of the Satyr call'd the Tripe Club. Printed in the year 1706 and are to be sold by the Booksellers. Somnio is mentioned as a youth.

The author had intended to speak of the two Ænigmas or Riddles contributed to *The Muses Mercury* for April (p. 96) and May (p. 117), 1707, beginning " From India's burning Clime I'm brought " and " I'm wealthy and poor." The former was reprinted about 1725 with the title A Riddle By Dr. S——t, to My Lady Carteret (Brit. Mus. 839. m. 23 (135)).

CHAPTER IV

ADDISONIAN INFLUENCE

Ann. Dom. 1707–1710. Aet. suae 39–42.

THE period has now been reached when Swift's greatness in the world of letters was acknowledged, and everything that came from his pen, whether in prose or verse, was deemed of value. It was at the commencement of this period that in presenting Swift with a copy of his *Remarks on Italy*, Addison averred him to be "the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age."(1) By Swift's later biographers his literary triumph is said to have begun in the year 1705, but that conclusion is based on the assumption that the *Remarks on Italy* were given to Swift by Addison in the year in which they were published, supported by extracts from Swift's account-book for 1708–9 which have been conveniently ante-dated for the purpose three years.(2) As has been already mentioned, Swift's Correspondence shows that he did not visit England between the years 1704 and 1707; and as will be seen by subsequent references, it shows also that the recognition in social and literary circles of his genius dated from his residence in London between the years 1707 and 1709. That such is the case is in accord-

ance with what was said by Sheridan. He held that Swift's fame began after his identification as the author of the Tale of a Tub, but derision is poured by subsequent biographers on the statement, which he made on the authority of Ambrose Philips, that before that time Swift had been known to Addison and his circle only as a silent frequenter of their coffee-house, who had signalized himself on one occasion by bursting out with a testimony of the wisdom of providence in not committing the direction of the weather to men.(3)

In the months which immediately preceded his departure from Ireland in the autumn of 1707 Swift had gained friends in a position to promote his acceptance in London as a notable man. For four months in that year the eighth Earl of Pembroke, who is no less remarkable for his achievements in the paths of statesmanship and art than for his high-birth and high-breeding, had submitted to banishment to Ireland as lord lieutenant, and had brought with him as a companion the crafty Annius of *The Dunciad*, Sir Andrew Fountaine, whom he rewarded by attaching him to the Irish House of Lords as usher of the black rod. With Pembroke, who was some twenty years his senior, Swift became a great favourite, owing to his proficiency in the practice of making puns, an accomplishment that came on Pembroke as a revelation, and in Fountaine, who was ten years his junior, Swift found one of the most devoted admirers of his transcendent gifts. With them at the close of November

Swift crossed to England, and after a short visit to his mother at Leicester he is found residing with Fountaine in London, in Leicester Fields, and attending on Pembroke.(4)

The first intimation of intercourse between Swift and Addison is given by a letter from Addison to Swift at the close of February 1708. The terms of this letter convey that their acquaintance was not of long standing, and that the link between them was a young man of fashion, Philip Frowde, who enjoys a reputation as a *littérateur* that his performance hardly justifies. In this letter Addison says that he is informed by Frowde that Swift designs to pay him the honour of a visit the next morning, and that he will take it as a particular favour if Swift will instead give him his company at dinner, when he may hope to enjoy at more leisure Swift's conversation, on which he assures him that he sets a very great value; and he adds in a postscript that Steele and Frowde will join them, as if they were better known to Swift than he was.(5) Such a mode of address little accords with the inscription in Swift's copy of Addison's *Remarks on Italy*, and demonstrates how untenable is the theory that the inscription had been penned before that time, but it is possible that it was soon afterwards, for acquaintance rapidly strengthened into friendship, and within four months Addison, Steele and Swift were regarded as a triumvirate.(6)

Notwithstanding the discovery of a portrait of Fountaine at Holland House,(7) there has not been found any indication that Fountaine was a

friend of Addison, to whom, as to Swift, he was junior, but at the same time there is every probability that he was instrumental in procuring the introduction of Swift to Addison, for which purpose he may have enlisted the help of Frowde. During the whole of the early part of Swift's friendship with Addison, Fountaine was in the closest touch with Swift, who entrusted to him his most jealously guarded secrets, and he was evidently aware of all that passed between Addison and Swift. It was in Fountaine's house at Narford in Norfolk that the original versions of Baucis and Philemon and Vanbrugh's House, which Swift altered at Addison's bidding, were found, and it may be that Fountaine, like distinguished critics of the present day, preferred them to the versions which were given to the world.

The influence which Addison exercised upon Swift in metrical composition is clearly seen by a comparison of the earlier and the later versions of Baucis and Philemon and Vanbrugh's House. In both cases the changes were sweeping. With regard to Baucis and Philemon, Swift hardly exaggerated when he said that in a piece of a hundred and seventy-seven lines Addison made him "blot out fourscore, add fourscore, and alter fourscore,"(8) for it originally contained two hundred and thirty lines and finally a hundred and seventy-eight, and ninety-six were omitted, forty-four added and twenty-two altered; and with regard to Vanbrugh's House, a piece of ninety-two lines became half as long again, and

was extended to a hundred and thirty-four lines. Of the effect of the changes an exhaustive analysis has been made by John Forster and Sir Henry Craik. In the case of Baucis and Philemon, Forster sums the effect up in the distinction between correctness and enjoyment, and regularity and abundance (9); and in the case of Vanbrugh's House Craik believes the effect to have been a loss of the smooth flow of humour, with a consequent diminution in the clearness of purpose, and an increase of the unnecessary and obscure.(10)

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

1706 (11)

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter's night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Came to a village hard by Rixham,
Ragged and not a groat betwixt 'em.
It rain'd as hard as it could pour,
Yet they were forc'd to walk an hour
From house to house, wet to the skin,
Before one soul would let 'em in.
They call'd at every door : " Good people,
My comrade's blind, and I'm a creeple !
Here we lie starving in the street,
'Twould grieve a body's heart to see't,
No Christian would turn out a beast,
In such a dreadful night at least ;
Give us but straw and let us lie
In yonder barn to keep us dry."
Thus in the strollers' usual cant
They begg'd relief, which none would grant ;
No creature valued what they said,
One family was gone to bed :
The master bawled out half asleep,
" You fellows what a noise you keep !
So many beggars pass this way,
We can't be quiet night or day ;

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

1708 (12)

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win,
But not a soul would let them in.

We cannot serve you every one ;
Pray take your answer and begone."
One swore he'd send 'em to the stocks ;
A third could not forbear his mocks,
But bawl'd as loud as he could roar,
" You're on the wrong side of the door ! "
One surly clown look't out and said,
" I'll fling the ****-*** on your head :
You shan't come here, nor get a sous !
You look like rogues would rob a house,
Can't you go work, or serve the king ?
You blind and lame ! 'Tis no such thing.
That's but a counterfeit sore leg !
For shame ! Two sturdy rascals beg !
If I come down, I'll spoil your trick,
And cure you both with a good stick."

Our wand'ring saints, in woeful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having thro' all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd thereabout good man Philemon,
Who kindly did the saints invite
In his poor house to pass the night ;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire ;
Whilst he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried ;
Which tost up in a pan with batter,
And served up in an earthen platter,
Quoth Baucis, " This is wholesome fare
Eat, honest friends, and never spare,

Our wandering saints, in woeful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having thro' all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon ;
Who kindly did the saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night ;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire ;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried ;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round ;
Yet, what was wonderful, they found,

And if we find our victuals fail,
We can but make it out in ale."
To a small kilderkin of beer,
Brew'd for the good time of the year,
Philemon, by his wife's consent,
Stept with a jug, and made a vent,
And having fill'd it to the brink,
Invited both the saints to drink,
When they had took a second draught,
Behold a miracle was wrought ;
For, Baucis with amazement found,
Although the jug had twice gone round,
It still was full up to the top,
As they ne'er had drunk a drop,
You may be sure so strange a sight,
Put the old people in a fright :
Philemon whisper'd to his wife,
" These men are saints, I'll lay my life ! "
The strangers overheard, and said,
" You're in the right—but be'nt afraid :
No hurt shall come to you or yours :
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their village shall be drown'd ;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."

Scarce had they spoke when fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft ;
Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter ;
The heavy wall went clambering after.
The chimney widen'd and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist ;

'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd ;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry, " What ar't ! "
Then softly turn'd aside, to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errand :
" Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said ;
" No hurt shall come to you or yours :
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd ;
While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft ;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter,
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,

But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below :
In vain, for a superior force
Applied at bottom stops its course :
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
The wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels :
But what adds to the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower.
The flier, altho't had leaden feet,
Would turn so quick you scarce could see't,
But now stopp'd by some hidden powers,
Moves round but twice in twice twelve hours,
While in the station of a jack,
'Twas never known to turn its back,
A friend in turns and windings tried,
Nor ever left the chimney's side.
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone,
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd ;
And still its love to household cares
By a shrill voice at noon declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge insect, up the wall ;
There stuck and to a pulpit grew,
But kept its matter and its hue,
And mindful of its ancient state,
Still groans while tattling gossips prate.
The mortar only chang'd its name
In its old shape a font became.

But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below :
In vain, for a superior force
Applied at bottom stops its course :
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels :
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower.
The flier, tho' it had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't ;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side :
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone,
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd ;
And still its love to household cares
By a shrill voice at noon declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall ;
There stuck aloft, in public view,
And with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row,
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance chang'd
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Chevy Chase and English Mall,
Fair Rosamond and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Enlarged in picture, size, and letter,
And painted, look'd abundance better,
And now the heraldry describe ;
Of a churchwarden, or a tribe.
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Composed of timber many a load,
Such as our grandfathers did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews ;
While yet their former virtue keep
By lodging folk disposed to sleep.

The cottage with such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The holy men desired their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused awhile,
Replied in complimental style,
" Your goodness, more than my desert,
Makes you take all things in good part :
You've raised a church here in a minute,
And I would fain continue in it ;
I'm good for little at my days,
Make me the parson if you please."
He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat reach down his heels ;
The sleeves new border'd with a list,
Widen'd and gather'd at his wrist,

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Mall,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter:
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paus'd awhile,
Return'd them thanks in homely style;
Then said, "My house is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine.
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson if you please."
He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue;

But, being old, continued just
As threadbare, and as full of dust.
A shambling awkward gait he took,
With a demure dejected look,
Talk'd of his offerings, tithes, and dues,
Could smoke and drink and read the news,
Or sell a goose at the next town,
Decently hid beneath his gown.
Contriv'd to preach old sermons next,
Chang'd in the preface and the text,
At christ'nings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for "right divine";
Carried it to his equals higher,
But most obedient to the squire.
Found his head fill'd with many a system;
But classic authors, he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on,
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin flounced with lace.
"Plain Goody," would no longer down,
'Twas "Madam" in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim,
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life,
Were several years this man and wife:

But, being old, continu'd just
As threadbare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues :
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news ;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text ;
At christ'nings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart ;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last ;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for " right divine " ;
Found his head fill'd with many a system ;
But classic authors, he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with colberteen ;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin flounc'd with lace.
" Plain Goody " would no longer down,
'Twas " Madam," in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim,
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life,
Were several years this man and wife :

When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk ;
When Baucis hastily cried out,
" My dear I see your forehead sprout ! "
" Sprout," quoth the man, " what's this you tell us
I hope you don't believe me jealous !
But yet, methinks, I feel it true,
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot ;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."
Description would but tire my Muse,
In short, they both were turn'd to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers he the trees has seen ;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folk to show the sight ;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there ;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew ;
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down ;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted,
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

When on a day which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amid their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk ;
When Baucis hastily cried out,
" My dear, I see your forehead sprout ! "
"Sprout !" quoth the man ; " what's this you tell us ?
I hope you don't believe me jealous !
But yet, methinks, I feel it true,
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot ;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."
Description would but tire my Muse,
In short, they both were turn'd to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers he the trees has seen ;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight ;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there ;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew ;
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down ;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted ;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE

1703 (13)

In times of old, when Time was young,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team ;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power :
Heroic strains could build a tower ;
Sonnets or elegies to Chloris,
Might raise a house about two stories ;
A lyric ode would slate ; a catch
Would tile ; an epigram would thatch.

Now poets feel this art is lost,
Both to their own and landlord's cost :
Not one of all the tuneful throng
Can hire a lodging for a song.
For Jove consider'd well the case,
That poets were a numerous race ;
And if they all had power to build,
The earth would very soon be fill'd ;
Materials would be quickly spent,
And houses would not give a rent.
The God of Wealth was therefore made
Sole patron of the building trade ;
Leaving to Wits the spacious air,
With licence to build castles there
In right whereof their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
There is a worm by Phoebus bred,
By leaves of mulberry is fed,

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE

1708 (14)

In times of old, when Time was young,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team ;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power :
Heroic strains could build a tower ;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raise a house about two stories ;
A lyric ode would slate ; a catch
Would tile ; an epigram would thatch.

But, to their own or landlord's cost,
Now poets feel this art is lost.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging for a song.
For Jove consider'd well the case,
Observ'd they grew a numerous race ;
And should they build as fast as write,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wisely chang'd their element :
On earth the God of Wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade ;
Leaving the Wits the spacious air,
With licence to build castles there :
And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.

Which unprovided where to dwell,
Conforms itself to weave a cell ;
Then curious hands this texture take,
And for themselves fine garments make.
Meantime a pair of awkward things
Grow to his back instead of wings ;
He flutters when he thinks he flies,
Then sheds about his spawn and dies,
Just such an insect of the age
Is he that scribbles for the stage ;
His birth he does from Phoebus raise,
And feeds upon imagin'd bays ;
Throws all his wit and hours away
In twisting up an ill spun play :
This gives him lodging and provides
A stock of tawdry shift besides,
With the unravell'd shreds of which
The under wits adorn their speech :
And now he spreads his little fans—
For all the Muse's geese are swans—
And borne on Fancy's pinions, thinks
He soars sublimest when he sinks :
But scatt'ring round his fly-blows, dies ;
Whence broods of insect-poets rise.

Premising thus, in modern way,
The greater part I have to say ;
Sing, Muse, the house of Poet Van,
In higher strain than we began.

Van, for 'tis fit the reader know it,
Is both a herald and a poet ;
No wonder then, if nicely skill'd
In each capacity to build.

Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say;
Sing, Muse, the house of Poet Van,
In higher strains than we began.

Van, for 'tis fit the reader know it,
Is both a herald and a poet;
No wonder then, if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.

As herald, he can in a day
Repair a house gone to decay ;
Or by achievements, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice ;
And poets, if they had their due,
By ancient right are builders too ;
This made him to Apollo pray
For leave to build—the poet's way.
His prayer was granted, for the god
Consented with the usual nod.
After hard throes of many a day
Van was delivered of a play,
Which in due time brought forth a house
Just as the mountain did the mouse :
One story high, one postern door,
And one small chamber on a floor,
Born like a phoenix from the flame,
But neither bulk nor shape the same ;
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms and flies ;
A type of modern wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile ;
So chemists boast they have a power,
From the dead ashes of a flower
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste nor juice.
So modern rhymers strive to blast
The poetry of ages past ;
Which, having wisely overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.

As herald, he can in a day
Repair a house gone to decay ;
Or by achievements, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice ;
And as a poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.
" Great Jove ! " he cried, " the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my Muse the architect ;
What palaces shall we erect !
No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames ;
A pile shall from its ashes rise,
Fit to invade or prop the skies."
Jove smil'd, and like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast.
So Van resolv'd to write a farce ;
But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies,
Takes a French play as lawful prize,
Steals thence his plot and ev'ry joke,
Not once suspecting Jove would smoke ;
And, like a wag set down to write,
Would whisper to himself, " a bite " ;
Then, from this motley mingled style,
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest :
Down from Olympus' top he slides,
Laughing as if he'd burst his sides,
Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks ?
Why then old plays deserve old bricks ;

And since you're sparing of your stuff,
Your building shall be small enough.
He spake, and grudging, lent his aid ;
Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade,
As being bricks at second-hand,
Now move, and now in order stand.
The building, as the poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit :
And first the prologue built a wall,
So wide as to encompass all.
The scene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep ; and so
A cellar next was dug below :
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground.
Two other acts, we may presume,
Were spent in building each a room :
Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
To raise a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.
Now poets from all quarters ran,
To see the house of brother Van :
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round ;
But no such house was to be found.
One asks the watermen hard by,
" Where may the poet's palace lie ? "
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has seen its gilded spires ?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pie :
Thither in haste the poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long.
Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van :

" Thrice happy poet ! who mayst trail
Thy house about thee like a snail :
Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease
Take journeys in it like a chaise ;
Or in a boat whene'er thou wilt,
Canst make it serve thee for a tilt !
Capacious house ! 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small :
For every Wit in Britain's isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phoenix from the flame,
But neither bulk nor shape the same ;
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies ;
A type of modern wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile :
So chemists boast they have a power,
From the dead ashes of a flower
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, or juice.
So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past ;
Which, after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own."

Baucis and Philemon is known to have been published in 1709 in two forms. The title and imprint of one were as follows :

> Baucis and Philemon, Imitated from Ovid. Printed An. Dom. MDCCIX. Price Two-Pence.

and of the other :

> Baucis and Philemon ; A Poem. On the ever lamented Loss of the two Yew-Trees in the Parish of Chilthorne near the County Town of Somerset. Together with Mrs. Harris's Earnest Petition. By the Author of the Tale of a Tub. As also An Ode upon Solitude. By the Earl of Roscommon.
> London : Printed and Sold by H. Hills in Black-fryars near the Water-side. 1709.

A second edition of the latter was issued in the following year, with a piece entitled An Admirable Recipe, which does not appear to be by Swift.

Before coming to England, Swift had probably written some lines entitled On the Union. In these lines, which were not published until after his death, he gives expression to his antipathy to the Scotch, comparing the double nation to a rich coat with skirts of frieze. In the opening lines there is a suggestion that Queen Anne's support of the measure was given to obtain compensation for her loss of revenue by the grant of the tenths and first-fruits to the church, known as Queen Anne's Bounty—

The Queen has lately lost a part,
Of her " entirely-English " heart,
For want of which by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with Scotch.(15)

Soon after Swift came to England in the spring of 1708 a piece attributed to him in the Harleian Miscellany,(16) must have appeared. It was issued in pamphlet form with the following title and imprint :

A Trip to Dunkirk: or, A Hue and Cry After the Pretended Prince of Wales. Being a Panegyrick on the Desert.
London: Printed, and Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. 1708.

From its contents it is evident that it was written in the early part of March, when the extent of the preparations for the attempted invasion by the Pretender was known, but when the objective was still in doubt. As a metrical composition the piece is negligible, and it might be doubted to be by Swift, but for its inimitable humour and its attribution to him by an Harleian authority. The piece, which was written for the populace and does not err on the side of refinement, ends thus :

For our Jacks here at home, as brave fellows as may be
They prick up their ears at the news on't already ;
And out of their zeal they expect him at least
To be here, French and all, when the wind's next at east ;
But some are more cautious, and question it much,
And doubt th' invasion's design'd on the Dutch ;

For the noise of his landing they swear 'tis a bite all,
They'll trust to't no more—till they see him at White-Hall.
But this is but talk all, and so let it rest,
Some are still of opinion, 'twill all prove a jest;
This hero at Dunkirk will make his campaign,
And so gallop back to St. Germains again.(17)

A few weeks later The Trip to Dunkirk was succeeded by The Elegy on Partridge, part of the tremendous Bickerstaffe hoax. In this piece an analogy is drawn between Partridge's original trade as a cobbler and his later pursuit of astrology, with some references to his venture as a vendor of quack medicines. The piece appeared as a broadside with the following heading and imprint:

> An Elegy on Mr. Patrige, the Almanack-maker, who Died on the 29th of this Instant March, 1708.
> London: Printed in the Year 1708.

Round three sides of the broadside there was a deep black border, and at the top a design in white on a black ground showing a skeleton, crowned and in royal robes, seated on a throne, with these words, "I overcome and conquer," issuing from its mouth, and having on each side another skeleton flying with a barbed arrow, surrounded by a medley of worms, bones and hour-glasses.

> Here, five foot deep, lies on his back
> A cobbler, starmonger, and quack;
> Who to the stars, in pure good will,
> Does to his best look upward still.

Weep all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacs, or shoes :
And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to this grave but once a-week ;
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears, 'twill tell,
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could, when above.(18)

During the succeeding months Addison's influence became very apparent, especially in the lines To Mrs. Biddy Floyd. These lines, twelve in number, are as polished as anything that ever came from Swift's pen, and received the hallmark of the Addisonian circle, one member of which wrote a Latin version. In these lines, which were written in the summer, Swift tells us, in metaphorical language, how the inseparable and lifelong companion of his friend Lady Betty Berkeley, then the wife of Sir John Germaine, was found in a distant country scene with moral attributes and fair looks, and was brought to the vicinity of the court, where every social quality, without suspicion of affectation or vanity, was added :

Jove mix'd up all, and the best clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy composition Floyd.(19)

Later on Swift wrote also Apollo Outwitted, lines addressed to the poetess beloved by Sir Edmund Gosse, Anne Finch, Countess of Winchelsea. In this elegant compliment the lady is

represented as having won the gift of song, but owing to modesty she concealed it until Apollo decreed that she was to be overborne by the object of her detestation, a clergyman of whig opinions :

> And last, my vengeance to complete,
> May'st thou descend to take renown,
> Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
> A whig and one that wears a gown.(20)

A few months later, in April 1709, Swift contributed to the newly established *Tatler*, so largely an offspring of his own fancy, A Description of the Morning.(21) In this piece Swift's gift of intensity is prominent, but the form is indicative of the Addisonian influence. In its own way it is as perfect as the lines to Mrs. Biddy Floyd. As Isaac Bickerstaffe says in introducing The Description, it is not merely a description of the morning " but of the morning in town, nay of the morning at this end of the town where my kinsman at present lodges," and the detail with which the doings of the servants and the street-hawkers are told is so great as to be an offence in the eyes of Taine, who considers it is a degradation in the use of poetry.(22)

> The slip-shod 'prentice from his master's door
> Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
> Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
> Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
> The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
> The kennel-edge, where wheels had worn the place.

The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep ;
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet ;
And brickdust Moll had scream'd through half the street.(23)

Besides these pieces one called The History of Vanbrugh's House has been attributed to this period, but it was probably begun at an earlier time, as it was occasioned by the employment of Vanbrugh as the architect of Blenheim, which took place in 1705. In this piece the design of Vanbrugh's house at Whitehall is said to have been derived from a house of cards, raised by a child, and a wall of mud made by boys at play, and the conclusion is drawn that if the rudiments that enabled Vanbrugh to build a house which a few chairmen could lift fitted him to be architect of Blenheim, a mouse-trap maker might become chief engineer :

From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become, by due degrees,
For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd,
At court, Vitruvius the second :
No wonder, since wise authors show,
That best foundations must be low ;
And now the duke has wisely ta'en him
To be his architect at Blenheim.
But raillery for once apart,
If this rule holds in every art ;
Or if his grace were no more skill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to see next year,
A mouse-trap man chief engineer.(24)

In addition Swift wrote probably early in 1709, when there was much frost, Merlin's Prophecy for that year:

> Seven and Ten addyd to nyne,
> Of Fraunce hir woe thys is the sygne,
> Tamys rivere twys y-frozen,
> Walke sans wetyng Shoes ne hozen.

It foretold great achievements by Marlborough, a second marriage on the part of Anne, and war in Spain.

Finally, there are verses connected with May Fair which Forster (25) attributed to Swift:

> In pity to the emptying town,
> Some god May Fair invented,
> When nature would invite us down
> To be by art prevented.
>
> What a corrupted taste is ours
> When milkmaids in mock state,
> Instead of garlands made of flowers,
> Adorn their pails with plate.

Many pieces written in these years have been wrongly or doubtfully attributed to Swift. A curious contemporary case is the publication in 1708 of Dr. William King's Art of Cookery as by the author of the Tale of a Tub.(26) But even more remarkable is the inclusion in Swift's Works of the ballad called forth by the Victory of Oudenarde entitled Jack Frenchman's Lamentation. As appears from the Diary of Mary Countess Cowper, that ballad was by Congreve, and it has

to some ears a musical ring unknown in any of Swift's acknowledged verse.(27) Another piece included in Swift's Works, The Reverse to the verses on Mrs. Biddy Floyd, is also probably wrongly inserted. This piece, which was found in *The Whimsical Medley* by Barrett,(28) reads like a poor parody of the lines on Mrs. Biddy Floyd, and contains phrases that Swift was not wont to use. Besides, there is Swift's own word of warning, if not of repudiation, in Apollo's Edict to the Poets—

> With females' compounds I am cloy'd,
> Which only pleased in Biddy Floyd.

In addition to The Reverse, Barrett included (29) The Garden Plot, which has no claim to be placed amongst Swift's verses. It is preserved in the Lambeth Library in the broadside form in which it was issued in 1709, and on the margin of the broadside it is recorded in contemporary handwriting that it is by Dr. William King. Two further pieces, which Barrett suggested (30) to be Swift's work, The Story of Orpheus Burlesqued, and Actaeon or The Original of Horn Fair, were rejected by Sir Walter Scott, and seem not unlike compositions of Prior.

NOTES

1. Forster, op. cit., p. 160.

2. Ibid., p. 159; cf. Account of Expenses 1708–9, Forster Collection, No. 506, in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

3. Life of Swift by Thomas Sheridan, 1784, p. 46.

4. Swift's Corr., i. 60 et seq.

5. Ibid., p. 79.

6. Ibid., p. 100.

7. Joseph Addison and Sir Andrew Fountaine: or, The Romance of a Portrait, 1858.

8. Observations upon Lord Orrery's Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift by the Rev. Patrick Delany, 1754, p. 19.

9. Forster, op. cit., p. 166.

10. Craik, op. cit., i. 173.

11. The holograph was sold in the Fountaine Collection by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge on December 15, 1906.

12. This version appears in the Miscellanies of both 1711 and 1727. It was printed with A Meditation upon a Broomstick by Curll in 1710.

13. The holograph was sold in the Fountaine Collection by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge on December 15, 1906.

14. This version appears in the Miscellanies of both 1711 and 1727. There is a copy in The Whimsical Medley.

15. This piece was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1746 (viii. 314).

16. 1744, i. 205.

17. This piece was included in Swift's Works by Cogan in 1752 and Nichols in 1776. Appendix II.

There is also a piece entitled The Devil to do about Dunkirk, in Burlesque Verse, 1708—British Museum 164. m. 44.

18. This piece appears in the Miscellanies of both 1711 and 1727. There is also a copy in The Whimsical Medley.

19. This piece appears in the Miscellanies of both 1711 and 1727. It was printed in Poetical Miscellanies—the

Sixth Part—by Tonson in 1709 and with A Meditation upon a Broomstick by Curll in 1710. There is also a copy in The Whimsical Medley.

20. This piece is mentioned in a list of his works made by Swift about the close of 1708; cf. Swift's Corr., i. 135.

21. This piece and the preceding one appear in the Miscellanies of both 1711 and 1727.

22. Op. cit., iii. 236.

23. This piece appears in the Miscellanies of both 1711 and 1727.

24. The holograph was sold in the Fountaine Collection by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge on December 15, 1906. The piece appears in the Miscellanies of both 1711 and 1727. It was printed also with A Meditation upon a Broomstick by Curll in 1710, and there is a copy in The Whimsical Medley.

25. Op. cit., p. 228.

26. The Art of Cookery, a poem in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry, by the Author of A Tale of a Tub. Printed and are to be sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster, 1708.

27. Jack Frenchmans Lamentation. An Excellent New Song, To the Tune of I'll tell thee Dick, &c. Printed, and are to be sold by John Morphew, 1708. See Notes and Queries, 12 S., viii. 301, and Review of English Studies 1926, ii. 322, and 1927, iii. 73 and 212.

28. Op. cit., p. 95.

29. Op. cit., p. 103. The piece has relation to London, and not, as Barrett supposed, to Dublin.

30. Op. cit., pp. 134, 137.

CHAPTER V

THE FELLOWSHIP WITH PRIOR BEGUN

Ann. Dom. 1710–1711. Aet. suae 42–44

THE conclusion of Swift's residence in London during the administration of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, which covered four years from 1710 to 1714, witnessed the birth of three of his most famous pieces, namely, his Imitation of Horace's Epistle *Quinque dies*, in which he discloses to Oxford that St. Patrick's deanery is a place of more dignity than profit, his Imitation of Horace's Satire *Hoc erat*, in which he relates the harassments that marks of ministerial favour bring on him from those seeking office or intelligence, and the nine hundred lines in which he unfolds the story of Cadenus and Vanessa. In these, as well as in other pieces of that period, a sign of a new influence is apparent. They repeat Baucis and Philemon in metre and intensity, but they surpass it in art and ease. These qualities came to Swift, perhaps insensibly but none the less surely, from Prior, the poet with whom attachment to the tory party brought him in contact. Of the power of Prior, to whom Cowper, Thackeray, and Dobson unite in giving pre-eminence in familiar verse, to impart such

qualities, there cannot be question. Of the situation and disposition of Swift to receive them there can be as little doubt. The pages of the Journal to Stella evidence the close and constant intercourse between Swift and Prior for two years, and a letter broken off on hearing of Prior's death nine years later tells of the whole-hearted and lasting devotion that this intercourse had inspired in Swift. Separated as he was by politics from Addison and his circle, Swift had during those two years no friend but Prior to provide the incitement to versification that was then necessary in his case, and proof is not wanting that they collaborated when a party purpose was to be served by the use of verse.

So far as is known there had been no acquaintance between Swift and Prior until they met in the autumn of 1710 at Harley's table. They met there as equals, and maintained that footing. If Prior was the superior in verse, Swift was the superior in prose. So far as age was concerned, but a few years separated them, the advantage in years being on Prior's side, and though in Swift's eyes Prior was a man of mean birth, the inferiority was compensated for by the high diplomatic offices that he had held. In politics they had both begun as adherents of whig ministers, and ended as adherents of tory ones, and the fact that Prior's conversion had preceded Swift's was perhaps balanced by the discomfiture that Swift's writings had caused in the whig fold, while he remained ostensibly within. Finally there was the curious coincidence that both had been con-

nected with Lord Berkeley, Prior as secretary abroad, Swift as chaplain at home.

Of the progress of the friendship between Swift and Prior, as already mentioned, the Journal to Stella tells. To her Swift relates how a month after his coming to London, on October 15, when he dined with Harley, Prior was the only other guest, how raillery ensued between them as to the authorship of the verses on Sid Hamet's Rod, which had just been published, and how at nine o'clock they came away together, and went to the Smyrna Coffee-house in Pall Mall, where they sat until eleven making acquaintance. In the subsequent weeks the same sympathetic ear is told how Prior had commended his verses on the City Shower as beyond anything that ever was written since the time of the Golden Shower of Danaë, how in return he stuffed Prior with compliments a few days later, and how their mutual wit and poetry had subsequently, for an hour or two, provided them with conversation. But after Prior had presented Swift with a handsome copy of Plautus there was a truce to compliments, and their fellowship advanced rapidly while they walked in the Park for their health, or ate and drank for their pleasure, until Swift began to visit Prior for business, and they become so inseparable that their enemies said that as writers for the Ministry one could not be distinguished from the other.

Within six months of his arrival in London, in February 1711, Swift's Miscellanies was issued with the following title and imprint :

Miscellanies in Prose and Verse.
London: Printed for John Morphew, near Stationers Hall. MDCCXI,

the price being four shillings. The verse comprised (i) Written in a Lady's Ivory Table-Book; (ii) Mrs. Harris's Petition; (iii) the Ballad to the Tune of the Cut-purse; (iv) Vanbrugh's House; (v) The Description of a Salamander; (vi) Baucis and Philemon; (vii) To Mrs. Biddy Floyd; (viii) The History of Vanbrugh's House; (ix) An Elegy on Partridge; (x) Apollo Outwitted; (xi) A Description of a Morning; (xii) A Description of a City Shower; and (xiii) Sid Hamet's Rod.(1) This volume, which was originally designed to have been prefaced by an introduction from Steele,(2) had been in Swift's thoughts for two years, and in a list of proposed contents made about the close of 1708 there appear all the verses eventually included, excepting the Ballad and the pieces which had not then been written, namely, The Descriptions of the Morning and the City Shower and Sid Hamet's Rod.(3) Although John Morphew's name appeared in the imprint as publisher, as it did on Isaac Bickerstaffe's Predictions and many of Swift's tracts in support of Oxford's ministry, the real artificer was another publisher, Ben Tooke, who was Swift's sworn friend, supplying him with "right French wine" and a host of dinners, and transmitting money with equal zest to Stella and Vanessa. In the summer of 1709 there are references to the volume in letters from Swift to

Tooke, and soon after his arrival in London in 1710, on October 24, Swift writes to Stella: "Tooke is going on with my Miscellany." With such an explicit acknowledgement of his privity, it is amusing to read on February 28 following, when the volume was issued, "Some bookseller has raked up everything I writ, and published it t'other day in one volume; but I know nothing of it. 'Twas without my knowledge or consent. . . . Tooke pretends he knows nothing of it, but I doubt he is at the bottom."

In the spring of 1710, the notorious publisher Curll, then beginning his unsavoury career, had issued a volume containing Swift's Meditation upon a Broom-stick, Baucis and Philemon, Mrs. Harris's Petition, To Mrs. Biddy Floyd, and The History of Vanbrugh's House, with the following title and imprint:

> A Meditation upon a Broom-Stick, and Somewhat Beside; of The Same Author's.—*Utile dulci.*
>
> London: Printed for E. Curll, at the Dial and Bible against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet; and sold by J. Harding, at the Post-Office in St. Martins-Lane. 1710. (Price 6d.) (4)

To Swift's indignation, three months after the publication of the authentic, albeit repudiated, Miscellanies, "that villain Curll" reprinted the pieces that he had issued in A Meditation upon a Broom-stick, and Somewhat Beside with the addition of A Complete Key to the Tale of a Tub,

and introduced the volume with the following title-page :

> Miscellanies by Dr. Jonathan Swift. Viz. I. A Meditation upon a Broom-Stick according to the Style and Manner of the Honourable Robert Boyle's Meditations. II. Baucis and Philemon, Imitated from the VIII. Book of Ovid. III. To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland, ——The Humble Petition of Frances Harris, Who must Starve, and Die a Maid if it miscarries. IV. To Mrs. Biddy Floyd. V. The History of Vanbrugh's House. To all which is prefix'd, A Complete Key to the Tale of a Tub.
>
> London, Printed for E. Curll, at the Dial and Bible against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet, 1711. (Price 1s.)

The publication of his " name at large " was in Swift's eyes an offence, but in those of Harley and " the rest " a good cause for mirth.(5)

During the first half of the year 1710, when Swift was residing in Ireland, the only piece that can be attributed to him with certainty is one On the Little House by the Churchyard of Castleknock, which has been compared by Forster to a page out of a poetical Gulliver,(6) and which has for its subject a minute house that served Swift's friend Archdeacon Walls as a vestry when officiating in Castleknock Church, the parish church of the Phoenix Park of which he was incumbent :

The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin ;
Here cons his notes and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass,
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out,
Was much surprised to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.(7)

But, whatever he may have been in Ireland, Swift tells Stella, a month after his arrival in London, on October 12, that he had not been idle since he came thither and had printed three pieces. As previous and subsequent references in the Journal to Stella show, these pieces were an article for *The Tatler*, which was written between September 18 and 23, and appeared in the number for the 28th, the lines on Sid Hamet's Rod, which were begun soon afterwards and given to the printer on October 4, and a ballad on the future Earl of Stanhope, then a candidate for the representation of Westminster, which was begun on October 5 and given to the printer on the 7th. These were followed by the Description of the City Shower for *The Tatler*, which was written between October 8 and 13 and appeared in the number for the 17th.

Adapting the name of the imaginary chronicler of Don Quixote to his purpose, Swift tells in The Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod, the wonderful things that the lord-treasurer's rod did in the hands of Sidney, Earl of Godolphin. By

its aid he divined that gold-mines were to be found in Scotland; with it he charmed the parliament to do his will; by using it to fish he caught members for his party with the lure of office but without sacrificing the bait; and with it he made a circle not to keep spirits out, but to draw them in.

> Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
> Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
> Though down from ancestors divine
> Transmitted to the hero's line;
> Thence, through a long descent of kings,
> Came an heirloom, as Homer sings.
> Though this description looks so big,
> That sceptre was a sapless twig,
> Which, from the fatal day when first
> It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
> As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
> Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
> Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
> In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
> And he, the dragon never sleeping,
> Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
> No hobby horse, with gorgeous top,
> The dearest in Charles Mather's shop,
> Or glittering tinsel of May-fair,
> Could with this rod of Sid compare.

Sidney had been mad enough to break his rod, but he ought to have returned it to the queen or used it as a switch at Newmarket. The lines were issued as a broadside with the heading and imprint:

> The Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod. London, Printed: for John Morphew, near Stationers-Hall. MDCCX.

and they caught on. A few days after they were published Swift told Stella they were cried up to the skies and ran prodigiously. Of them Swift was inordinately proud, but Sir Henry Craik does not consider that they add to Swift's fame.(8)

The ballad on the future Earl of Stanhope, who was then serving as a general in Spain, where six months later he sustained the defeat of Brighuega, was intended to ridicule one entitled *The Glorious Warrior or A Ballad in praise of General Stanhope, Dedicated to all who have votes for Parliament Men in the City of Westminster*, and it was issued as a broadside with the following heading:

> An Excellent New Ballad being the Second Part of the Glorious Warrior.

The idea of writing it came probably into Swift's mind on October 5, when, as he tells Stella, while in a coach, he and a friend were surrounded by supporters of Stanhope and the other whig candidate, Sir Henry Dutton Colt, and were "always on their side" for fear that dead cats might be thrown and the coach windows smashed. Two days later, with the ballad in his hand, Swift wended his way to Tooke's house in the city, and soon he was able to write to Stella that it was printed and that, although it had cost him but half an hour, and was good for nothing, it was in great demand. The ballad, which is somewhat broad, professes to be spoken by the

proxy of Stanhope, who was then in Spain, and begins :

Ye citizens of Westminster,
Come quickly forth, I pray ;
All who pay scot and lot draw near
And hark to what I say ;

My horse and I in trappings bright,
To represent my cousin,
And by my side a courteous knight
Appears, not to be chosen ;

To your kind care then I commend
The worthy matchless pair,
Sir Harry Dutton Colt, my friend,
And Stanhope his compeer.(9)

Later critics join Swift's contemporaries in applauding the Description of a City Shower which he wrote then for *The Tatler*. It opens by detailing homely prognostications of rain ; then describes, as the rain comes first in drops and afterwards in sheets, its victims—the needy poet, the daggled females, the spruce templar, the tucked-up sempstress, the triumphant tories, the despondent whigs, and the impatient beau ; and concludes with a picture of the gutters, when, as Taine says,(10) the long lines of the piece whirl filth in their eddies :

Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St. Pulchre's shape their course,

And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood.
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood.

At the time Swift told Stella that The Shower was written merely to help *The Tatler*, which had been "very low of late," but in a letter written many years later he disclosed an ulterior motive, namely, to make the use of the triplet and alexandrine ridiculous,(11) which the lines just quoted were eminently calculated to do.

After the publication of The Shower, Swift was for many months engrossed by *The Examiner*, but he probably did not entirely neglect metrical compositions in enforcing his views. In Mr. Christie's volume there are preserved twelve lines of feigned thanksgiving for the illusory benefits conferred on the country by the whigs which must have been written by him about then :

In sounds of joy your tuneful voices raise,
And teach the people whom to thank and praise ;
Thank humble Sarah's providential reign
For peace and plenty, both of coin and grain ;
Thank too Vulpone for your unbought union,
Thank bishops for occasional communion ;
Thank banks and bankers for your thriving trade ;
Once more thank Vulpo that your debts are paid.
Thank Marlborough's zeal that scorn'd the proffered
treaty,
And thank Eugène the Frenchman did not beat ye ;
Thanks to yourselves if ye are tax'd and sham'd
And sing Te Deum when the three are d——d.

Direct attacks on the Duchess of Marlborough in verse were also at that time inspired, if not written, by him. Two pieces of the kind are found in *The Whimsical Medley.* The first is a satire of eight lines :

> No wonder storms more dreadful are by far,
> Than all the losses of a twelve years' war ;
> No wonder prelates do the church betray,
> Old statesmen vote and act a different way ;
> No wonder magic arts surround the throne,
> Old Mother Jennings in her grace is known ;
> Old England's genius, rouse, her charms dispel,
> Burn but the witch and all things will do well.

The second is headed On Humphrey Duke of Gloucester's Tomb, and represents the Duchess visiting Duke Humphrey's tomb in St. Albans Abbey and telling what a different course hers had been to his :

> Thus I the height of glory will attain,
> And Anne shall wear the crown, but I will reign ;
> Churchill shall rise on easy Stuart's fall,
> And Blenheim's towers shall triumph o'er Whitehall.

Another attack on the Duchess is found in broadside form. It purports to show that marriage is the greatest plague in England because it cannot be remedied as other plagues, of which ridiculous examples are given, can be ; but it is evidently directed at the Duchess from the heading : There's but one plague in England D—— M——.

The references in *The Examiner* to the proceedings in Convocation were also seconded by a

metrical piece entitled The Trumpeter, A Fable humbly inscribed to the Lower House of Convocation, which seems to be aimed at Archbishop Tenison. This piece is preserved in *The Whimsical Medley:* it is in octosyllabic couplets, and from some of the lines it would seem to have been at least in part written by Swift :

> Numbers, quoth he, shan't make me yield,
> The glory I have won in field ;
> See here my trumpet and my coat,
> These things were always sacred thought ;
> In martial law, we trumpets stand
> Ambassadors at second hand ;
> Ambassadors you know are things,
> Sacred as are their very kings,
> Whence to an academic ear,
> From logic rules I prove it clear,
> That if by sacrilegious force
> You set on me or whip my horse,
> You in our persons, think upon't,
> Both kings and trumpeters affront.

That Swift had not forgotten the power of verse at the beginning of the year 1711 is shown by the appeal that he scribbled to the physicians who were attending Harley when his life was in danger from the wound inflicted by Guiscard :

> On Britain Europe's safety lies,
> Britain is lost if Harley dies,
> Harley depends upon your skill,
> Think what you save or what you kill ;(12)

and towards the close of the year several metrical pieces came from his pen. At that time he was

given opportunity for an attack on the whigs in Dublin, an opportunity which he was not slow in taking, by proceedings instituted there against the Irish Sacheverell, the Reverend Francis Higgins, who has been already mentioned as a member of the Tripe-Club. The attack was made in a ballad following the form of *Jack Frenchman's Lamentation*, which had become known by its first line, Ye Commons and Peers, but it failed to catch the rhythm which characterized Congreve's effort. In the Journal to Stella the history of the writing of the ballad is told: on November 9 Swift says that he has just had the pleasure of paying four shillings for "printed stuff and two long letters all about Higgins," and that it is wonderful the packets reached him as they were addressed merely Dr. Swift, "without naming London or anything else"; then on November 24 Swift says that he is going to finish his letter to Lord Oxford "about reforming our language," but that he must first put an end to a ballad; and finally he refers on November 29 to Lord Santry, the chief of Higgins's antagonists, and says that he has had enough of the affair. The ballad, which Swift copied into the volume now in the possession of Mr. Christie, came out in three editions. The first edition, which omits several of the stanzas, appears to have been one headed:

> The New Kilmainham Ballad. To the Tune of Ye Commons and Peers.

The second edition appears to have been one with the following heading and imprint:

An Excellent New Ballad, or The Whigs' Lamentation, occasion'd by a Sore of their own Scratching. To the tune of Ye Commons and Peers.
Dublin : Reprinted in the year 1711.

The third, which did not appear until the summer of 1712, was published in London, and was probably issued at the instance of Higgins, who was then there. It was entitled :

An Irish Ballad, upon the Rev^d^. Mr. Francis Higgins his Tryal; Before the Lord Lieutenant and Council, in Dublin. To the tune of Ye Commons and Peers.

The ballad has much local colour and inimitable touches :

And as we do hear,
They summon'd to swear
Some persons in office and trust ;
I shall mention but one,
And that's good as ten,
The maker of pies and pie-crust.

This officer saith,
She lives in Tredath,
An evidence chief in the case ;
But she wou'd not be seen,
For fear that the Queen
Shou'd turn her quite out of her place.(13)

The month of December, when the proposals for peace were brought before parliament, was big with the fate of the ministry. At all times the position of the government in the House of

Lords had been precarious, and before parliament met on the 7th it was known that the official opposition had been reinforced by the secession from the tory ranks of Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham. On the eve of the meeting of parliament there appeared a famous Song, " two degrees above Grub-street," in which Swift put into the mouth of Dismal, as Nottingham was called " from his looks," a speech that could not but make him ridiculous in the eyes of the world :

Now my new benefactors have brought me about,
And I'll vote against peace, with Spain, or without :
Though the court gives my nephews, and brothers, and
cousins,
And all my whole family, places by dozens ;
Yet, since I know where a full purse may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound :
Since the tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my figures nor tropes,
I'll speech against peace while Dismal's my name,
And be a true whig, while I'm Not-in-game.

On the day before Oxford had dropped a hint that he wished a ballad could be made on Dismal, and, nothing loath, Swift wrote the Song next morning, and had it printed by the evening, when the printer brought down to a dinner of the Brothers' Club copies for the members, who laughed a dozen times at Swift's wit.(14) The only broadside known, which is headed :

An Excellent New Song, Being the Intended
Speech of a famous Orator against Peace,

bears no printer's name. But it appears from the Journals of the House of Lords, where Dismal was "such an owl" as to complain of it,(15) that some version of the speech was printed by a sham name as follows:

> The Earl of Nottingham's Speech to the Honourable House of Lords.
> London: Printed by J. Tomson, near Covent-Garden, 1711.

By the oath of one Sarah Vickers, it was found that the name of Tomson or Tonson, the great whig printer, had been substituted for that of Andrew Hinde living in Peterborough Court near Fleet Street, and Hinde was arrested and kept in the custody of Black Rod for nearly a month, when the House, moved by his repentance and great poverty, allowed him to be discharged after he had received on his knees a reprimand from Swift's friend, Lord Keeper Harcourt.(16)

So far as the moment was concerned, Swift's derision had no effect, and on a division the ministry found themselves in a minority in the House of Lords. In common with the rest of the ministers' entourage, Swift gave up all for lost, and believed that the queen, influenced by the Duchess of Somerset, had turned against Oxford. To take vengeance on the queen was impossible, but not on her mistress of the robes, and Swift had sufficient spirit left to pour out the most deadly invective that he ever penned upon her. Her history afforded good material, and in

The Windsor Prophecy the most effective use was made of it :

> And dear Englond, if ought I understond,
> Beware of Carrots from Northumberlond.
> Carrots sown Thyn a deep root may get,
> If so be they are in Sommer set ;
> Their Conyngs mark thou, for I have been told,
> They Assassine when young, and Poison when old.

Two days before Christmas, as Swift wrote to Stella, the Prophecy, which he tells her that he designed to print, was written with some other verses, and on Christmas Eve the Prophecy, which he liked mightily, was in type and ready to be published after Christmas Day. But at noon on Boxing Day Mrs. Masham intervened, and a hurried message was sent to the printer to stop the sale.(17) Meantime many copies had been given about, though not sold, and the printer brought up " dozens a piece " for the Brothers who were dining together again that evening. The broadside is headed The W—ds–r Prophecy, and bears no imprint. People were mad for it, and judging by the number that have survived, many copies must have been given away.(18)

The verses which Swift wrote at the same time as the Prophecy would seem to have been some on the practice of Occasional Conformity, an act for the abolition of which received the royal assent on December 22. These verses, which were published as a broadside, are headed Scotch-Cloath, or Occasional-Conformity, and end :

Thus occasionally for God they are,
And occasionally for devil;
Occasionally for God again,
Occasionally for evil.

Occasionally for Heaven bound,
Occasionally for hell, Sir,
But surely 'twill be sad to have
Occasion there to dwell, Sir.(19)

During the year 1711 seven other metrical pieces have been attributed to Swift. The Town Eclogue, which appeared in *The Tatler* for March 13, 1711, is one. *The Tatler* was then being edited by Swift's friend William Harrison, whom Swift is known to have assisted, and the letter in which the Eclogue was said to have been enclosed was subscribed with the initials L. B., W. H., J. S., S. T.(20)

Another of the pieces is a parody of a speech delivered by the whig recorder of Dublin to the Duke of Ormonde on his arrival as lord-lieutenant. It was issued as a broadside thus:

The R——r's S——ch Explain'd.

. . . . .

The Speech.

. . . . .

Dublin: Printed by Edward Waters in Essex-street, at the Corner of Sycamore-Alley; and publish'd by Edward Lloyd at the Publishing-Office in Essex-street, where Gentlemen may be furnish'd with the best and newest Pamphlets for the Interest of Church and State.(21)

In another edition the speech which is parodied is printed on the verso, along with a former speech of the recorder, thus :

Dublin April 25, 1709.
Recorder's Speech to Lord Wharton

. . . . .

Dublin July 4, 1711.
Recorder's Speech to Duke of Ormonde.

. . . . .

A third piece, which was issued as a pamphlet, was a parody of a charge of an English judge, Baron Lovel. The pamphlet, in which passages from the charge and passages from the parody were printed alternately, had this title-page :

> Mr. Baron L——'s Charge to the Grand Jury for the County of Devon, The 5th of *April*, 1710. At the Castle of Exon. The Famous Speech-Maker of *England* : Or, Baron (alias *Barren*) L——'s *Charge*, At the Assizes at Exon, *April 5th*, 1710.—*Risum teneatis ?*—London : Printed and Sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*, 1710. Price 2*d.*(22)

A fourth piece, which has relation to nonconformity, was entitled The Tale of a Nettle. It was issued as a broadside, in 1710, from Cambridge, and seems likely to have been the work of a Cambridge man, but it may have been issued for Swift by a friend who had connexion with the town.(23) A fifth piece was a Ballad on the modern whigs, which is similar in execution to *Jack Frenchman's Lamentation* and was probably by

Congreve.(24) The remaining pieces are two small ones entitled The Church's Danger and A Poem on High Church, which were found by Barrett in *The Whimsical Medley*.

NOTES

1. In The Post Boy of February 27, 1710/1, The Miscellanies are announced as published on that day.

2. Swift's Corr., i. 185.

3. Forster, op. cit., pp. 258–9 n.

4. In The Post Boy of April 6, 1710, A Meditation upon a Broomstick and Somewhat Beside is announced as published on that day.

5. Journal to Stella, 1711, May 14.

6. Op. cit., p. 188.

7. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1746.

8. Op. cit., i. 259.

9. There is a copy of the ballad in The Whimsical Medley.

10. Op. cit., iii. 237.

11. Swift's Corr., v. 162.

12. Journal to Stella, 1710–11, Feb. 19.

13. See Appendix III. There is also a ballad on the subject entitled Doctor Higgins's Deliverance, or The Rose T—n Cabal Defeated : it was possibly the work of one of Swift's underspur-leathers.

14. Journal to Stella, 1711, December 5, 6.

15. Ibid., 1711, December 18.

16. Journals of the House of Lords, England, 1711, December 15, 22, and 1711–12, January, 18, 19. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1779. There is a copy in The Whimsical Medley.

17. Journal to Stella, 1711, December 23, 24, 26.

18. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1762.

19. Appendix IV.

20. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1775. Could L.B. denote bachelor of laws and S.T. professor of sacred theology ?

21. This parody was discovered in The Whimsical Medley by Barrett, and included in Swift's Works by Sir Walter Scott.

22. This parody was included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1776.

23. Mrs. Davys. See Swift's Corr., iv. 361. In connexion with the piece there were published An Explanation of the Tale of a Nettle, and The London Tale, by the Author of the Tale of a Nettle.

24. The fourth and fifth pieces were included in Swift's Works by Sir Walter Scott.

CHAPTER VI

THE FELLOWSHIP WITH PRIOR CONTINUED

Ann. Dom. 1712–1714. Aet. suae 44–46

With the new year, when a fresh lease of life was given to Oxford's ministry by the creation of twelve peers and the dismissal of Marlborough, the bond between Swift and Prior reached its utmost strength. In The Fable of the Widow and her Cat, which appeared then, and which represented the widowed queen accusing the felinely depicted Marlborough of making her cream his perquisite and stealing to mend his wages, the hand of Prior is seen in the verse, the mind of Swift in the matter.(1) By their contemporary, Abel Boyer,(2) the verses were attributed to Swift alone, but by the author of the notice of Prior in the *Biographia Britannica*, published not long after Swift's death, they are said with more perspicacity to have been written by Prior in conjunction with Swift. That the Fable was in Swift's mind at that time is shown by his making use of the phrase "as much as a cat" in writing on February 2 to Stella, and that Prior regarded Swift as the originator of the piece is indicated by his inscribing to him his verses, *When the Cat's away, the Mice may play*,(3) in which the recall of Marlborough is contemplated.

The Fable was announced on January 19, in *The Post Boy*, as published by John Morphew at a price of one penny, and besides that edition a second was issued by Philpot near Charing Cross. As Abel Boyer's reference to it shows, the Fable attracted much attention, and at least two replies were printed, *The Fable of the Shepherd and his Dog* and *The Fable of the Housewife and her Cock*.

The exhilaration of the ministerial circle at the defeat of the machinations of the whigs obtained expression in a ballad entitled An Excellent New Song call'd The Trusty and True Englishman. With regard to its composition, Swift writes to Stella on January 4, " I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad by several hands ; I know not whom ; I believe Lord Treasurer had a finger in it ; I added three stanzas ; I suppose Dr. Arbuthnot had the greatest share." The concluding three stanzas, which are possibly those that Swift wrote, are :

If little Eugène
Come here to get Spain,
We'll send him, as wise as he comes, back again ;(4)
Tho' a parcel of dund'rheads
Should meet him by hundreds
Not like Englishmen trusty and true,
But more like designers and court underminers,
Black Dismal and Coventry blue.

What a shame to the gown
To see prelates bow down
To those who would tread both on mitre and crown ;

Eleven out of fourteen
Seduc'd by whigs' courting,
Are they Englishmen trusty and true ?
Or more like designers, etc.

The twelve peers of France
Are fam'd in romance,
Who their country's honour so high did advance ;
But our British twelve peers,
Are worth fifty of theirs,
For they are Englishmen trusty and true—
In spite of designers, etc.(5)

About the same time there appeared two ballads entitled respectively The Queen's and My Lord of Oxford's New Toast and The Queen's and the Duke of Ormond's New Toast which, although slight, bear the mark of Swift's inspiration. The former concludes with the lines :

To her 'tis our lives and our fortunes are owing,
To him that our credit's reviving and growing,
That funds are established by parliament sages,
Without any tax to pay seamen their wages ;
That fifty new churches arise from our coal,
And provision is made for our body and soul,
As the queen and the subject have neither their peer,
She greater than Tudor, he greater than Vere ;

and the latter contains lines that are still more Swiftian :

Brave Ormond disdains to make sale of commissions,
To be bribed by contractors on terms and conditions ;
He's a Butler that ne'er will be censur'd for tripping,
Or making a perquisite of the bread's chipping,

But still be content with the dues of his place,
Abhorrent of what is unlawful and base,
Tho' a villain dares call him an ignorant novice,
And a lad that knows not how to manage his office.(6)

A month later, on February 14, Swift published, as he tells Stella, The Fable of Midas, in which the King of Phrygia's love of gold and his exposure to contempt through the discovery of his asses' ears are applied to Marlborough:

To whom, from Midas down, descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends;
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes and three per cent. ?
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold ?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before ?

. . . . . .

Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas, too, has asses' ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.

Two editions of the verses in the original broadside form are known: one bears no printer's name, the other that of John Morphew.(7)

The success of The Fable of Midas led Swift in the summer to hold the Earl of Nottingham again up to ridicule in Toland's Invitation to

Dismal to dine with the Calf's Head Club.(8) It represents the pillar of high-church principles invited to dine with the atheistical and republican brotherhood of which Toland was a leader on the anniversary of Charles the First's Martyrdom, and is an imitation of Horace's Epistle *Si poles Archaicis*, of which Swift was himself not a little proud.

> If, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
> Upon a single dish and tavern wine,
> Toland to you this invitation sends,
> To eat the calf's head with your trusty friends.
> Suspend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
> Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes,
> To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
> Where thou, our latest proselyte, shalt share.(9)

At the beginning of August, 1712, a duty of a halfpenny or a penny, according to size, became leviable on printed sheets, and the popular mode of publication on a broadside sold for a penny, for which Grub Street was a convenient by-name, was, as Swift believed, dead and gone. For the last fortnight of freedom from taxation he " plied Grub Street pretty close," and published at least seven penny papers of his own. At the moment the surrender of Dunkirk to the English as a condition of the armistice then concluded with the French was the great political event. Of Dunkirk, John Hill, the brother of Swift's friend Mrs. Masham, was appointed governor, and the " stoppings " that preceded his departure from England and the anxiety that they caused Swift

fill no small part of the letters that took then the place of the daily journal to Stella.

One of the penny papers with which Swift plied Grub Street was Peace and Dunkirk:

Spite of Dutch friends and English foes,
Poor Britain shall have peace at last:
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
But Dunkirk's ours, we'll hold it fast;
We have got it in a string,
And the whigs may all go swing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their false deluded hopes
Will, or ought to, end in ropes;
But the Queen shall enjoy her own again.

It was issued with the following heading and imprint:

Peace and Dunkirk; Being An Excellent New Song upon the Surrender of Dunkirk to General Hill.
London, Printed in the Year, 1712.(10)

In writing to Stella, Swift mentions Peace and Dunkirk as a Ballad on Dunkirk, and he refers also in writing to her to—

A Hue and Cry after Dismal; Being a full and true Account, how a Whig L—d was taken at Dunkirk, in the Habit of a Chimney-sweeper, and carryed before General Hill,

a copy of which was recently sold in London.(11)

In close connexion with these is a ballad which was issued with the heading :

> The Description of Dunkirk with Squash's and Dismal's Opinion How easily Prince Eugene may retake it, and many other matters of the last Importance.

This ballad, which is evidently from Swift's pen, opens thus :

> Harley at length has reaped the fame,
> His father sow'd in actions just,
> And rais'd his family a name
> Renown'd for faithfulness in trust.
>
> Dunkirk to save for England's good
> Sir Edward strove with might and main,
> Which without cost, and without blood,
> His son does gloriously regain.
>
> Our whigs are mad, the Dutch repine,
> The Germans gnash their teeth to see
> His measures crown'd in each design,
> In spite of their inveteracy.(12)

During that year another political piece in verse, Atlas, or The Minister of State, which was addressed to Oxford, saw probably also the light. It has been variously dated 1710 and 1712, and as the former year is impossible, the latter becomes likely to be correct. It reminds Oxford of the story of Atlas and Hercules, and suggests that he should make use of a minister " of second rate." With it possibly a passage in the Journal to Stella under March 4, 1712, may have some

connexion : speaking of the weakness of the tory majority in the House of Lords, Swift says that Oxford has much ado to keep his followers together, and is not able to oblige them as he would, and then adds, " I doubt, too, he does not take care enough about it, or cannot do all himself, and will not employ others, which is his great fault, as I have often told you."(13)

An interval of more than a year elapses before a date can be affixed with certainty to any of Swift's acknowledged verse. Meantime Swift had been appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, had visited Ireland to be installed, and had returned to England. Within six weeks of his return there issued from the press his Imitation of part of Horace's *Quinque dies*,(14) which was published with the title and imprint :

> Part of the Seventh Epistle of the First Book of Horace Imitated : And Address'd to a Noble Peer.
> London : Printed for A. Dodd, at the Peacock without Temple-Bar. 1713. Price 3d.

Remarkable as this piece is for pleasantry and satire mixed with unpretending pathos, it is said by Hazlitt to place Swift in the first rank of agreeable moralists,(15) and the description of Erasmus Lewis as the Consul Phillipus, and Swift as the unsophisticated parson, is pronounced by Courthope truly admirable :(16)

> Lewis his patron's humour knows,
> Away upon his errand goes,

And quickly did the matter sift ;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift,
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat,
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down :
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought ;
Not rich, but owed no man a groat ;
In state opinions à la mode,
He hated Wharton like a toad ;
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junta round ;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ :
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet.

But no less striking for their intensity are the lines in which he tells of his new dignity and his necessities :

Suppose him now a dean complete,
Devoutly lolling in his seat,
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion side ;
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits and tenths, and chapter-treats,
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
The wicked laity's contriving,
To hinder clergymen from thriving.
Now all the doctor's money's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent ;

The farmers, spitefully combined,
Force him to take his tithes in kind,
And Parvisol discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.

The piece attained rapid popularity: several editions of it were issued, as well by John Morphew as by Dodd, and it continued to be advertised for six months. There was also an edition published in Dublin by John Henley in Castle Street.(17)

Soon after the Imitation of Horace's *Quinque dies* appeared, the marriage of Oxford's son to the only child of the great Duke of Newcastle, of the Holles family,(18) gave occasion for the lines To Lord Harley on his Marriage. In this piece, which was not printed until after Swift's death,(19) the young couple, who are described to Stella by Swift as a very valuable young gentleman and a handsome girl with good sense and red hair, are represented as seraphs. He is a youth of so highly informed a spirit as to be calculated, in spite of his handsome person, to frighten away any but a virgin of superior mind. Where could one be found, asks the poet,

With wit and virtue to discover,
And pay the merit of her lover,

but that discernment has been found in a descendant through her mother of the Cavendish family,

The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,

whose sight, purified by Pallas, showed her the virtues, fresh and blooming, of Lord Harley :

> Thus Ca'endish, as Aurora bright,
> And chaster than the Queen of Night,
> Descended from her sphere to find
> A mortal of superior kind.

But that year is notable before all else for the composition of Cadenus and Vanessa, the longest and perhaps the best metrical piece written by Swift. According to statements made by Swift at the time of its publication, thirteen years later, the piece was conceived and written in the year 1712, at Windsor, where Vanessa is known to have descended upon him. In his own words, it was a task performed on a frolic among some ladies.(20) But it cannot have assumed the form known to us until after Swift's appointment as Dean of St. Patrick's, which made the use of the sobriquet Cadenus appropriate. The piece contains eight hundred and eighty-nine lines, the odd number being accounted for by the object of Swift's detestation, a triplet, which has somehow slipped in. The argument is well known : lines 1 to 125 tell of the trial before Venus to decide whether the shepherds or the nymphs are responsible for marriage becoming a question of intrigue and money rather than of love, and of the contention of the shepherds that the nymphs are moved by caprice and folly and attract none but fools, or fops, or rakes ; lines 126 to 303 tell of the project Venus carries out to regain her empire over marriage by forming a maid who will combine

not only the feminine qualities of virtue and beauty, but also those of the other sex—knowledge, judgement, and wit ; and tell of Pallas, whose aid Venus had secured by a trick, prophesying that heavenly wisdom could not prove an instrument of earthly love and that her creation would prove her greatest foe ; lines 304 to 465 tell of Vanessa, or Van Esther, as the child was called, entering the world, of the conversation of the fops whom she overwhelms by her learning, of the conversation of the dames whom she treats with disdain, and of the admission to her society of those with gifts superior to the crowd, including some of the clergy for the sake of Cadenus, whom Pallas had enlisted as a coadjutor in defeating Venus ; lines 466 to 593 tell of Cupid's discharging arrows pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux, which Cadenus, in the capacity of tutor, wards off, of Cupid's conclusion that Vanessa would only be satisfied with a doctor, both to adore and instruct her, of Cupid's arrow piercing through a copy of Cadenus's Miscellanies, and of Vanessa dreaming of a gown of forty-four, until Cadenus's teaching was unheeded ; lines 594 to 827 tell of Vanessa's declaration to Cadenus of her love for him, of his reflections and of the discussion that ensued ; and lines 828 to 889 tell of Venus giving judgement in the trial, which had dragged on for years, against the men, of her complaint that when she found a nymph with wit and sense a lover could not be found, and of her determination, if she were to begin again, to reform men, or add some grains of folly to women, to make them equal.

By all critics except Taine, Cadenus and Vanessa has been commended : its elegant ease appealed to Goldsmith, its urbanity to Drake, its delicacy to Courthope. But in the consideration of the relations between Cadenus and Vanessa which it discloses, sight has been lost of passages impressed in the highest degree with Swift's gifts of intensity and humour. What could be more exhaustive than the list of the occupations of the fashionable women of the day as given by the counsel for the shepherds :

> A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
> Or some worse brute in human shape,
> Engross the fancies of the fair,
> The few soft moments they can spare,
> From visits to receive and pay,
> From scandal, politics, and play,
> From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
> From equipage and park parades,
> From all the thousand female toys,
> From every trifle that employs
> The out or inside of their heads,
> Between their toilets and their beds.

From the description of the procedure in Vanessa's court one might suppose Swift to have been a lawyer :

> The goddess soon began to see,
> Things were not ripe for a decree,
> And said, she must consult her books,
> The lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cokes :
> First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
> To turn to Ovid, book the second ;

She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil, vide Dido's case :
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts :
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller
Still their authority was smaller ;
There was on both sides much to say :
She'd hear the cause another day ;
And so she did, and then a third
She heard it—there she kept her word :
But, with rejoinders and replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join :
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

A very different theme, the conversation of the fops with Vanessa, is treated with no less knowledge :

They ask'd her how she lik'd the play ;
Then told the tattle of the day ;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady—you know who ;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome ;
Gave hints of who and who's together ;
Then fell to talking of the weather ;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine ;
Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise ;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.

In the conversation of the glittering dames Swift is found equally at home :

> Discoursing with important face,
> On ribands, fans, and gloves, and lace ;
> Show'd patterns just from India brought,
> And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
> Whether the red or green were best,
> And what they cost ? Vanessa guess'd,
> As came into her fancy first ;
> Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
> To scandal next—What awkward thing
> Was that last Sunday in the ring ?
> I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast :
> I said her face would never last.
> Corinna, with that youthful air,
> Is thirty, and a bit to spare :
> Her fondness for a certain earl
> Began when I was but a girl !
> Phillis, who but a month ago
> Was married to the Tunbridge beau,
> I saw coquetting t'other night
> In public with that odious knight.

And for humour, what can surpass the concluding lines :

> The crier was order'd to dismiss
> The court, so made his last O yes.
> The goddess would no longer wait ;
> But, rising from her chair of state,
> Left all below at six and seven,
> Harness'd her doves, and flew to Heaven.

When after a lapse of thirteen years the piece was communicated by Vanessa's executor to the

world, it was issued by at least three different publishers, the title-pages being as follows:

I. Cadenus and Vanessa. A Poem.
London, Printed: And Sold by J. Roberts at the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane, 1726. Price 6d.

II. Cadenus and Vanessa. A Poem.
By Dr. S——t.
London, Printed for N. Blandford, at the London-Gazette, Charing-Cross; and sold by J. Peele, at Locke's-Head in Paternoster-Row. 1726. (Price 6d.)

III. Cadenus and Vanessa, a Law Case. By Dean Swift. London. Printed for T. Warner, in Paternoster Row, MDCCXXVI.(21)

Of the second publication six editions are known to have been issued. To some of these is added—

A True and Faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. S——t, Vicar of Lara Cor; upon lending his House to the Bishop of ——, till his own was built.

The responsibility of Swift for attacks made upon Steele in various pamphlets published during the latter part of the year 1713 and beginning of the year 1714 has been much debated. As they are in prose, the publications in question do not come within the purview of these pages, but two satires in verse upon Steele, which are included in Swift's Works on the judgement of John Nichols,(22) have to be considered. The first of these satires was announced in the issue of *The Examiner* for January 8, 1714, thus:

> Just publish'd, The First Ode of the Seventh Book of Horace Paraphras'd, and Address'd to Richard St—le, Esq; Printed for A. Dodd, at the Peacock without Temple-Bar. Price 3d.

It was advertised in two subsequent issues of *The Examiner* in January as printed for Dodd, and, like the Imitation of Horace's *Quinque dies*, it was afterwards in May advertised as printed for Morphew. The second of the satires was announced in the issue of *The Post Boy* for April 27, 1714, as follows :

> John Dennis, the Sheltring Poet's Invitation to Richard Steele, the secluded Party-Writer and Member, to come and live with him in the Mint. In Imitation of Horace's 5th Epistle, Lib. 1. And fit to be Bound up with the Crisis. Printed for John Morphew near Stationers-Hall. Price 3d.

The first of these satires is in parts Swiftian, and inasmuch as it is in octosyllabic couplets and followed the same course in publication as the Imitation of the *Quinque dies* it is possibly entirely Swift's work, but at the same time the piece does not altogether resemble in its style anything else Swift wrote and gives ground for doubt whether the execution is his own. As regards the second of the satires, which is in ten-syllable metre, there seems no reason to attribute it to him, and there were amongst his friends those who could equally well have composed it.

In the early part of the year 1714 the Scrib-

Scriblerus Club, which was in full session in the middle of the month of April, filled a large place in Swift's life. Although its members included Pope and Gay, and sometimes Parnell, the only immediate poetical outcome seems to have been two invitations to Oxford to join the club, one being chiefly and the other entirely written by Swift :

> Then come and take part in
> The Memoirs of Martin ;
> Lay down your white staff and grey habit ;
> For trust us, friend Mortimer,
> Should you live years forty more,
> *Haec olim meminisse juvabit.*(23)

But behind the club hung a dark cloud caused by the dissensions, which culminated in the disruption of Oxford's ministry, and the idea of retiring from the cares that " haunt the court and town " was even then in Swift's mind. His efforts to allay the strife had been unceasing, and some ten days after the invitation to Oxford to join the club was sent, a further effort was made by him. This effort originated in a suggestion from the Duchess of Ormonde to remember " the story of the arrows that were very easily broke singly, but when tied up close together no strength of man could hurt them,"(24) and it was made in a metrical form. In The Faggot, the piece in which the suggestion was used, a piteous picture is given of the contentions which extended to every member of the ministry :

> This tale may be applied, in few words,
> To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards,

And others, who in solemn sort,
Appear with slender wands at court ;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round :
While wise men think they ought to fight
With quarter-staffs instead of white ;
Or constable, with staff of peace,
Should come and make the clattering cease,
Which now disturbs the queen and court,
And gives the whigs and rabble sport.

When he comes to deal with the chief ministers, Swift omits, no doubt with good reason, all reference to Bolingbroke, who was then the chief source of the strife, and makes the chancellor, Harcourt, in the use of whose calm and judicial mind Swift felt the only hope of success to lie, the central figure. In referring to Bolingbroke's colleagues he does not allow his efforts for peace to cease from lack of plain speaking :

Come, courtiers ; every man his stick :
Lord Treasurer, for once be quick :
And, that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt, bring your mace,
And squeeze it in, or quit your place :
Dispatch, or else that rascal Northey
Will undertake to do it for thee,
And, be assured, the court will find him
Prepared to leap o'er sticks, or bind them.
To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormonde lend thy general's staff :
And, if the crosier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden.

You'll then defy the strongest whig
With both his hands to bend a twig ;
Though with united strength they all pull,
From Somers, down to Craggs and Walpole.(25)

All was in vain, and the beginning of June found Swift living with a friend of his Moor Park days in the peaceful Berkshire rectory of Letcombe Bassett. There he wrote his Imitation of Horace's *Hoc erat* and the piece entitled The Author upon Himself. In the former there is no specific reference to the disagreements of the ministers, and happier times is the topic :

'Tis, let me see, three years and more,
October next it will be four,
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend ;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that ;
As What's o'clock ? and How's the wind ?
Whose chariot's that we left behind ?
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs ;
Or, Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay ?
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes inter nos
Might be proclaimed at Charing-Cross.

But at the same time in the opening and concluding lines the desire for peace, or, if that is

impossible, for oblivion, is paramount. Although in a letter to him before he left Letcombe Bassett, Ford begs him to send or bring to London his *Hoc erat*,(26) it is probable that he did not then allow others to see it, and it was not published for fourteen years,(27) and was never completed until Pope added lines which Swift did not consider " at all a right imitation of his style."(28) In the tone that pervades The Author upon Himself, the circumstances of the moment are visible, and in the concluding lines he describes his departure from London :

> By faction tired, with grief he waits awhile,
> His great contending friends to reconcile,
> Performs what friendship, justice, truth require ;
> What could he more, but decently retire ?

The piece tells of his greatness with secretaries of state, of the enmity of Nottingham in the Lords and of Walpole and Aislaby in the Commons, and of even greater foes, the Duchess of Somerset, the Archbishop of York, and Queen Anne herself, who are introduced in the opening lines as sharing the opinions of the stupid clergy :

> . . . . . by an old ***** pursued,
> A crazy prelate, and a royal prude ;
> By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
> On every genius that attempts to rise,
> And pausing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod,
> Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God ;
> So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
> And take a folio for a conjuring book.(29)

NOTES

1. See Appendix V.

2. Political State of Great Britain, iii. 13.

3. Works of Matthew Prior, edited by Alfred R. Waller, 1907, ii. 380.

4. Prince Eugène landed in England on January 5.

5. British Museum, 162. m. 70 (13). Probably Arbuthnot, if not Swift, had some part in two other ballads of a similar kind published that year—An Excellent Old Ballad made at the Restoration of King Charles the Second, with a Second Part to the same Tune by a Modern Hand, and Whiggism laid open and The Loyal Churchman's Health. There had also been a ballad resembling these published previously—Jack Presbyter's Downfal: or, The Church in Glory, Occasion'd by the Dissolution of the Late Parliament.

6. British Museum, C. 20. f. 2 (232) and 11602. i. 12 (6).

7. The Fable was not included in The Miscellanies published in conjunction with Pope, but appears in the edition of Swift's Works published by Faulkner in 1735.

8. It is announced in The Examiner of July 3, 1712, as lately published.

9. The piece was originally published as a broadside, at a price of one penny, without printer's name. It was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765.

10. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1776.

11. By Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge on 27 June, 1927.

12. Appendix VI.

13. This piece appears in the Miscellanies of 1727. There are also attributed to the year 1712 an Epigram on Tom, whose fidelity to his wife was not lessened by her cudgelling him, and a lampoon on Mrs. Manley, the authoress of The New Atalantis. The former was

included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735, and the latter appears in the Miscellanies of 1727.

14. It is announced in The Examiner of October 23, 1713, as published that day.

15. Op. cit., Lecture vi.

16. Op. cit., vol. v, p. 134.

17. The piece appears in the Miscellanies of 1727. It had been published previously in 1720 by the Society de Propaganda, in 1721 by Fairbrother and in 1722 by Curll.

18. On October 31, 1713.

19. It was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765.

20. Swift's Corr., iii. 305, 313, 459.

21. The piece appears in the Miscellanies of 1727, and (with the sub-title 'A Law Case') in Curll's Miscellanea, 1727, i. 88.

22. In 1776.

23. Swift's Corr., ii. 416.

24. Ibid., ii. 133.

25. It was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735.

26. Swift's Corr., ii. 217.

27. The piece appears in the Miscellanies of 1727.

28. Spence's Anecdotes, edited by John Underhill, p. 88. The piece was published in 1738 as a pamphlet in a handsome folio form, with the following title-page: An Imitation of the Sixth Satire of the Second Book of Horace. *Hoc erat in Votis*, &c. The first Part done in the Year 1714, By Dr. Swift. The latter Part now first added, And never before Printed. London: Printed for B. Motte and C. Bathurst in Fleet-Street, and J. and P. Knapton in Ludgate-Street, MDCCXXXVIII. Price one Shilling.

29. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735.

CHAPTER VII

HIBERNIAN ASSOCIATIONS

Ann. Dom. 1714–1723. Aet. suae 46–56

During the first three years of his residence in Ireland as Dean of St. Patrick's, Swift was cut off from anyone at all likely to kindle the flame of versification. Such a part would have been well filled by Parnell, who had been intimate with Swift in London, and was considered by Swift, before he knew Pope and in the absence of Prior, to exceed all London poets "by a bar-length,"(1) but the insufficiency of Parnell's tory faith divided him from Swift. At that time Swift could not tolerate anyone who countenanced a whig, and he intrenched himself within a circle of the strongest sympathizers that he could find, a proceeding that brought him into much disrepute with the government of the day, as at least one of the circle was prepared to go beyond Swift's policy of passive resistance and actively to assist the Jacobite cause.

But at the end of three years the circle was enlarged by the addition of two friends satisfying the political test, who were destined to draw Swift into many contests in versification, the Reverend Thomas Sheridan, whose fame mainly rests on his being a friend of Swift's and grandfather of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the

Reverend Patrick Delany, whose fame rests on his being also a friend of Swift's and husband of the celebrated correspondent. In what connexion the tie between Swift and Sheridan began is not certain. The earliest evidence of their being acquainted is at the close of the year 1717, when Sheridan was a young man of thirty coming into notice as master of the principal school for boys in Dublin. Of the commencement of their friendship all that Swift tells in The History of the Second Solomon is that after they had become acquainted, he treated Sheridan, who was "familiar in his house," with great kindness, and that within three months he was made by Sheridan the subject of a long poem describing his muse as dead and making "a funeral solemnity with asses, owls, &c.," of which Sheridan gave copies to all his friends. With Delany, Swift appears to have become acquainted at the same time as with Sheridan, of whom Delany was a close friend. Like Sheridan, Delany was some twenty years Swift's junior, but he was on more equal ground, as a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and as author of *A Long History of a Short Session of a Certain Parliament in a Certain Kingdom*, which gave expression to the political opinions of the great apostle of toryism in Ireland, Lord Chancellor Phipps, to whom Delany had been chaplain.

Before Sheridan's influence became effective, between the autumn of 1714 and winter of 1717, Swift's metrical output, so far as he acknowledged, was confined to four pieces. The first piece, In

Sickness, originated in the depression caused by learning of the complete eclipse of the tory ministers. It was written in October 1714. Until then Swift had buoyed himself up with hope that some of his friends would have been admitted to the counsels of George the First, and on hearing that his expectations had not been fulfilled, he wrote a letter to Arbuthnot, that "even in affliction" made Arbuthnot melancholy.(2) Friend to Swift's life as Arbuthnot had been, as much as to Pope's, the burden of the lines, In Sickness, is regret for absence from him:

> 'Tis true—then why should I repine
> To see my life so fast decline?
> But why obscurely here alone,
> Where I am neither loved nor known?
> My state of health none care to learn;
> My life is here no soul's concern;
> And those with whom I now converse
> Without a tear will tend my hearse;
> Removed from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
> Who knows his art, but not his trade,
> Preferring his regard for me
> Before his credit, or his fee.(3)

The second piece is an imitation of Horace's Ode *Angustam amice pauperiem*, addressed to the Earl of Oxford, late lord treasurer, when he was in the Tower, and dated 1716. In it Swift conveyed an assurance of his fidelity:

> Next faithful Silence hath a sure reward;
> Within our breast be every secret barr'd;
> He, who betrays his friend, shall never be
> Under one roof, or in one ship, with me;

For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked, heaven involve the just ?
And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.(4)

Whether the lines reached Oxford is doubtful. There is no record of their having done so. He treasured everything that came to him from Swift, and says that while in the Tower he received only one letter from him, a letter written within ten days of his confinement, and that this letter his son kept as a family monument.(5) The third piece, which is also dated 1716, is in a light vein, and it is a curious coincidence that it should come in close proximity to the Ode to Oxford, as it refers to Staines, one of the landmarks in Swift's journeys to Windsor with Oxford. In Phyllis, or The Progress of Love, the story is told of a *mésalliance* between a young lady and her father's butler, and of their establishment as the landlord and landlady of the Staines inn, the Blue Boar.(6) The fourth piece, an address to Sheridan in Latin hexameters, is dated October 1717 and is headed *Ad amicum eruditum Thomam Sheridan.*(7) Of these lines, according to Lord Orrery, Swift was more proud than of many of his best English performances, although, in Orrery's opinion,(8) if the lines had been produced by any other author, they would have undergone a severe censure.

After Swift's death there was attributed to him The Fable of the Bitches, written in 1715 on an attempt to repeal the Test Act.(9) This piece seems to have been occasioned by the proceedings

of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in May and the correspondence that ensued. In the next year, 1716, if Sir Walter Scott is correct, Swift wrote also a parody in verse of a speech made by the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, to the Prince of Wales, the future George the Second, on his appointment as Chancellor of Dublin University in place of the second Duke of Ormonde. The parody was found by Sir Walter Scott in *The Whimsical Medley*,(10) but it exists also in a contemporaneous broadside with the heading :

> The Speech of the P—st of T—y C—ge to his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales.(11)

Of Oxford University as well as of Dublin Ormonde had been chancellor, and in the parody the conduct of Dublin in choosing as Ormonde's successor the Prince of Wales is contrasted with that of Oxford in choosing as Ormonde's successor his brother the Earl of Arran :

> Since Ormonde's like a traitor gone,
> We scorn to do, what some have done,
> For learning much more famous ;
> Fools may pursue their adverse fate,
> And stick to the unfortunate ;
> We laugh while they condemn us.
>
> For being of that gen'rous mind,
> To success we are still inclined,
> And quit the suffering side,
> If on our friends cross planets frown,
> We join the cry and hunt them down,
> And sail with wind and tide.

Hence 'twas this choice we long delay'd,
Till our rash foes the rebels fled,
Whilst fortune held the scale ;
But, since, they're driven like mist before you,
Our rising sun, we now adore you,
Because you now prevail.(12)

The first harbinger of a war of verse, which was the immediate outcome of Swift's making acquaintance with Sheridan, is to be found in lines addressed to Swift on New Year's Day, 1718, by George Rochfort, the eldest son of Swift's great tory ally ex-Chief Baron Rochfort. At the time the lines were written Swift was at Laracor, and Rochfort was with Swift's friends the Grattans at their house Belcamp, a few miles to the north of Dublin.(13) Besides the Grattans, the rector of the parish, Jack Jackson, and his brother Dan were of the party, and all were intent on cards until, as Rochfort tells Swift, his fancy on rhyming—

Does Jack's utter ruin at piquet prevent ;
For an answer in specie to yours must be sent,
So this moment at crambo, not shuffling, is spent,
And I lose by this crotchet, quatorze, point and quint.(14)

As Swift is known not only to have addressed the lines to Sheridan but also to have been present at a play performed by his pupils before the previous Christmas,(15) it is possible that Sheridan may have had some part in provoking the contest between Laracor and Belcamp. At least it is certain that in the coming year Sheridan and Delany are found joining with Swift and Roch-

fort in a battle in doggerel verse about Dan Jackson's nose, which in Swift's opinion was a fit subject for "the obliging jest."(16) In three of the lines then written, Swift tells how differently he had been occupied of late :

> I spend my time in making sermons,
> Or writing libels on the Germans,
> Or murmuring at whigs' preferments,(17)

and Delany considered it a proof of Swift's good humour and good sense that he should have joined in such a pastime.(18) But Swift became soon bitten by the amusement, and the battle about Jackson's nose was succeeded in September and October by a battle about nothing between Swift and Sheridan.(19) A few weeks later Swift sent to Delany lines in which with a wealth of graceful phrase he asks Delany to hint to Sheridan that he—

> sallies oft beyond his bounds,
> And takes unmeasurable rounds.(20)

It is fortunate that the lines survive, for Delany was under the impression that he had burned them in "a fit of mortification," which it is not easy to understand inasmuch as he considered the verses the most refined that Swift ever wrote and a great compliment.(21)

So far as existing pieces show, it was in 1719 that Stella's birthday, which fell on March 13, was celebrated first by Swift in verse. No compliment was ever conveyed with more ingenuity or apparent ease :

> Oh! would it please the gods to split
> Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit ;

No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size;
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle fate,
That either nymph might have her swain,
To split my worship too in twain.(22)

In that year Swift wrote also probably an Ode to Archbishop King in imitation of Horace's *Ne forte credas*, which cannot have had its origin in anything less than the archbishop's opposition at that time to the policy of the government and consequent omission from the number of the lords justices.(23) But the high level of these pieces was not unbroken, and there is in existence, as a counterblast, another battle in doggerel verse with Sheridan at the close of that year,(24) as well as lines addressed to him on the publication of his *Art of Punning*.(25)

The year 1720 is marked not only by an increase in the number of notable pieces, but also by variety in the form of verse. In the octosyllabic couplet there are lines to Stella and a piece entitled The Progress of Poetry; in octosyllabic quatrains there are two pieces entitled The Progress of Beauty and The Run upon the Bankers; in four-syllable quatrains a piece entitled The Description of an Irish Feast; in ten-syllable couplets a piece entitled An Elegy on Demar; and in ballad strains An Excellent New Song on a Seditious Pamphlet. The lines to Stella were occasioned by her visiting Swift during a long

illness from which he suffered in the early part of the year 1720 and are most pleasing :

How would ingratitude delight,
And how would censure glut her spite,
If I should Stella's kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride ?
When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd every pow'r to ease my pains ;
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief ;
And, though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require,
From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd.(26)

In contrast there come The Progress of Beauty and The Progress of Poetry. The former, which is in the style of the better-known Lady's Dressing Room, unveils what cosmetics conceal, and the latter tells how in plenty the poet is indolent and how in want he makes Grub Street ring.(27) The Description of an Irish Feast is an adaptation of an Irish song and attracted Saintsbury by its wild rhymes and fantastic breakdowns of cadence.(28) In the reference to the end of the feast it shows that Swift was not wanting in perception of the Irish character :

With cudgels of oak,
Well harden'd in flame,
A hundred heads broke,
A hundred struck lame :—

You churl, I'll maintain
  My father built Lusk,
The castle of Slane,
  And Carrickdrumrusk :

The Earl of Kildare,
  And Moynalta, his brother,
As great as they are,
  I was nurs'd by their mother;

Ask that of old madam :
  She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam,
  She knows it is true.(29)

In the Elegy on Demar, the elegies that were then hawked about the streets are imitated. It was published, like them, on a broadside with a black border and headed :

> An Elegy On the much lamented Death of Mr. Demar, the Famous rich Man, who died the 6th of this Inst. July, 1720.(30)

The other pieces were occasioned by public events. In An Excellent New Song upon a Seditious Pamphlet, which is an imitation of The Song of the Cut-purse, Swift took vengeance on the grand jury that found a true bill against the printer of his Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures :

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
  To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire,
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
  And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.

Therefore, I assure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the dean's book, they were in a great fury ;
They would buy English silks for their wives and their daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters ;(31)

and The Run upon the Bankers was written no doubt in the autumn, when Swift wrote to Vanessa that " conversation was full of nothing but South Sea and the ruin of the kingdom and scarcity of money."(32)

The multitude's capricious pranks,
Are said to represent the seas,
Which, breaking bankers and the banks,
Resume their own whene'er they please.(33)

The next year, 1721, opened with a trial of wit between Swift and Delany. On calling at the Deanery on Tuesday, January 10, a date given with precision, Delany found Swift away and Stella in possession. With her aid he wrote on the window-glass two sets of eleven-syllable couplets : the first set recorded that in the time of Swift's predecessor the Deanery was remarkable for its meat, and in the time of Swift for its wine, and the second set alleged that when Swift went away he left as host his patron Apollo to supply the want of meat by " the thoughts he inspired."(34) On his return Swift wrote a long and elaborate piece in the same metre which purported to be a communication from Apollo to

himself and expressed Apollo's great dissatisfaction at the treatment he received from mortals below and particularly from—

> a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
> Whom I for your sake have used better than any,
> And of my mere motion and special good grace,
> Intended in time to succeed to your place.

The god went on then to accuse Delany of writing the lines on a window—

> with felonious intent,
> Direct to the north where I never once went,

and of stealing the idea of the verses out of his box at Parnassus. Incidentally there is reference to Stella as a nymph Apollo had courted some ten years before : her graceful black locks are now tinged with grey, but—

> the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover,
> Though she lives till she's grey as a badger all over.(35)

On February 27 Delany responded in the same metre with an account of an assembly of the poets convened at Parnassus on the 10th of that month by Apollo in order that they might nominate one to be his vicegerent below, and tells how for various reasons Apollo put aside Trapp, Prior, Pope and Gay, until—

> the whole audience soon found out his drift,
> The convention was summon'd in favour of Swift.(36)

Finally Swift wrote a piece in octosyllabic couplets purporting to be directions from Apollo to

his subjects below to follow Swift's leading and not to trace beaten paths. Imitations of the lines to Biddy Floyd are amongst other things deprecated, and a new subject for verse is suggested in the Dowager Lady Donegal "the glory of the Granard race," then recommended to Swift by the tory views of its members.(37)

Lines to Stella on her collecting and transcribing his Poems are connected with these pieces, which she copied into her volume.(38) In these lines a remarkable description of her relations with Swift occurs :

> Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
> When first for thee my harp was strung,
> Without one word of Cupid's darts,
> Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts ;
> With friendship and esteem possess'd,
> I ne'er admitted Love a guest.
> In all the habitudes of life,
> The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
> Variety we still pursue,
> In pleasure seek for something new ;
> Or else, comparing with the rest,
> Take comfort that our own is best ;
> The best we value by the worst,
> As tradesmen show their trash at first ;
> But his pursuits are at an end,
> Whom Stella chooses for a friend.(39)

There are also lines to Stella on her birthday that year which pursue the subject of her charm :

> And let me warn you to believe
> A truth, for which your soul should grieve ;

That should you live to see the day,
When Stella's locks must all be grey,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face ;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen ;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind ;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.(40)

At that time the end of the South Sea speculation came in circumstances that, as Prior wrote to Swift, justified the roaring of the waves and the madness of the people being put together,(41) and Swift gave vent to his reflections in a piece of unusual length for him, now entitled The South Sea Project, but originally entitled The Bubble, as the title-page of the pamphlet in which it was first issued shows.

The Bubble : A Poem.
London, Printed for Benj. Tooke, at the Middle-Temple-Gate in Fleetstreet ; and Sold by J. Roberts, near the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane. M.DCC.XXI.

In the concluding stanzas Swift made use of Prior's remark :

Oh ! may some western tempest sweep
These locusts whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, directors, to the deep,
Driv'n from the South Sea to the Red.

May he, whom Nature's laws obey,
  Who lifts the poor, and sinks the proud,
Quiet the raging of the sea,
  And still the madness of the crowd.

But never shall our isle have rest,
  Till those devouring swine run down,
The devils leaving the possess'd,
  And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
  Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors' promises but wind,
  South Sea at best a mighty bubble.(42)

In the financial stringency that followed the bursting of the South Sea bubble, Dublin did not escape,(43) and the destitution amongst the weavers, who numbered then nearly six thousand, was great. In aid of a fund that was raised for their relief the actors played *Hamlet*, and much attention was attracted to their doing so on its becoming known that Swift had written the epilogue, which concluded thus :

Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
Between the weavers and us playhouse kings ;
But wit and weaving had the same beginning ;
Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning :
And next observe how this alliance fits,
For weavers now are just as poor as wits :
Their brother quillmen, workers for the stage,
For sorry stuff can get a crown a page ;
But weavers will be kinder to the players,
And sell for twenty pence a yard of theirs.
And, to your knowledge, there is often less in
The poet's wit, than in the player's dressing.

The epilogue and the prologue, which was written by Sheridan, were printed in English newspapers, and issued on single half-sheets, one of the editions having on the recto:

> An Epilogue, As it was spoke by Mr. Griffith At the Theatre-Royal On Saturday the First of April. In the Behalf of the Distressed Weavers.

And on the verso:

> A Prologue, Spoke by Mr. Elrington....
> Dublin Printed by John Harding.(44)

Long after Swift's death a piece entitled The Puppet Show, which was printed in *The St. James's Post* of April 21, 1721, was attributed to him. It resembles The Run upon the Bankers and The Bubble in form and style, and justifies in these respects as well as in others the attribution to Swift. Puppet shows were then a rage in Dublin, and, owing to the injury done to the theatre, Sheridan had been induced to write a farce entitled Punch turned Schoolmaster for the actors as a counter-blast. His effort had not been successful, and is criticized in the piece thus:

> Tell Tom, he draws a farce in vain,
> Before he looks in nature's glass;
> Puns cannot form a witty scene,
> Nor pedantry for humour pass.
>
> To make men act as senseless wood,
> And chatter in a mystic strain,
> Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
> And shows some error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
And stand confess'd the greater fool.(45)

During the seven years that had elapsed since he returned to Ireland, Swift had paid several visits to his friends the Rochforts at their seat Gaulstown, in the county of Westmeath, and that summer he paid one that extended to nearly four months. In addition to the ex-chief baron, his sons George and John, and his daughter-in-law, George's wife, who was a daughter of the third Earl of Drogheda, Dan Jackson of the nose, Sheridan, and Delany were of the party. Of their life a realistic picture is given in The Country Life, which was issued as a broadside with the title The Journal. In the following lines Swift's enemies found opportunity to asperse Swift for lack of reverence :

From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling,
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lake's remotest end ;
My lord and dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthy spade and rake ;
The loit'rers quake, no corner hides them,
And Lady Betty soundly chides them.(46)

The Journal was supplemented by a renewal of the battle in doggerel verse, in which nearly all the inmates of the house took part.(47)

The death in 1721 of one of the Irish judges, whose professional reputation was not high, was

marked by a severe satire from Swift's pen entitled A Quibbling Elegy on the Worshipful Judge Boat. It has been suggested that Swift's resentment arose from some injury done him by Boate in his judicial capacity, but the origin of the satire is possibly to be found in the fact that Boate was connected with Swift's great friend Knightly Chetwode, through Chetwode's wife, and as in his will he recommends his executor to compel Chetwode to make a settlement, it may be opined that their relations were not too cordial. The Elegy begins :

> To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
> Since cruel fate has sunk our Justice Boat,
> Why should he sink, where nothing seem'd to press,
> His lading little, and his ballast less ? (48)

It is also probable that it was at that time that lines headed A Wicked Treasonable Libel, which Sir Walter Scott attributes to Swift, were written. They relate to the rumour that George the First was about to divorce his consort and declare a marriage with the Duchess of Kendal.

In addition to the prose attacks which Swift wrote that autumn on the proposal to found a public bank in Dublin, a ballad was issued by him with the following heading and imprint :

> The Bank thrown down. To an Excellent New Tune.
> Dublin : Printed by John Harding in Molesworth-Court.

It is not the least striking production of the kind for which Swift was responsible. By raising

the bank its friends were about to shut out the river :

The dams and the weirs must all be your own,
You get all the fish, and others get none,
We look for a salmon, you leave us a stone ;
But thanks to the House, the projectors look blank,
And thanks to those members that kick'd down the bank.(49)

The political verve that Swift showed in the opposition to the establishment of the bank did not end there, and, with one or two exceptions, the metrical pieces written by him in 1722 were on subjects of public interest. One of the exceptions, which is dated by Swift January 1722, tells of The Progress of Marriage as exemplified in the case of Swift's lifelong friend, Provost Pratt, who towards the close of his life had been appointed Dean of Down, and little more than a year before his death, which occurred in December 1721, had taken unto himself a wife in the person of "a handsome young imperious girl," daughter of the Earl of Abercorn of that time, and in the piece Swift lays bare the secrets of the bridal chamber, and attributes the death of his friend to his union with one to whom he wishes no good fate.(50) Another of the exceptions is a piece of a very different kind, the lines which marked Stella's birthday that year ; these are singularly pretty in their conception, and show Swift at his best poetically.

You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge ;

In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines ;
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung,
For none among the upstart race
Of poets dare assume my place ;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They must have Stellas of their own ;
And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear.(51)

Of the pieces of public interest A Satirical Elegy on the Death of a late Famous General was elicited by the death in the summer of that year of the Duke of Marlborough :

Come hither, all ye empty things,
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings,
Who float upon the tide of state ;
Come hither, and behold your fate ;
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a duke ;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.(52)

A month later the unveiling of a statue of George the First in Dublin was marked by a ballad in which the mind of Swift is seen :

For on this day, this mighty day,
An image of King George,
To frighten papists quite away,
Did show itself at large.

Their images with all their pow'rs
Let them to this oppose,
We'll make them know this one of ours
Shall take them by the nose.

Thanks to the may'r and aldermen,
Who did this statue rear;
Let Jacobites, tho' nine in ten,
Come near him if they dare.

Or shou'd they their pretender bring
From Italy or Spain,
The Dublin wits and this their king
Shall drive him back again.(53)

In the autumn public events in England were reflected in a piece Upon the Horrid Plot, discovered by Harlequin the Bishop of Rochester's French Dog, which proved on the impeachment of Atterbury an important link in the evidence against him. In this piece a whig informs a tory that their witness is a real dog:

A dog of spirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is Harlequin, I wot,
And that's a name in every plot:
Resolv'd to save the British nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correspondence plainly dated,
Was all decipher'd and translated:
His answers were exceeding pretty,
Before the secret wise committee;
Confess'd as plain as he could bark:
Then with his fore-foot set his mark.(54)

And in the winter a piece entitled The Storm, which was attributed to Swift after his death,

must have been written. It originated in a tempest which placed in jeopardy at sea the lives of two ecclesiastics of very different ability, the illustrious George Berkeley and Josiah Hort, whose want of academic qualifications had for a time postponed his consecration that year as Bishop of Ferns.(55)

At Christmas-time Swift was again on a visit at Gaulstown and concerted there with John Rochfort, who was a member of the Irish Parliament, the Epilogue to Mr. Hoppy's Benefit Night at Smock Alley Theatre. This piece was occasioned by the exorbitant tribute demanded by a new master of the revels, Edward Hopkins, an English parliamentarian, then acting as principal secretary to the lord lieutenant, and gives a graphic picture of Hopkins in Swift's inimitable style.

Thus, for Hoppy's bright merits, at length we have found
That he must have of us ninety-nine and one pound,
Paid to him clear money once every year :
And however some think it a little too dear,
Yet, for reasons of state this sum we'll allow,
Tho' we pay the good man with the sweat of our brow.
First, because by the king to us he was sent,
To guide the whole session of this parliament,
To preside in our councils, both public and private,
And so learn, by the by, what both houses do drive at.(56)

It was followed by A Prologue in which the actors are represented as adopting the rôle of strollers to avoid further rapacious demands for tribute on Hopkins's part.(57)

The death of Vanessa with its important bearing on the mystery of Swift's life is the event of all-absorbing interest in the year 1723, and his metrical pieces in that year arrange themselves naturally around it. Less than three months before it took place, Stella's birthday was celebrated in lines of a jocose kind, in which a shadow of anxiety is not to be traced and which picture Stella as the centre of the Deanery life. The lines tell of a buried bottle of wine being dug up, and open with an account of Swift's difficulty in finding a subject :

> Forsaken by th'inspiring Nine,
> I waited at Apollo's shrine :
> I told him what the world would say,
> If Stella were unsung to-day :
> How I should hide my head for shame,
> When both the Jacks and Robin came ;
> How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
> How Sheridan the rogue would sneer,
> And swear it does not always follow,
> That *semel in anno ridet Apollo.*

When the treasure is to be unearthed, Stella is to be with them all in the cellar :

> A spade let prudent Archy hold,
> And with discretion dig the mould.
> Let Stella look with watchful eye,
> Rebecca, Ford and Grattans by.(58)

Before Vanessa had been many days in her grave, Swift is found at the south-west point of Ireland, inditing the Latin lines *Carberiæ Rupes*,(59) of which Orrery tells us he was no less proud than of those addressed to Sheridan,(60)

and on his way back to Dublin in September he is found stopping in the same house as Stella and writing the piece entitled Stella at Wood Park, a house of Charles Ford, Esq., near Dublin :

> Yet when you sigh to leave Wood Park,
> The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
> To languish in this odious town,
> And pull your haughty stomach down,
> We think you quite mistake the case,
> The virtue lies not in the place :
> For though my raillery were true,
> A cottage is Wood Park with you.(61)

Besides Cadenus and Vanessa, Swift is said to have written two small pieces for Vanessa ; one is in answer to a riddle composed by her on his name (62) and the other is entitled To Love. The theme of the latter is the hindrance of love by discretion, and it is possibly a revision of lines of her own, for she is said to have attempted verse of the kind and to have been the writer of two pieces entitled An Ode to Spring and An Ode to Wisdom.(63)

To the year 1723 there are attributed in Swift's Works an epigram headed John Cudgels Ned,(64) and a piece entitled Mary the Cook-Maid's Letter to Doctor Sheridan, which in its long lines of fourteen or sixteen syllables recalls Mrs. Harris's Petition :

> Besides you found fault with our vittels one day that you was here,
> I remember it was upon a Tuesday of all days in the year,

And Saunders, the man, says, you are always jesting
and mocking,
Mary, said he one day as I was mending my master's
stocking,
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the
school,
I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes
him a fool.(65)

Besides, Swift was undoubtedly author that year of a compliment in verse addressed to the wife of one of his political friends, Robert Cope, an Ulster squire, to whose seat, Loughgall, in the county of Armagh, Swift had paid a long visit the previous summer. The piece is associated with Swift's favourite festival, All Fools' Day, and bears the title, The First of April : A Poem : Inscribed to Mrs. E—— C——. Catching the spirit of the lines to Stella, it tells how the Muses—

peep'd and saw a lady there
Pinning on coifs and combing hair ;
Soft'ning with songs to son or daughter,
The persecution of cold water ;
Still pleas'd with the good-natur'd noise,
And harmless frolic of her boys ;
Equal to all in care and love,
Which all deserve and all improve ;
To kitchen, parlour, nursery flies,
And seems all feet and hands and eyes ;
No thought of hers does ever roam
But for her squire when he's from home ;
And scarce a day can spare a minute,
From husband, children, wheel or spinnet.(66)

And none other than Swift could have written a

piece which was published that year as a broadside with the following title and imprint :

Jove's Ramble: a Tale Shewing how the Moon was made of a Green Cheese.
Dublin: Printed in Big Ship-street, 1723.(67)

NOTES

1. Journal to Stella, 1712, December 22.

2. Swift's Corr., ii. 245.

3. This piece was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735. It is commended by Lecky for its poetic spirit.

4. This piece was also published first by Faulkner in 1735.

5. Swift's Corr., ii. 293, 399.

6. This piece appears in the Miscellanies of 1727.

7. It was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735. There is a copy in The Whimsical Medley.

8. Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift, 1752, p. 128.

9. This Fable was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1762.

10. Scott, op. cit., xii. 378.

11. Wilde, op. cit., p. 165.

12. Attention was drawn in London to the provost and other members of the deputation that waited on the Prince of Wales by a skit thus entitled : A True and Faithful Account of the Entry and Reception of Three Extraordinary Irish Ambassadors: Together with Sundry Useful Particulars Thereunto relating : London : Printed for Robert Williams at the Crown in Cornhill, 1716 (Price 3d.). The Account discusses whether one of the deputation, the great Berkeley, was a proper member, inasmuch as he had been in London before his

colleagues came thither, and tells that the ambassadors are to be seen in the Mall, in the Smyrna Coffee-House, or in some other place not far from court-air.

13. The lines are headed Musa Clonshoghiana, a Latin form of the Irish name of the lands on which Belcamp stands.

14. Scott, op. cit., xv. 74.

15. Forster Collection, no. 510.

16. To Dr. Delany, November 10, 1718.

17. Portions of this verse were first printed by Hawkesworth in 1755 and by Faulkner in 1762, and the whole is to be found in The Whimsical Medley.

18. Delany, op. cit., p. 104.

19. Portions of this verse were first printed by Faulkner in 1738 and 1762, by Hawkesworth in 1755, 1764 and 1775, by Dilly in 1789, and by Barrett in 1808. The whole is to be found in The Whimsical Medley.

20. To Dr. Delany, November 10, 1718. See Swift's Corr., iii. 18, for covering letter from Swift. The piece was first included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765.

21. Delany, op. cit., p. 17.

22. The lines appear in the Miscellanies of 1727. With the exception of Taine (op. cit., iii. 233), critics have found in them no ground for anything but praise.

23. The Ode was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1746.

24. Portions were printed first by Hawkesworth in 1764 and by Sheridan in 1789.

25. Appendix VII.

26. The lines appear in the Miscellanies of 1727. They bear the date October 1727, but Dr. Lyon says (Forster Collection, no. 579) that they were written in 1720. The previous date is evidently that on which they were sent to Pope.

27. These pieces appear in the Miscellanies of 1727.

28. English Prosody, ii. 418.

29. This piece was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735.

30. An epitaph attached to the Elegy appears in the Miscellanies of 1727. Both were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735, and were also printed in Curll's Miscellanies in 1722 and in Gulliveriana in 1728. Demar is said to have attained to the age of ninety. He is represented by an Irish correspondent in The Weekly Journal of July 23 as a model money-lender, whose death was an irreparable loss to Ireland.

31. The Song was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735. Swift says (Corr. iii., 64) that in Dublin he was looked upon as the author of the Proposal, and an answer to the Proposal was published in England as raillery by himself on his own work. It was announced in The Evening Post of July 23 as published that day, thus: Dean Swift's Defence of English Commodities: Being an Answer to the Proposal . . . To which is annexed An Elegy upon the much lamented Death of Mr. Demar . . . Printed at Dublin and Reprinted in London by J. Roberts near the Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane, pr. 6d.

32. Swift's Corr., iii. 68.

33. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735. The ballad, Duke upon Duke, written by Pope and Gay, in 1720, has been sometimes attributed to Swift, and a grotesque prologue recited at the annual dramatic performance by Sheridan pupils in that year was fathered upon Swift in his lifetime, although written by Helsham. Barrett attributed also to Swift a piece on the anniversary of Charles the First's martyrdom, and a piece occasioned by one of George the First's visits to Hanover (Barrett, op. cit., p. 106; Wilde, op. cit., p. 164).

34. The lines were included in Swift's Works by

Faulkner in 1746. They had been published by Concanen in 1724.

35. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735. In the opinion of Delany (op. cit., p. 182), it was as refined and finely imaged as anything that Swift ever wrote.

36. News from Parnassus, as the piece is entitled, appeared in The Daily Post of March 22 and The Weekly Journal of March 25. It was published by Concanen in 1724, and included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1776.

37. Apollo's Edict, as the piece is entitled, was included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1779. It had originally appeared as a broadside. It was also printed wholly or in part in Gulliveriana in 1728, and by Cooper in 1746 and Cogan in 1752.

38. The volume was given by Swift to Sir Arthur Acheson, and by a descendant of the latter to the Duke of Bedford (Forster, op. cit., p. viii).

39. The lines appear in the Miscellanies of 1727.

40. These lines appear also in the Miscellanies of 1727. The year was altered by Stella from 1719/20 to 1720/21.

41. Swift's Corr., iii. 73.

42. The verses appear in the Miscellanies of 1727. They were published also by Concanen in 1724.

43. In The London Mercury of April 29 it is announced that: "Letters from Dublin advise that they feel there more and more the woeful effects of the South Sea affair. Their gentlemen went late into the stocks, bought dear, extracted all the foreign gold out of Ireland, which was the best part of their current-coin, to make those purchases, so that money is become extreme scarce, the want of which makes the country people backward to bring their corn to market, in hopes the times will mend; whereby provisions are near as dear again as hath been known in that city for many years. Robberies are

frequent in the streets, insomuch that there is no walking out after ten at night without the utmost danger, and to aggravate the calamity, they add that an inundation of calicoes hath of late broke in upon them."

44. Brit. Mus. 1850. c. 10 (4). The Epilogue appears in the Miscellanies of 1727. Both Prologue and Epilogue were published by Concanen in 1724 and Nichols in 1776.

45. It was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1762.

46. The piece appears in the Miscellanies of 1732. It had been previously published by Curll in 1727. In The Whitehall Journal it was censured by Smedley (Gulliveriana, p. 11), and in lines published as a broadside by William Percival, Dean of Emly.

47. It was published in part by Faulkner in 1746 and 1762, by Hawkesworth in 1765, and by Nichols in 1779.

48. It was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735. A codicil to Boate's will was dated July 16, and the will was proved November 17.

49. Appendix VIII.

50. The autograph is in the Forster Collection, no. 517. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765.

51. The lines were included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1775.

52. It was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765.

53. Brit. Mus. 839, m. 23 (21).

54. It was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735. Cf. The Weekly Journal of September 1 and The Freeholder's Journal of September 5, 1722.

55. It was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1762. It had been originally issued as a broadside, and was published by Bromage in 1749 and Cogan in 1752. Cf. The Freeholder's Journal, Dec. 12, 1722: Bishop Nicolson's Letters, ii. 555.

56. The Epilogue was included first in Swift's Works by Sir Walter Scott, who thought, however, others were likely to have been responsible for it. It appeared in Gulliveriana in 1728.

57. The Prologue was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765.

58. The lines appear in the Miscellanies of 1727.

59. The lines were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735.

60. Op. cit., p. 128.

61. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735.

62. The Answer to the Rebus was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1746. It had been published by Curll in 1727.

63. To Love was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1746, and the Odes by Hawkesworth in 1775.

64. It was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735.

65. The Letter appears in the Miscellanies of 1732.

66. Appendix IX.

67. Appendix X.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DRAPIER, HIS FRIENDS AND HIS FOES

Ann. Dom. 1724–1725. Aet. suae 56–58

Swift adopted in his fight against the patent granted to William Wood to coin halfpence and farthings for circulation in Ireland the same methods as he had used when supporting Oxford's ministry and supplemented the Drapier's Letters, which were published as pamphlets, by a deluge of broadside verse. As in his London days, friends and under spur-leathers gave assistance, but as communication with Swift involved danger of penal consequences to him as well as to themselves, they were not so closely in touch with him as his London assistants had been, and much of the verse which they contributed took the form of adulation of the Drapier. Such a mode of championship gave to the supporters of the government an opportunity wanting on the direct political issue, in which Swift had all Ireland with him, and as time went on verse in disparagement of the Drapier began to appear, some of it being from a pen which had already been engaged in attacks on him, and which was by no means to be despised. As well as the Drapier, those who assisted him did not escape abuse, and ill services of a more serious kind were also done them by persons anxious to stand well

in the eyes of the government. With one like Swift ever ready to defend his friends, and not disposed to scrutinize too closely the merits of the case, there could be but one result. The cause of his friends was made his own, and retaliation led him into a position little befitting his abilities and order.

Amongst the friends that assisted Swift, the chief was Sheridan, whose talent for inspiration made him an invaluable ally. To others, with the exception of Delany who lent possibly once or twice the aid of his pen, there is no clue. Of under spur-leathers, songs written for the club of the Drapier's liegemen, who met at the Drapier's Head in Truck Street, show that there was no lack. At first the only one known by name was Samuel Owens, who described himself as a locksmith, and is described by Swift as a blacksmith, but afterwards there appeared William Dunkin, whose poetical talents gained him the friendship of Chesterfield as well as of Swift, and who was then an under-graduate in Dublin University, a college chum of Dunkin's, Phipps by name, and a shoemaker called Robert Ashton.(1)

Of those whom Swift and his confederates regarded with aversion, the mysterious Jonathan Smedley was foremost. His similarity to Swift is most remarkable in his name, in his education, in his career, in his offices, in his writings and in his friends. He was born but four years after Swift, was educated in Trinity College Dublin, took holy orders, was appointed by the Crown to the incumbency of an obscure country parish

in Ireland, paid a prolonged visit to London, tried to ingratiate himself with statesmen, was appointed a dean, wrote tracts on church affairs and familiar verse, and selected a poet as his greatest friend. There was, however, the distinction that Smedley was a whig, and Swift a tory, and the fundamental difference that Smedley was an imitator, albeit a clever one, and that Swift was a genius. From the only reference that Swift makes in his correspondence to Smedley, it is doubtful whether he knew him at any time personally or not. The occasion of the reference was Swift's having to pay postage on a copy of a sermon which Smedley had preached on the birthday of the Prince of Wales in 1716 ; (2) and the reference is in the reception of the gift as " a scoundrel sermon of that rascal Smedley sent me either by himself or some other dog on purpose to put me to charge and expense."(3) Three years before, according to his own account, Smedley had affixed to the door of St. Patrick's Cathedral on the day that Swift was installed ironical verses,(4) and three years later, by an ode which he wrote, he gave opportunity for a parody with a lampoon on Swift prefixed.(5) But so far as is known up to the time of the Drapier's Letters, Swift had not retaliated.

Next to Smedley in the ranks of the Drapier's objects of aversion was Ambrose Philips, the poet, with whom Swift had been intimate in his Addisonian days. He had come to Ireland in the train of Primate Boulter, and he suffered for the sins of his master rather than for his

own. After Philips there came the head of a well-known Irish family, Richard Tighe, who had been for twenty years a member of the Irish parliament and was then one of the privy council. With him Swift had been acquainted in early years, when Stella used to play chess with him; but before the days of Oxford's ministry Swift had fallen out with "the hot whiffling puppy" and sent Stella from London some titbits with regard to Tighe's conjugal relations.(6) And finally, there was a poetic journalist, James Arbuckle, who has been already mentioned in connexion with a piece attributed to Swift when at Oxford. While a student at Glasgow University he attracted attention by verses On the Clyde and On Snuff, and in Dublin he earned some credit by an Ode to the newly founded Dublin Society.

The first metrical piece in which Swift refers to Wood's halfpence is entitled Punch's Petition to the Ladies. This piece originated in a further demand for tribute from the insatiable master of the revels, and, as allusions in the piece show, it was written early in 1724. The performance from which Hopkins, who is called Van der Hop, hoped now to reap profit was the puppet-show in Dublin which was kept by one Stretch, and Punch, who was always the principal character in the marionette exhibitions, is represented as saying to Hopkins, when he asks for fifty pounds:

> a devilish sum,
> But stay till the brass farthings come,

Then we shall all be rich as Jews,
From Castle down to lowest stews ;
That sum shall to you then be told,
Tho' now we cannot furnish gold ;

to which Hopkins replies :

thou vile mis-shapen beast,
Thou knave, am I become thy jest :
And dost thou think that I am come
To carry nought but farthings home ;
Thou fool, I ne'er do things by halves,
Farthings are made for Irish slaves ;
No brass for me, it must be gold,
Or fifty pounds in silver told,
That can by any means obtain
Freedom for thee and for thy train.(7)

After the publication of the first of the Drapier Letters, which is believed to have been issued in April, a ballad appeared. In it Swift had at least some share. It is now entitled A New Song on Wood's Halfpence, but when issued as a broadside it had as heading :

Ireland's Warning, Being an Excellent New Song upon Woods's Base Half-pence. To the Tune of Packinton's Pound ;

the imprint being :

Dublin : Printed by John Harding in Molesworth's-Court.

This ballad, which is to the tune of Which Nobody can Deny and not to that of Packington's Pound,

alias The Song of the Cutpurse, refers in the concluding verses to the Drapier and his first letter. In that letter it says that he shows "the cheat from the end to the rise," and it closes as follows:

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book 'tis against Mr. Woods,
If you stand true together, he's left in the suds,
Which nobody can deny.

Ye shopmen, and tradesmen, and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it;
Or egad, if you don't, there's an end of your credit,
Which nobody can deny.(8)

Before September, when the great whig political intelligencer Abel Boyer printed the piece (9) as "an authentic instance of the general ferment and discontent in Ireland," there appeared another broadside with the heading and imprint:

A Serious Poem upon William Wood, Brasier, Tinker, Hard-Ware-Man, Coiner, Counterfeiter, Founder and Esquire.
Dublin: Printed by John Harding in Molesworth's Court.

In this piece Swift refers to the power behind the throne and represents the king's mistresses as having an interest in the patent:

You'll pardon me, sir, your cunning I smoke,
But Wood, I assure you, is no heart of oak;
And, instead of the devil, this son of perdition
Hath join'd with himself two hags in commission;

and again he says :

> Now ask me a question. How came it to pass
> Wood got so much copper ? He got it by brass ;
> This brass was a dragon, observe what I tell ye,
> This dragon had gotten two sows in his belly ;
> I know you will say this is all heathen Greek,
> I own it, and therefore I leave you to seek.(10)

About that time Swift issued also two pieces in praise of Archbishop King, who was no less strenuous than Swift in opposition to the copper coinage. The first of the pieces appeared as a broadside with the heading and imprint :

> To his Grace The Arch-Bishop of Dublin, A Poem.
> Dublin : Printed by John Harding in Molesworth's-Court in Fishamble-Street.

It had as its motto :

> Serus in cœlum redeas diuque
> Lætus intersis populo. ——Hor.

In it the appellation of great, good and just is applied to the archbishop, and with such a character the poet asks :

> how can we dread William Wood,
> If by thy presence he's withstood ?
> Where wisdom stands to keep the field,
> In vain he brings his brazen shield ;
> Tho' like the sybil's priest he comes,
> With furious din of brazen drums,
> The force of thy superior voice
> Shall strike him dumb, and quell their noise.

The second of the pieces had appeared also as a broadside with the heading and imprint :

> An Excellent New Song Upon His Grace Our good Lord Archbishop of Dublin. By honest Jo. one of His Grace's Farmers in Fingal.
>
> Dublin : Printed by John Harding in Molesworth's Court, 1724.

This piece, which is in long fourteen-syllable metre, purports to be concerned alone with the Archbishop in the category of a landlord, a province in which he is contrasted with a neighbouring noble landowner to the disadvantage of the latter, but the halfpence are not forgotten :

Then said his lordship, with a smile, I must have lawful cash,
I hope you will not pay my rent in that same Wood's trash.
God bless your grace, I then replied, I'd see him hanging higher,
Before I'd touch his filthy dross, than is Clondalkin spire.
To every farmer twice a week all round about the Yoke,
Our parsons read the Drapier's book, and make us honest folk.(11)

Swift's pseudo-enemy Carteret landed as lord-lieutenant in the autumn of 1724, and his arrival was marked by Swift with an Epigram :

> Carteret was welcomed to the shore
> First with the brazen cannon's roar ;
> To meet him next the soldier comes,
> With brazen trumps and brazen drums ;

Approaching near the town he hears,
The brazen bells salute his ears :
But when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.(12)

Immediately afterwards the most striking contribution that Swift made in verse to the agitation was published with the title Prometheus, a Poem. Owing to the proclamation offering a reward for the discovery of the Drapier which was issued on Carteret's arrival, the broadside bore no printer's name. But everyone in England as well as in Ireland knew that a composition so excellent of its kind could have come from none but Swift. In the piece, which represents the Duchess of Kendal alone as the power behind the throne, the concluding verse was politic in a wish that nothing should impair a good understanding between the king and his Irish subjects :

Ye powers of Grub-street, make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable ;
Say, who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus ? Wood.
For Jove, it is not hard to guess him ;
I mean his majesty, God bless him.
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold,
Which links the subject to the king,
And change it for a brazen string.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Between the king and us but brass,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.
But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope ;

With which Prometheus shall be tied,
And high in air for ever ride ;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures, we have crows.(13)

About the time that Prometheus was published, Swift's printer, Harding, was taken into custody and an effort was made to get a grand jury of the city of Dublin to present the Drapier's fourth letter as seditious. Notwithstanding that three judges harangued the jury, pressing them with the utmost earnestness to take that course, a majority for it was not secured. Of the twenty-three who composed the jury, only three were in favour of presenting the whole letter, and although eight joined them so far as to be willing to present a portion of the letter, twelve remained inflexible, and were not to be coerced into expressing disapproval of any part of the letter.(14) Needless to say the three traitors to the cause of the Drapier, who were apparently of French extraction, were not allowed to escape, and they found themselves the subject of a ballad, which was published as a broadside, without a printer's name, headed—

An Excellent New Song upon the Late Grand-Jury.

The ballad, which was to the tune of Which Nobody can Deny, opened thus :

Poor Monsieur his conscience preserv'd for a year,
Yet in one hour he lost it, 'tis known far and near ;
To whom did he lose it ? A judge or a peer.
Which nobody can deny.

This very same conscience was sold in a closet,
Nor for a bak'd loaf, or a loaf in a losset,
But a sweet sugar-plumb, which you put in a posset.
Which nobody can deny.

O Monsieur, to sell it for nothing was nonsense,
For if you wou'd sell it, it shou'd have been long since,
But now you have lost both your cake and your conscience.
Which nobody can deny.(15)

Of the judges, one of whom was a brother of Parnell, the poet, only Swift's former enemy Chief Justice Whitshed came under the lash, but he was made the subject of some scathing lines occasioned " by the motto on his coach " and others no less virulent on the descent of " the upright judge."(16) Unfortunately for Whitshed, *Libertas* was one of the words in the motto, and he is represented as thus expounding its meaning :

Libertas bears a large import :
First, how to swagger in a court ;
And, secondly, to shew my fury
Against an uncomplying jury ;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my pension ;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great seal, and turn out Brodrick ;
And, fifthly, you know whom I mean,
To humble that vexatious Dean ;
And, sixthly, for my soul to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret.

As the need for agitation died away, and Wood became impotent for harm, Swift amused himself

by writing pieces entitled Wood an Insect and Wood an Ironmonger.(17) The first ends thus :

But now, since the Drapier hath heartily maul'd him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him,
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper ;
Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of raps in a cauldron of oil ;
Then choose which you please, and let each bring a faggot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of the maggot ;

and the second ends thus :

The moral of this tale is proper,
Applied to Wood's adult'rate copper ;
Which, as he scatter'd, we like dolts
Mistook at first for thunderbolts,
Before the Drapier shot a letter,
Nor Jove himself could do it better,
Which lighting on the impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

Two ballads are believed to have come also then from his pen. One of these, to the tune of Ye Commons and Peers, is entitled Will Wood's Petition to the People of Ireland, being an excellent New Song, supposed to be made and sung in the Streets of Dublin, by William Wood, Ironmonger and Half-penny-monger.

They'll sell to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife ;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing or toss on the knife.

Come hither and try,
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing ;
Come, threepence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Harding.(18)

The other is entitled Blueskin's Ballad. Under the title of Newgate's Garland, and with variations, it has been attributed to Gay and is included in Gay's Works, but it was most probably written by Swift. It appeared as a Dublin broadside, which issued from the same press as Prometheus did in its original form, type, ornaments, arrangement, and paper being identical, and it was written under a misapprehension as to its subject that was more likely in the case of an author resident in Dublin than of one resident in London. Besides, a reference to Wood and an allusion to the Garter ribbon stamp it as in part Swift's work. The allusion is in stanza three :

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown
Who steal the king's gold and leave him but a crown ;
Some say there are peers and some parliament-men
Who meet once a year to rob courtiers again ;
But let them have their swing
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon instead of a string.

The reference to Wood is in the seventh and last stanza :

What a pother is here with Woods and his brass,
Who would modestly make a few halfpennies pass ;
The patent is good, and the precedent's old,
For Diomede changed his copper for gold ;
But if England despise
The new halfpennies,
More safely to rob on the road I advise.(19)

A reflection of the Wood agitation appeared afterwards in A Simile on our Want of Silver, and the only Way to remedy It. In the beginning of this piece Swift tells how a sorcerer threw a sable hue over the face of the moon, and how people sought a counter-spell, and by driving the hag to hell enabled the moon to display her silver face again.

So, if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded,
When late a feminine magician,
Join'd with a brazen politician,
Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment of prodigious size,
Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
There was no silver to be seen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears ;
That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
And drive the conjurers to the Devil ;
And when the sky is grown serene,
Our silver will appear again.(20)

Although signed with the Drapier's initials, verses headed To the Citizens are hardly likely

to have been written by Swift, of whom they are not worthy in substance or execution, and the printer of the original broadside is one who is not known to have been ever employed by Swift. The heading and imprint are :

> To the Citizens.
> Dublin, Printed by G. Needham, 1724.

It may also be concluded on the ground of want of merit that there has been wrongly attributed to Swift a ballad which was issued as a broadside with the heading :

> An Excellent New Song Upon the Declarations of the several Corporations of the City of Dublin ; against Woods's Half-pence. To the Tune of London is a fine Town.

In many respects it is similar to ballads written then for the trade guilds on the perambulation of the franchises.(21)

On the other hand, a piece written on the release of Swift's unfortunate printer from gaol, although not now attributed to Swift, seems similar to his style. It is headed Harding's Resurrection from Hell upon Earth, and includes these lines :

> My letters all, that silent lay,
> Are glad again to see the day ;
> See from their cases how they rattle,
> Like armies drawn in ranks of battle ;
> The capitals, as being great,
> Before the font advanc'd in state ;

The rest are common soldiers all,
Obedient to their general's call;
Italic, roman, and long primer,
Diff'ring like tory, whig, and trimmer.(22)

Apart from the Wood agitation, Swift touched on an English political question in May 1725, when the Order of the Bath was revived, the piece being chiefly remarkable for its connexion with Gulliver's Travels, in the lines:

he who'll leap over a stick for the king,
Is qualified best for a dog in a string.(23)

He wrote or inspired probably also in the autumn of that year a piece entitled On Wisdom's Defeat in a Learned Debate which originated in the rejection of a motion of Archbishop King that the king should be thanked for his "great wisdom" in ending the patent to Wood.

Minerva has vow'd since the bishops do slight her,
Shou'd the reverend peers by chance ere invite her,
She's resolv'd never more to be known by the Mitre.

The temporal lords, who voted against her,
She frankly forgives, as not having incens'd her,
For securing their pensions is best proof of their sense,
Sir.

At first putting the question, their lordships were for't,
And his Grace's wise notion did bravely support,
Till positive orders was whisper'd from court.

So this they allege in their justification,
They vote for their bread in undoing the nation,
And the first law of nature is self-preservation.(24)

But besides these pieces Swift wrote in 1725 verses entitled The Birth of Manly Virtue which possessed public interest. The Birth of Manly Virtue, of which Lord Carteret is the subject, is in itself a very striking eulogium, and it was issued as a pamphlet with typographical advantages that Swift's pieces seldom enjoyed, the publisher being one with whom Swift had never any other connexion. The title-page reads thus :

The Birth of Manly Virtue. From Callimachus.
Inter Callimachi sat erit placuisse Libellos,
Et cecinisse modis, pure Poeta, tuis. Propert.
Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.
Virg. Æn. V.

Dublin : Printed by and for George Grierson, at the Two Bibles in Essex-Street. 1725.

It was followed by :

THE PREFACE

'Tis to be hoped the courteous Reader will not be displeased with any remains of so famed an author as Callimachus even in a translation. His particular turn was panegyric, and 'tis evident Propertius believed he excelled in it, when he wished to attain no higher honour in poetry than the glory of imitating our author's manner with success, as appears from one of the

Lemmas prefixed to this translation, which I shall beg leave to explain in the following manner for the benefit of my fair readers:

> Great bard of matchless art and ease,
> Polite artificer of praise,
> My vainest wish were but to shine
> In courtly lays resembling thine.

The verses open with a prayer from a righteous sage to Jove to make virtue "the theme of human sense," and they continue:

> Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
> And bids him bless and mend the earth.
> Behold him blooming fresh and fair,
> Now made—ye gods—a son and heir:
> An heir, and, stranger yet to hear,
> An heir, an orphan of a peer;
> But prodigies are wrought, to prove
> Nothing impossible to Jove.

It cannot be doubted that these lines are by Swift, but it is evident that he wished another to gain the credit of having written the piece. The mode of publication is the first indication, and the next is the fact that the piece was not included in his Works until long after his death. It is probable that the person to whom Swift wished Carteret to attribute the verses was Delany, who was then seeking preferment, and if so the typographical embellishment, which was such as Delany was wont to employ, is explained.(25)

Of verses of a personal kind those two years produced an abundance. New Year's Day 1724

found Swift at Sheridan's country house, Quilca, with its owner, Stella and Mistress Dingley. It was celebrated by Sheridan in verses addressed to Swift, ridiculing his new-found love for Irish workmen and for rock-gardening,(26) and by Swift in verses addressed to Dingley accompanying a gift of an empty sack in which she was to bring her Quilca cares to Dublin. These were soon followed by verses addressed to Ford for his birthday which fell on January 31, dissuading him from going to England on the ground that in Dublin a small London could be found :

> If you have London still at heart,
> We'll make a small one here by art ;
> The difference is not much between
> St. James's Park and Stephen's Green ;
> And Dawson Street will serve as well
> To lead you thither as Pall-Mall.
> Nor want a passage through the palace,
> To choke your sight, and raise your malice.
> The Deanery-house may well be match'd,
> Under correction, with the Thatch'd.
> Nor shall I, when you hither come,
> Demand a crown a quart for stum.
> Then for a middle-aged charmer,
> Stella may vie with your Mounthermer,
> She's now as handsome every bit,
> And has a thousand times her wit.
> The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
> Will half supply a Gay and Pope.
> Corbet, though yet I know his worth not,
> No doubt, will prove a good Arbuthnot.(27)

In March Stella's birthday was not allowed to pass without verses, although Swift was then sick

and in bed.(28) At the end of May, when Swift was helping a new bishop to build a palace and jokingly offered him the use of Laracor vicarage, Sheridan found an opening for his *True and Faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. Swift.*(29) During the end of the summer, when the Wood agitation was at its height, Swift had a prolonged attack of deafness, and Delany, who received a reply which cleverly evaded the issue raised by him, appeared in verse as a mentor :

> Methinks a friend at night should cheer you,
> A friend that loves to see and hear you.
> Why am I robb'd of that delight,
> When you can be no loser by't ?
> Nay, when 'tis plain—for what is plainer ?—
> That, if you heard, you'd be no gainer ?
> For sure you are not yet to learn,
> That hearing is not your concern.
> Then be your doors no longer barr'd :
> Your business, sir, is to be heard.(30)

In October, Sheridan was the recipient of lines written at nine o'clock in the morning, which describe the Deanery life and explain their *raison d'être* in a postscriptal invitation to dinner.(31)

In the year 1725, when March came, the annual tribute to Stella was not forgotten. Through it there runs a note of sadness, foreshadowing the parting that was to come in a few years, and the ground is explained in A Receipt to restore Stella's Youth, which tells of wasted

flesh and prescribes a prolonged summer sojourn at Quilca.

> 'Tis just the case ; for you have fasted
> So long, till all your flesh is wasted,
> And must against the warmer days
> Be sent to Quilca down to graze,
> Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
> Will soon your appetite repair ;
> The nutriment will from within
> Round all your body, plump your skin,
> Will agitate the lazy flood,
> And fill your veins with sprightly blood ;
> Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
> Nor aught of Stella but the name :
> For what was ever understood,
> By humankind, but flesh and blood ?
> And if your flesh and blood be new,
> You'll be no more the former you ;
> But for a blooming nymph will pass,
> Just fifteen, coming summer's grass,
> Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd,
> While all the squires for nine miles round,
> Attended by a brace of curs,
> With jockey boots and silver spurs,
> No less than justices o' quorum,
> Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
> Shall leave deciding broken pates,
> To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.(32)

Thither in April Stella went, accompanied not only by Dingley but also by Swift himself, an arrangement of which he had given no hint in A Receipt, and of their experiences the lines headed To Quilca, and The Blessings and Plagues of a Country Life, give a sample.(33)

Besides the foregoing pieces Swift wrote also probably early in 1724 with the help of Ford a piece entitled The Quidnunckis, which has been hitherto attributed to Gay. There are lines in it that surely could have come into the brain of none but the author of Gulliver:

> All at a stand? You see great changes?
> Ah, sir! you never saw the Ganges:
> There dwells the nation of Quidnunckis,
> So Monomotapa calls monkeys:
> On either bank, from bough to bough,
> They meet and chat as we may now;
> Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,
> They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug;
> And, just as chance or whim provoke them,
> They either bite their friends or stroke them.(34)

An Irish origin for the notice taken of those London newsmongers is indicated also by another piece entitled A Letter from the Quidnuncs at St. James's Coffee-House and the Mall London to their Brethren at Lucas's Coffee-House in Dublin. By his own admission there are also attributable to Swift in 1724 or 1725 two occasional pieces On Dreams, and A Quiet Life and A Good Name,(35) as well as a host of Riddles. Although Pope despised riddles, Swift told him that he was strongly tempted to send a parcel "to be printed by themselves and make a ninepenny job for the printer," and although speaking of them in a laughing way, lets out that he considered his own superior to those written by others.(36) In Orrery's estimation Swift com-

posing riddles was a case of Titian painting sign-boards, but at the same time it was Orrery's opinion that Swift excelled in making them, not only in closeness of thought but also in smoothness and finish.(37)

The war of verse with Smedley began in the early months of 1724. At that time Smedley had been promoted from the deanery of Killala to that of Clogher by Carteret's predecessor in the office of lord-lieutenant, the second Duke of Grafton, and in the hope of obtaining also a benefice with a comfortable house Smedley addressed lines to Grafton thanking him for his promotion and asking him to add to it a benefice with a residence. These verses, which were published as a broadside, were an imitation of Swift's Epistle to Oxford and opened with the lines :

> It was, my lord, the dexterous shift
> Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift,
> But now St. Patrick's saucy dean,
> With silver verge, and surplice clean,
> Of Oxford, or of Ormond's grace,
> In looser rhyme to beg a place.
> A place he got, yclept a stall,
> And eke a thousand pound withal,
> And were he less a witty writer,
> He might as well have got a mitre.

The opportunity was one Swift could not resist, and The Duke's Answer was indited by him and appeared also as a broadside :

> Dear Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
> Where wit in all its glory shines ;

Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified:
I hope to make you yet as clean
As that same Viz, St. Patrick's dean.(38)

Smedley bided his time, and when Swift's attacks on Wood began to weaken, and his under spur-leathers were more and more taking his place, he launched out as a broadside A Satyr, beginning:

Most Reverend Dean, pray cease to write,
Nor longer dwell on things so trite.

Whereupon Swift returned the compliment with

A Letter from D. S—t to D. S—y,

beginning:

Dear Dean, if ere again you write,
Beware of subjects you call trite.(39)

In addition Swift's henchman, the locksmith, published as broadsides two pieces. The first was headed:

Trinity Colledge Vindicated. Or a short Defence of The Reverend Dean Swift. By S. O—s, L.S.

and the second—

A Scourge For the Author of the Satyr, Gibing on Trinity College, and on the Reverend Dean Swift, Hibernia's Apollo; Presented To the Reverend Dean Smedley, with Remarks on his Petition to the Duke of G—ft—n. Written by S. O. L.S.

A piece headed Satyr Satiris'd also appeared. To these a hero called Eyre responded with Advice from Fairy-Land, and that war ended.

At the same time Ambrose Philips was being held up to ridicule by Swift and others. The opportunity was afforded by a poem which Philips addressed to Carteret's eldest daughter, and the idea seems to have emanated from a parody of one of Philips's namby-pamby effusions which had come from England. The first piece that appeared on the Poem to Miss Carteret was headed A Lady's Answer to Mr. Ambrose Philips's Poem : it was followed by A New Poem ascrib'd to the Lady who wrote An Answer to Mr. Philips's Poem on Miss C——t, and by verses included in Swift's Works headed On Rover, a Lady's Spaniel.(40) According to Smedley, the piece On Rover was designed to throw ridicule on Primate Boulter, whose wife had a dog of the name; but however that may have been, it has a connexion with the other pieces that, considering their nature, is to be regretted, and read in conjunction with them, it leaves a very disagreeable taste. Another piece aimed at Philips, and published in Dublin about that time, A Christmas Box for Namby Pamby, or A Second Part to the same Tune, recalls in its intensity many of Swift's pieces.(41)

The flood of satirical verse with which Tighe was overwhelmed was also beginning to rise at that time. His offence was reporting to the government Sheridan's unhappy choice of the words ' Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,'

as a text for his sermon on the anniversary of George the First's accession. As Swift says, the text was only made use of as an opportunity to harm Sheridan and no doubt also to hurt through him Swift. Certainly his enemy did not fail in that aim. How deeply Swift felt the injury done to his friend is shown by the virulence of his invective. In three pieces, which he published immediately, the attack is open and direct: no one could mistake that Tighe was the object, "a man of no large dimensions of body or mind,"(42) and the satire is intense, even the old London scandal being raked up and placed in the forefront:

> To the Honorable Mr. D. T. Great Pattern of Piety, Charity, Learning, Humanity, good Nature, Wisdom, good Breeding, Affability, and one most eminently distinguished for his Conjugal Affection.(43)

Finally, the unfortunate James Arbuckle, who had some infirmity that made the use of crutches necessary, was overwhelmed in a bitter piece that did not spare him for his infirmity, and is represented as told by Clio:

> Sir, Phœbus made a declaration,
> 'Gainst all lame members in the nation;
> Nor does he ever think that those
> Should run in rhyme who limp in prose.(44)

NOTES

1. Appendix XI.

2. The Obligations of an English Army to their King, and Constitution, in Church and State: in a

Sermon Preach'd to Several Commanders and others of His Majesty's Forces, at St. James's Church, Westminster, Octob. 30, 1716, being the Birth-Day of the Prince. By Jonathan Smedley, A.M., Rector of Ringcurrane and Chaplain to His Majesty's Regiment, Commanded by the Honourable Brigadier Stanwix. Dedicated to His Royal Highness, London 1716.

3. Swift's Corr., ii. 351.

4. " Fix'd on a Church Door." Poems on Several Occasions, London 1721, p. 154.

5. An Ode to the Right Honourable the Earl of Cadogan and The Ode-Maker: A Burlesque on the Dean of Killala's Ode to the Right Honourable the Earl of Cadogan. These were both published in pamphlet form in 1719, and the whole of the Ode and part of the Burlesque appear in Smedley's Poems (op. cit.).

6. Journal to Stella, 1710, October 26, November 2; 1711, January 7, 13, August 24, September 14.

7. The piece appeared as a broadside signed Punch sum sociis (Wilde, op. cit., p. 171). It was included in Swift's Works by Sir Walter Scott. He was inclined to attribute it to Sheridan, but Sheridan was hostile to the puppet-show, and internal evidence indicates that it is by Swift. Amongst references to the proceedings in the Irish parliament in the autumn of 1723, there is one to a disputed election in county Westmeath, the representation of which George Rochfort lost on a division in the House of Commons by one vote.

8. The Ballad was included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1776. It appeared also in Whartoniana in 1727.

9. The Political State of Great Britain.

10. It was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1762.

11. These pieces were included in Swift's Works by

Sir Walter Scott. The second appeared in Whartoniana in 1727.

12. The Epigram was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1746.

13. The piece appears in the Miscellanies of 1727.

14. The Judges in Ireland, ii. 103.

15. The ballad was included in Swift's Works by Sir Walter Scott.

16. Both pieces were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735.

17. These were also included in 1735.

18. This was also included by Faulkner, but in 1746.

19. Appendix XII.

20. It was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735.

21. These pieces were included first in Swift's Works by Sir Walter Scott. For songs on the perambulation of the franchises see Appendix XIII.

22. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1751. See Appendix XIV.

23. It was included in Swift's Works by Sir Walter Scott.

24. These lines appeared as a broadside. They had as a maxim *Quid est sapientia semper idem velle, atq. idem nolle*, and were signed Rose Common, Shameless Woman. The imprint was — Dublin : Printed by Sarah Harding on the Blind-Key 1725. By an order of the House of Lords, Mrs. Harding was taken into custody and the broadside was ordered to be burned. This order gave rise to another piece entitled—The Last Speech of Wisdom's Defeat, &c.: A Scandalous Libel: Burnt the Second Day of October 1725 by the Common Hangman.

25. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1776. It had been reprinted previously by Cogan in 1752. Its originality was noticed in A Poem

inscrib'd to the Author of the Birth of Manly Virtue, which was published as a broadside in the same year.

26. A New Year's Gift for the Dean of St. Patrick's : Given him at Quilca.

27. The first piece was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765 and the second by Faulkner in 1762. Cf. the Journal to Stella, January 31, 1711.

28. " Written on the day of her birth, but not on the subject, when I was sick in bed." The lines were first included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765.

29. It was originally published as a broadside. It was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1762, and had been previously reprinted in the Drapier's Miscellany in 1733 and by Cogan in 1752.

30. The lines were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735.

31. They owe their inclusion to Sir Walter Scott.

32. The first piece appears in The Miscellanies of 1727 ; the second was published by Faulkner in 1735.

33. The first was also published first by Faulkner in 1735.

34. The piece appeared as a broadside, entitled A Poem Address'd to the Quidnunc's, at St. James's Coffee-House London. Occasion'd by the Death of the Duke of Orleans. Printed in the Year, 1724.

35. The one appears in the Miscellanies of 1727 ; the other was first published by Faulkner in 1735.

36. Swift's Corr., iii. 372.

37. Op. cit., p. 128. Of one of the riddles, Delany says (op. cit., p. 221), that Swift has made it a piece truly historical and learned, with as many fine and strong strokes of satire as in any picture of Hogarth's, and expresses regret that the subject was not more agreeable and the colouring less strong.

38. The Answer was included in Swift's Works by

Faulkner in 1762. It had been reprinted previously by Curll in 1727, and by Cogan in 1752.

39. Appendix XV.

40. It appeared as a broadside with the title A Poem Upon R——r a Lady's Spaniel, but without printer's name, place, or date,—British Museum 839. m. 23 (123). It is printed in Mist's Weekly Journal for Saturday, July 2, 1725, in Whartoniana, 1727, p. 70, and in Gulliveriana, 1728, p. 55. It was included in Swift's works by Nichols in 1776.

41. Appendix XVI.

42. A Vindication of John, Lord Carteret.

43. Appendix XVII.

44. Gulliveriana, p. 24. There is also good ground for attributing to Swift A Friendly Apotheosis of the Tribunes, in which Arbuckle's labours are execrated.

CHAPTER IX

WITH POPE

Ann. Dom. 1726–1727. Aet. suae 58–60

"I CAME here to see my old friends," writes Swift in the summer of 1726 from London, "and upon some business I had with two of them."(1) The friends were the other members of the Scriblerus Club—Pope, Gay and Arbuthnot, and the son of Swift's hero Lord Treasurer Oxford, and the business was to consult Pope as to the publication of Gulliver's Travels, and to ascertain from the second Earl of Oxford what material was available for an account of his father's administration. By others, various motives for the visit have been assigned: Swift's ambition to engage again in politics, his desire to obtain preferment in England, his shrinking from being a spectator of Stella's dying moments, and his wish to be absent from Dublin when Cadenus and Vanessa was published.

But above and beyond all else was Swift's longing to see Pope again. The hold which Pope had on Swift's affections is not a little remarkable. Swift's friendship with Pope existed for less than a year before Swift left England, and during the twelve years that Swift had been in Ireland their correspondence had been, until

the last year, very limited and interrupted. In the years 1715 and 1716 they had exchanged letters ; then after a silence of seven years they again wrote to each other in 1723 ; and they did not begin until two years later, in the autumn of 1725, to correspond with frequency. But Swift was enthusiastic in his admiration of Pope's writings, and from a study of his works came to love the man.

Within three days of his arrival in London, which was announced in the London press as having taken place on March 19, 1726,(2) Swift was entertaining Pope, and after some weeks he became Pope's guest at Twickenham and remained with him until he returned to Ireland, towards the end of August. During his stay in England Swift wrote that he was " in no sedentary way for speculation of any kind," and that he had been little more than " a witness of any pleasantries " that might have reached the public,(3) but the small share that he admits had no little part in the success of at least one piece written by Gay, who was constantly with him and Pope. It was during a riding tour that the three friends took in the summer that the ballad of Molly Mog, which became the furor in London, was written, and in that ballad the peculiar turn of thought of Swift is very visible and essential to the perfection of the whole.

Swift's visit to London in the next year, 1727, was said by Swift, writing at the time, to have been undertaken partly for the advantage of Ireland, partly on account of his health, partly on business

of importance to himself, and partly to see his friends.(4) Undoubtedly he had in his mind thoughts of influencing the Irish government through Pulteney's opposition, of improving his health for which he proposed to go to France, and of obtaining material for an account of Lord Oxford's administration which he had failed to obtain in the previous year. But the fact that he was writing to Archbishop King may have affected the order of the reasons, and it is probable that Pope was again the loadstone. It was to Pope's house that he went first, and it was with him that he spent almost the entire time that his visit lasted. The visit was of the same duration, six months, as that of the previous year. He left Ireland a month later, early in April, and arrived in about ten days at Twickenham. Thence he went up for a few days to London, where his arrival was thus announced in *Mist's Weekly Journal* for May 6, 1727 :

> Last week Dr. Jonathan Swift arrived here from Dublin where his absence is as much regretted, as his presence here is pleasing to the learned and ingenious, who will have the opportunity of his entertaining conversation.

During his stay with Pope in the preceding year the project of a joint Miscellany had been concerted, and during Swift's absence in Ireland the first two volumes, which are wholly prose, were put through the press. One of Swift's first occupations after coming to England for

the second time was to write with Pope a preface, which bears the date May 27, 1727, and is signed by them both. It dwells at great length on the injury done them by the booksellers, amongst whom Edmund Curll is mentioned by name, in attaching their names to whole volumes of mean productions, which they never saw or heard of until the volumes appeared, and it is no less insistent on the invidious position in which they had been placed by the publication, without their authority, of pieces which they had written but which they would have wished to suppress. In some cases they alleged that pieces in which they had a hand had been published in an intolerably imperfect form, or loaded with spurious additions, even to the insertion in satires of the names of men for whom they had esteem and respect. But they admitted that they had indulged respectively in misplaced raillery on two persons, Addison and Vanbrugh ; by mutual agreement Pope wished what he had said of Addison, and Swift wished what he had said of Vanbrugh unsaid. A month later, on June 24, the publication of the volumes was thus announced in *The Country Gentleman* :

> This Day is published. Miscellanies. In Two Volumes. By the Rev. Dr. Swift, Alexander Pope, Esq; &c. Printed for Benj. Motte at the Middle Temple Gate, Fleet-street.

While in Ireland, in December 1726,(5) Swift had sent Pope a number of his verses, desiring

him to burn, blot out and correct as he thought fit, and mentions that it was on Pope's suggestion that their respective pieces were not kept separate but mixed, a hotch-pot which was eventually intensified by the inclusion of pieces by Gay and Arbuthnot. Later on, in February 1727,(6) when telling Swift that the last volume of the Miscellanies was to consist wholly of verse, Pope said that he would choose to print none but such as had some peculiarity to distinguish it from the work of others. His object was evidently to draw pieces from Swift that he suspected Swift was reserving, but nothing more transpired until they were together at Twickenham in the summer. Then Swift is found writing to Sheridan to send him a copy of his piece On Stella collecting his Verse, with the important addendum that he did not want the poem " to print it entire, but some passages out of it, if they deserve it, to lengthen the volume."(7)

In the result not only did the whole of that piece appear, but also, with one exception, all the verses that Swift is known to have written to Stella, even those written for her birthday in that year. It might excite surprise at any time that Swift could have borne the publication of these verses, but especially so when he believed her to be dying and was writing to Sheridan in an agony of affliction. The only explanation seems to be that Swift had delivered himself in his infatuation for Pope completely into his hands. Pope is recorded to have said that he wished the verses to Stella had never been written,(8)

but none the less he had the power to prevent their inclusion in the Miscellanies and did not use it. It may therefore be assumed that it was due to him that the volume contained the verses to Stella and Cadenus and Vanessa, from association with which Swift had not many years before desired to be spared.

In a letter written to the publisher of the Miscellanies, Motte, in February 1728,(9) Swift says that Pope had rejected several pieces that he had sent him, two on the ground that they were merely a translation, which Swift denied, and with the letter Swift returned these and sent others, but gave a strict injunction that they were not to be included in the volume unless approved by Pope and Gay. But they cannot have been in time, for in the issue of *The Daily Courant* for March 6, 1728, the following advertisement appears :

> To-morrow will be Published, Miscellanies. The Last Volume. By the Reverend Dr. Swift, Alexander Pope, Esq; &c, consisting of several Copies of Verses, most of them never before printed. To which is prefixed, A Discourse of the Profund, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry. Printed for Benj. Motte, at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet-street.

Besides the verses to Stella and Cadenus and Vanessa, the volume included the thirteen pieces printed in the Miscellanies of 1711, the Imitations of Horace's *Quinque dies* and *Hoc erat*, The South

Sea, the Ballad on Blueskin, Prometheus, Corinna, Phyllis or The Progress of Love, The Progress of Poetry and of Beauty, a riddle, The Epilogue for the Play for the Benefit of the Weavers, the Epitaph (without the elegy) on Demar, and On Dreams.

His connection with Pope brought upon Swift a load of misrepresentation and invective. By Curll they were hashed up together in a rival publication to the Miscellanies entitled *Miscellanea, In Two Volumes.* In it Swift was represented as to his authentic pieces by Cadenus and Vanessa, The Country Life, The Duke of Grafton's Answer, and answers to riddles made by Vanessa and Delany, and he was also made responsible for a piece entitled The Broken Mug. By Smedley he was joined with Pope in a disgusting production entitled :

> The Metamorphosis : A Poem. Shewing the Change of Scriblerus into Snarlerus : or, The Canine Appetite : Demonstrated in the Persons of P-pe and Sw-t.(10)

In Ralph's Sawney (11) Swift figures amongst Pope's companions thus :

> Shameless, a gay, lewd swearing priest was one,
> Who laugh'd at holy worship and despis'd
> The duties of his place, who lov'd the bowl
> Bright-sparkling, the delicious fair, the mad
> Luxurious scenes of life ; who left his pray'rs,
> His Church, his God, to holy drudges, and

Let loose his passion for the world, who veil'd
Revenge in smiles, and to indulge his jest
Lampoon'd his friend ; his studies all were light
And humorous, oft obscene and undelicate.

In a ballad to the tune of The Soldier and the Sailor (12) he is satirized with Pulteney, Pope and Gay :

These four in strict alliance
Most bravely bid defiance
To virtue, sense and science,
And who but needs must praise 'em.

And in a number of prose pamphlets he is coupled with Pope as the basest of human kind.(13)

Two of Swift's pieces in those years have special connexion with his residence in Pope's house. They are quatrains of lines of eight and six syllables, and are very polished compositions. The first, Advice to the Grub-street Verse Writers, which is dated 1726, refers to Pope's habit of writing on the margins of paper that had been already used, and in it the Grub Street writers are advised to lend him their printed poems in order that something of value may be substituted for their drivel, and then—

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recal your loan ;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own.

The other piece, To Mr. Pope while he was writing the Dunciad, which is dated 1727, refers

to an attack of deafness which came upon Swift at the close of his second visit, and claims for him some share in the composition of *The Dunciad*, on the ground that if it had not been for his infirmity, Pope would have conversed with him and not written a line :

> Of Sherlock, thus, for preaching fam'd,
> The sexton reason'd well ;
> And justly half the merit claim'd,
> Because he rang the bell.

Another very polished piece for which Swift's residence at Twickenham was responsible is one To Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, which has been compared by Forster to a picture by Reynolds or Hogarth. That this piece was completed in 1726, the year affixed to it, is evident from the fact that in a letter to Swift in that year Peterborough signs himself " Tar,"(14) in allusion to Swift's mention of him in the capacity of a seaman :

> Shines in all climates like a star ;
> In senates bold, and fierce in war,
> A land commander, and a tar :

but the verses are chiefly occupied with Peterborough's activities in the days of Oxford's ministry, and were possibly designed then. In them will be found allusion to what Stella was told at that time, that Peterborough outrid the post, and left the road strewn with his followers :

> So wonderful his expedition,
> When you have not the least suspicion
> He's with you like an apparition.(15)

In addition to these A Pastoral Dialogue written upon the news of the king's death in June 1727, saw the light at Twickenham. By means of a conversation between Mrs. Howard's house, Marble Hill, and the royal lodge at Richmond, this piece tells of Swift's intercourse with Queen Caroline as Princess of Wales, and her court, in which, according to his sapient cousin, Swift displayed "exalted force of spirit." In the Dialogue Richmond Lodge represents the relations between the Princess and Swift thus :

> Here wont the Dean, when he's to seek,
> To spunge a breakfast once a-week ;
> To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
> Complaints against the royal butter.
> But now I fear it will be said,
> No butter sticks upon his bread.
> We soon shall find him full of spleen,
> For want of tattling to the queen,
> Stunning her royal ears with talking,
> His reverence and her highness walking.(16)

For Mrs. Howard Swift is said to have written A Character of Sir Robert Walpole, which from its virulence was probably handed rather than sent to her :

> With favour and fortune fastidiously blest,
> He's loud in his laugh and he's coarse in his jest ;
> Of favour and fortune, unmerited, vain,
> A sharper in trifles, a dupe in the main ;
> Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders
> By dint of experience improving in blunders ;

Oppressing true merit, exalting the base,
And selling his country to purchase his place;
A jobber of stocks, by retailing false news,
A prater at court in the style of the stews,
Of virtue and worth by profession a jiber,
Of juries and senates the bully and briber,
Though I name not the wretch, you all know whom I mean,
'Tis the cur-dog of Britain and spaniel of Spain.(17)

To Swift's English visits are also probably to be attributed several other pieces. One of these is a criticism of Young's poem The Love of Fame, or The Universal Passion, in which Swift points out that England ought to be blessed if she has rulers such as Young paints, but that she is cursed if she has all the vices that Young fastens on her:

If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage;
If that same universal passion
With every vice hath fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A single step below the crown:
If clergymen, to show their wit,
Praise classics more than holy writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate house can run,
And sell their votes at such a rate,
As will retrieve a lost estate.

Another is a ballad on Clever Tom Clinch going to be Hanged, in which Swift recalls the Ballad on Blueskin:

My honest friend Wild—may he long hold his place—
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade;
My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
And thus I go off, without pray'r-book or psalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

A third was Bouts Rimés, in which the keyword seems to have been Momentilla of *The Rape of the Lock*:

Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch
To the fair sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To the snow-white hands of Domitilla.

A fourth was The Dog and the Thief, which is aimed at the class of politicians now known as carpet-baggers:

The stockjobber thus from Change-alley goes down,
And tips you, the freeman, a wink;
Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Says the freeman, your guinea to-night would be spent;
Your offers of bribery cease:
I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent,
Or else I may forfeit my lease.

A fifth is The Elephant, or The Parliament-Man, written many years since and taken from Coke's *Institutes*, which is concerned with the

corruption in parliament. It points out that Coke's simile holds no longer good :

> Now men of parliament, God knows,
> Are more like elephants of shows ;
> Whose docile memory and sense
> Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence
> To get their master half a crown,
> They spread the flag or lay it down
> Those who bore bulwarks on their backs,
> And guarded nations from attacks,
> Now practise every pliant gesture,
> Opening their trunk for every tester.(18)

One of the short sojourns that he made in London then bears the odium of A Love Poem from a Physician to his Mistress.(19) It comes within the category of the pieces that made Taine say Swift's mind clung to vileness, and although it is not the case, as Delany asserted, that Swift's choice of such subjects began in later life after his residence in Pope's house, it bears out his observation to the extent that it shows residence with Pope gave a stimulus to their selection.(20) Besides these pieces Swift acknowledged four sets of lines written while in England on the windows of inns, to which others have been added.(21)

Two pieces in these years are concerned with the increasing supremacy of the English interest in the direction of Irish affairs. In the first of these, An Ode to Ireland, which is a paraphrase of Horace's *O navis*, the picture is drawn of a ship which had lost the oars that guided it on

either side and whose mast was about to crack before the eastern wind, the allusion being to the loss as primate of Lindsay and as chancellor of Midleton and to the decline of Archbishop King :

> Lost are thy oars that us'd thy course to guide,
> Like faithful counsellors, on either side.
> Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood,
> The single pillar for his country's good,
> To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
> Behold it cracks by yon rough eastern wind ;
> Your cable's burst, and you must quickly feel,
> The waves impetuous ent'ring at your keel.

The case of the ship is said to be like a writer in a popular cause : his arguments prevail while there is calm, but before power the pamphlet flutters into rags, and the author, who has put his trust in the people, finds himself doomed to death. No power will now help the ship. When her sides are broken, it will not avail that her descent was from the British oak. Such was Ireland's claim ; her matchless sons, whose valour was proved in twenty long campaigns in France, were descended from the British line, but in saving Britain's rights they lost their own. Unthinking fools delight in a ball on the king's birthday, but forget that their country is enslaved. The poet calls on Ireland not to change her course with every gust, and concludes with these lines :

> Weary and sea-sick when in thee confin'd,
> Now for thy safety cares distract my mind ;
> As those who long have stood the storms of state
> Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.

Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore ;
They lie, alas ! too easy to be found ;
For thee alone they lie the island round.

The second of the pieces is entitled Verses on the Sudden Drying-up of St. Patrick's Well near Trinity College, Dublin. It represents St. Patrick telling of the joy with which he came to Ireland, of her ancient glories, and of her conquest by Britain, and bemoaning the infidelity, vice and slavery that he now sees in her. In vain he drove the serpent from within her, and has sent omens to warn her swains :

I sent the magpie from the British soil,
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil ;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt the holy walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in bishop's gear,
Who crop the nurseries of learning here ;
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the state ?
As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you millions of the croaking race ;
Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn ;
A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls.

What has become of the well that bore his name, asks the Saint ? By drinking from it the students raised their wits and parts, but now they must make their court to foreign prelates and be content with minor employments. Worse

times are coming, and for no Hibernian shall a blade of grass or an ear of corn arise. All Ireland's treasure will be carried off by the absentee landowners :

> Who to yon ravenous isle thy treasures bear,
> And waste in luxury thy harvest there ;
> For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
> The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.

In conclusion, as Ireland will not defy her foes, the Saint exclaims :

> I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
> And from this hour my patronage resign.(22)

Of occasional pieces there are in those years three. The first is On Censure. It is an evil which admits of no cure, says the poet. Innocence is no support in scandal's court ; all who are inferior join in dragging down the victim, and the rest are apathetic and shield themselves under the plea that appearances are against him. Why do people give weight to what others say ?

> For let mankind discharge their tongues
> In venom, till they burst their lungs,
> Their utmost malice cannot make
> Your head, or tooth, or finger ache ;
> Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
> Or put one feature out of place ;
> Nor will you find your fortune sink
> By what they speak or what they think ;
> Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
> Make you less virtuous, learn'd or wise.
> The most effectual way to baulk
> Their malice, is—to let them talk.

The next piece is called Desire and Possession. It pictures them as two brothers running in a race. Desire flies on in pursuit of new objects; Possession toils after picking up what his brother despises. At last Desire is about to seize the crown which Fortune holds out to him, but she strikes him with her sceptre and he sinks into a chasm, and Possession sinks under the weight of the load that he has accumulated:

> And, as he now expiring lay,
> Flocks ev'ry ominous bird of prey;
> The raven, vulture, owl and kite,
> At once upon his carcase light,
> And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
> Regardless of his dying groans.

The third piece is entitled The Furniture of a Woman's Mind. It displays Swift's gift of intensity, but was superseded by The Journal of a Modern Lady, for which it appears to have been a study. Of it there was both an Irish and an English version. The former ended:

> O yes! if any man can find
> More virtues in a woman's mind,
> Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding;
> She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
> Take notice, she has my commission
> To add them in the next edition;
> They may outsell a better thing;
> So, holloo, boys; God save the king!

The latter said:

> Let them be sent to Bickerstaffe,
> He pays full price and not by half.(23)

Early in 1726 Swift indited probably another ballad in imitation of The Song of the Cutpurse. It was entitled An Excellent New Song, To a good old Tune, and was occasioned by an outcry in regard to a sermon preached by one of Swift's prebendaries, Edward Synge, afterwards a member of the Irish episcopal bench, in which he expressed views on toleration that no one else could understand and that he himself tried to make clear in ninety pages of print :

Most are at a loss to find out his true meaning,
Whilst others of some dark design are complaining,
Some think he's for Martin,
Some for Jack his heart in,
But most do agree he's for Peter, for certain :
O S—ge, who won't think thou wert bred at St. Germains,
Who reads what opinions you've broach'd in your sermons.

Some say it is new, some say what is stranger ;
That all you have said is taken from Bangor :
Then looks it not oddly
T'extract from Ben Hoadly,
A scheme that seems Popish to all that are godly :
O S—nge, thou had'st better been hang'd in a rope,
Than thus to turn stickler for Rome and the Pope.(24)

Amongst Swift's personal pieces in those years the annual tribute to Stella is not forthcoming for March 1726. As at the time Swift was on the road to London it was possibly not written, but lines on the birthday of Rebecca Dingley, which

was on November 8, take their place. In them, as in other pieces, she is represented as a creature of care, and lover of gossip.

> Long may she live, and help her friends
> Whene'er it suits her private ends ;
> Domestic business never mind
> Till coffee has her stomach lin'd ;
> But, when her breakfast gives her courage,
> Then think on Stella's chicken porridge :
> I mean when Tiger has been serv'd,
> Or else poor Stella may be starv'd,
> May Bec have many an evening nap,
> With Tiger slabbering in her lap ;
> But always take a special care
> She does not overset the chair :
> Still be she curious, never hearken
> To any speech, but Tiger's barking ;
> And when she's in another scene,
> Stella long dead, but first the Dean,
> May fortune and her coffee get her
> Companions that will please her better,
> Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
> Nor for neglects or blunders chide her.

Another delightful piece concerning her and Swift's housekeeper was probably also written at that time :

> Dingley and Brent,
> Wherever they went,
> Ne'er minded a word that was spoken ;
> Whatever was said,
> They ne'er troubled their head,
> But laugh'd at their own silly joking ; (25)

and followed at the close of the following March by an elegy on her lap-dog which had been mentioned in her birthday lines.(26)

In that same month of March 1727, Stella's birthday was celebrated for the last time. Her condition was causing unceasing anxiety and happiness could be found but in thoughts of the past :

> From not the gravest of divines
> Accept for once some serious lines.
> Although we now can form no more
> Long schemes of life, as heretofore ;
> Yet you, while time is running fast,
> Can look with joy on what is past.

After telling of her life of unselfish devotion to him, he ends with what hereafter it must have been a happiness to him to recall as his last words to her in verse :

> Believe me, Stella, when you show
> That true contempt for things below,
> Nor prize your life for other ends
> Than merely to oblige your friends ;
> Your former actions claim their part,
> And join to fortify your heart.
> For Virtue, in her daily race,
> Like Janus, bears a double face ;
> Looks back with joy where she has gone,
> And therefore goes with courage on :
> She at your sickly couch will wait,
> And guide you to a better state.
> Oh ! then, whatever Heaven intends,
> Take pity on your pitying friends ;

Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your suff'rings share ;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due ;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.(27)

During Swift's absences in England, Sheridan devoted himself to Stella and kept Swift informed of her condition. He tried to cheer him as well as the patient : in 1726 he sent Swift, while in London, verses comparing Swift's life there with his own in Dublin ; in 1727 he sent Swift while in Ireland verses inviting him to join with Stella and Dingley in visiting a house that he had taken in the neighbourhood of Dublin at Rathfarnham, and in the same year he sent Swift verses descriptive of Swift's habits and environment when he came to Sheridan's house, which underwent merciless revision probably by Swift.(28)

The attribution to Swift of two pieces entitled respectively A Young Lady's Complaint for the Stay of Dean Swift in England and The Logicians Refuted is at least doubtful. In the first case, extraordinary as he was, he would hardly have penned a suggestion that Vanessa's death was due to his neglect, and the piece was published as a broadside by Faulkner, who had then no connection with Swift ; and in the second case the piece is claimed as an imitation of Swift's style by Goldsmith.(29)

NOTES

1. Swift's Corr., iii. 321.
2. The Weekly Journal of March 26.
3. Swift's Corr., iii. 313.
4. Ibid., p. 391.
5. Ibid., p. 372.
6. Ibid., p. 380.
7. Ibid., p. 403.
8. Delany, Observations, p. 103.
9. Swift's Corr., iv. 7.
10. Brit. Mus. 12273. m. 1 (11).
11. Lond. 1728, p. 20.
12. The Weekly Journal, 1728, April 27.
13. More particularly A Supplement to the Profound, An Essay upon the Taste and Writings of the present Time, and One Epistle to a Mr. Pope, which were published by J. Roberts of Warwick Lane, the first two in 1728, the last in 1730.
14. Swift's Corr., iii. 371.
15. The piece To Mr. Pope appears in the Miscellanies of 1732 ; the other pieces were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735.
16. This piece was also included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735. Cf. Deane Swift's Essay, p. 25.
17. Letters to and from Henrietta Countess of Suffolk, ii. 32.
18. Bouts Rimés was included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1775 ; the other four pieces were included by Faulkner, the first three in 1735, the last in 1746. The last appears also in the Miscellanies of 1727.
19. This piece was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1746. It is dated by him 1738.
20. Taine, op. cit., v. 238 ; Delany, op. cit., p. 75.
21. Appendix XVIII.
22. The first of these pieces was issued in pamphlet

form alone in 1730 and with another piece in 1732. Both the pieces were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner, the first in 1735, the second in 1762.

23. These pieces were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735.

24. Appendix XIX.

25. These two pieces were included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1762.

26. Appendix XX.

27. This piece appears in the Miscellanies of 1727.

28. There seems no good reason to disbelieve that the piece entitled Dr. Delany's Villa was also written by Sheridan. His son claims that it was, and Swift is not so likely as Sheridan to have made fun of Delany's villa. The piece was not included in Swift's Works until 1776, by Nichols, who included also an epigram On One of the Windows at Delville. Both had been printed previously by Concanen in 1724.

29. The first piece was included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1776 and the second by Faulkner in 1762.

The author had intended to mention in this chapter these two editions of Bounce to Fop:

I. Bounce to Fop. An Heroick Epistle from a Dog at Twickenham to a Dog at Court. By Dr. S——t. Dublin, Printed, London, Reprinted for T. Cooper, in Paternoster-Row. M.DCC.XXXVI. Folio. (MS. note by second Lord Oxford in Bodleian copy,—' much altered by Mr. Pope.')

II. Bounce to Fop. An Heroic Epistle from A Dog at Twickenham to A Dog at Court. London: Printed. And Dublin Re-printed by George Faulkner, Bookseller, in Essex-Street, opposite to the Bridge. MDCCXXXVI. 8vo. (Royal Irish Academy, Haliday Pamphlets, vol. 127.)

CHAPTER X

HIBERNIAN ASSOCIATIONS RENEWED

Ann. Dom. 1728–1730. Aet. suae 60–63

SWIFT had now to face Ireland, to use a phrase of his own, as a new world.(1) For him life there had for more than a quarter of a century centred in Stella. From communications with Vanessa and from sojourns with his friends in the country, he returned always to her with the same devotion, and while residing at the Deanery, he saw more of her than of any other person. At first her death, which occurred in the opening weeks of 1728, made on the surface no change. Swift wrote verses in the same vein, and passed his time with old friends or with new ones whom he made through them. But beneath a change was going on, and in his verse a symptom soon appeared in an increasing tendency to select unpleasant topics, which was evidently due, not to the Twickenham residence, but to the loss of Stella's restraining influence. As years went on many of Swift's pieces became nauseating, and exhibit the state of self-concentration and misanthropy that eventually separated him from anyone calculated to have an ameliorative effect.

Of what Stella wrote there remain only three specimens, but those, which are in verse, are

creditable compositions and strengthen the impression gathered from the Journal to Stella that she was possessed of insight and judgement. The principal piece, in which she is said to have been unaided, is one addressed to Swift on his birthday in 1721. It is in Swift's own style and favourite metre, and shows that she had imbibed his dislike of impassioned expression, presenting in that respect a great contrast to the ardent letters which Vanessa was at that time inflicting upon him. Besides that piece, Stella wrote verses On Jealousy and lines asking the celestial powers to bestow on her mind what time takes from her face.(2)

In the years immediately succeeding Stella's death, not only in regard to versification but also in regard to every other interest, Sheridan occupied the foremost place amongst Swift's friends. With Stella he had become very intimate in the last years of her life, and possibly at her request he did all in his power to lighten the blow of her death to Swift. But he had a formidable rival in Delany, who was drawn close to Swift by a knowledge that he acquired of London life. While Swift was at Twickenham, in the summer of 1727, Delany had come for the first time to London as one of a deputation from Trinity College to present an address to George the Second on his accession, and he had been so bitten with the attractions of the great city that he returned thither the next year and again a year or two later. As a link with Swift he was always made a welcome guest at Twickenham,

and having in addition to the friendship of Swift and Pope that of Carteret, who had taken him up in Dublin, he gained admission to the court circle.

Within a few months of Stella's death, Swift formed also a friendship that fascinated him for two years and was fruitful in inspiring verse, much of which is of a high order, although marred by the licence that he began to allow himself in the choice of subjects. This friendship, which Sheridan engineered, was with an ancestor of the Earl of Gosford, the fifth holder of a baronetcy now merged in the peerage, and his wife, and at the baronet's seat, now known as Gosford Castle, near Armagh, Swift resided for the summer, autumn and winter of 1728 and summer of 1729. Of the baronet's wife Swift had knowledge through her father Philip Savage, who was for twenty years chancellor of the exchequer in Ireland, and a staunch tory, and he found in her a friend who was willing to submit to all his whims. But the baronet does not seem to have been so submissive. During his first visit Swift treated him with great respect and pronounced him to be a man of sense and a scholar, but as a result of further acquaintance Swift wrote verses to prove that he and the baronet had not a single point in common, although the baronet's toryism was so conspicuous as to have lost him the succession to his father-in-law's office.

When Swift returned from London in the autumn of 1727 he found Sheridan helping to overwhelm with ridicule an officer, who under

the name of the Little Beau was then the butt of Dublin. One of the best satires on him is in what was then known as Lilliputian verse, and it seems not improbable that Swift had some part in The Little Beau's Speech to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Carteret on their Late Arrival Paraphrased :

Most mighty Lord,
I've come on board,
Your Excellence,
Without pretence,
To welcome home
To us, your own
True lovers all,
Both great and small,
Who you admiring,
Are still desiring,
That your departure
May hereafter
From us among
Be put off long.(3)

But there were others in Dublin capable of writing such pieces. In a letter to Pope a few years later Swift speaks of a little knot of Dublin collegians and junior clergy dealing in verse shrewdly enough,(4) and that knot, which included William Dunkin and Matthew Pilkington, the husband of the notorious Letitia, was at work when the satires on the Little Beau were appearing. From the fact that George Faulkner, with whom Dunkin was associated, was the publisher, it would seem likely that the college

knot was responsible for a piece that was issued with the following title and imprint :

> A Poem to his Majesty King George II on the present State of Affairs in England with Remarks on the Alterations at Court after the Rise of the Parliament. By the Rev. Dr. J. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.
> Dublin : Printed by Little George Faulkner in Christ's Church-yard 1727.

During the early part of the year 1728 Swift wrote a piece in six-syllable verse entitled On the Five Ladies at Sot's Hole with Dr. Sheridan at their Head, which purported to come from the Little Beau, and suggested that they would do better to choose as a companion an officer :

> It fills my heart with woe
> To think such ladies fine
> Should be reduced so low
> To treat a dull divine.
>
> Be by a parson cheated !
> Had you been cunning stagers,
> You might yourselves be treated
> By captains and by majors.
>
> See how corruption grows,
> While mothers, daughters, aunts,
> Instead of powder'd beaux,
> From pulpits choose gallants.

If we, who wear our wigs
With fantail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs,
Z-ds ! who would be a rake ?

Sheridan responded with The Five Ladies' Answer to the Beau, and Swift retorted with The Beau's Reply, the whole showing how admirable a foil Sheridan was to Swift.(5)

At that time also the attack on Sheridan's enemy Tighe began again. In Sheridan's short-lived venture, *The Intelligencer*, there appeared in June A Dialogue between Mad Mullinix and Timothy, which was occasioned by an assertion of Tighe's that party should never die while he lived. It represents him under the name of Timothy holding converse with a poor crazy partisan of the tory cause, who was evidently a great character in the Dublin of that day, and persuaded by him to give up party and to adopt his mode of life. At first Timothy replies :

But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure ?
No little boys and girls to cry,
There's nimble Tim a passing by ;
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party hatred.
Will none the tory dogs pursue,
When through the streets I cry halloo ?
Must all my d—n me's, bloods, and wounds,
Pass only now for empty sounds ?
Shall tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected ?

And when I roar, a plot, a plot,
Will our own party mind me not ?
So qualified to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a spy ?

But at last he agrees to imitate Mullinix as he suggested :

I have a coat at home, that you may try,
'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry ;
My hat has much the nicer air,
Your block will fit it to a hair ;
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it so formal, and so curl'd ;
'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepared to take
The figure of toupee and snake.
Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When first in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, you keep the rear :
Be careful as you walk behind,
Use all the talents of your mind ;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait ;
Mark my address, and learn my style,
When to look scornful, when to smile ;
Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last.
Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city ;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.

The Dialogue was followed in the July number of *The Intelligencer* by Tim and the Fables, in

which Tim is depicted reading one of Gay's fables. The lines end with these six, of which Swift disclaimed the last four :

> The cursed villain ! now I see
> This was a libel meant at me ;
> These scribblers grow so bold of late
> Against us ministers of state !
> Such jacobites as he deserve—
> D—n me ! I say they ought to starve.

As well as these, four other satires on Tighe, which were brought to light after Swift's death, were probably also written then. As Churton Collins has said, these pieces, which are entitled Tom and Dick, Dick a Maggot, Clad all in Brown and Dick's Variety, show that anyone who provoked the hostility of Swift was certain to be cruelly lacerated and half-suffocated with filth.(6)

Besides the pieces on Tighe, opportunity for An Elegy on Dicky and Dolly was given to Swift by the death, almost simultaneously, of the Countess of Meath and her second husband General Richard Gorges :

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear :
But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a-year ;
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms cross'd ;
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he lost ;
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick sigh'd and he cried :
To live without both full three days he tried ;
But liked neither loss, and so quietly died.(7)

In addition to the Elegy, Swift was also probably responsible for a curious ballad connected with the same subject entitled Spuddy's Lamentation For the Loss of her Collar. The latter was published at the time as a broadside, but the Elegy is now first found in a small pamphlet not published until four years later with the following title and imprint:

> An Elegy on Dicky and Dolly, with the Virgin: A Poem. To which is Added The Narrative of D. S. when he was in the North of Ireland.
> Dublin: Printed by James Hoey at the Pamphlet-Shop in Skinners Row, opposite to the Tholsel 1732.(8)

Swift's arrival at Market Hill, as the Acheson's seat was then called, was marked by verses On Cutting down the Old Thorn, in which Swift showed that he had read up the history of his host and knew that the first baronet, who established his family in Ireland, had been secretary of state for Scotland. The tree was cut down by Swift's means, as a prophecy that came from the root tells us:

> Thou chief contriver of my fall,
> Relentless dean, to mischief born,
> My kindred oft thine hide shall gall,
> Thy gown and cassock oft be torn;
>
> And thy confederate dame, who brags
> That she condemn'd me to the fire,
> Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
> And wound her legs with ev'ry brier;

Nor thou, Lord Arthur, shalt escape ;
To thee I often call'd in vain,
Against that assassin in crape,
Yet thou could'st tamely see me slain ;

Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
Or chid the dean, or pinch'd thy spouse :
Since you could see me treated so,
An old retainer to your house,

May that fell dean, by whose command
Was form'd this Machiavelian plot,
Not leave a thistle on thy land ;
Then who will own thee for a Scot ?

The verses On Cutting down the Thorn were followed by A Pastoral Dialogue, between a male and a female weeder. It shocked Delany, but a great lady of the day said it was only to be expected that dirt should stick to weeds.(9) According to Swift, he was called upon by the Achesons to produce pieces of two hundred lines "every now and then," and how he avoided chiding may be seen in his composition of pieces entitled My Lady's Lamentation and Complaint, Twelve Articles, and Lady Acheson weary of the Dean.(10) In My Lady's Lamentation, which is in Lilliputian verse, he is shown as generally occupied with landscape gardening :

Now see how he sits
Perplexing his wits
In search of a motto
To fix on his grotto ;

How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks,
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves ;
And boasts of his feats,
His grottos and seats ;
Shows all his gewgaws,
And gapes for applause ;
A fine occupation
For one in his station !
A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour ;
He calls it a bower.

But he is also shewn in the Lamentation as associating sometimes with the neighbouring clergy, Henry Jenny, the fourth of his family to hold a prebend in the Armagh diocese, Nathaniel Whaley, an Oxford don, John Walmsley, a Dublin one, and Richard Daniel, Dean of Armagh, " the vilest poet alive."

During the summer Sheridan came on a visit to Market Hill and afterwards went to the county of Kilkenny to Ballyspellin, then known as the Irish Spa. By him the name was made the keyword for some Bouts Rimés, and when the lines came to Market Hill it was found that fifteen other rhymes were possible, and Swift employed them in ridiculing Sheridan's lines and Ballyspellin and sent them in great triumph to Dublin to be printed.(11) About the same time Swift and a legal friend debated in verse on a lawyer preferring gain to rural joys, the friend's contribution being

ten and Swift's just a hundred and fifty lines. And in lines entitled To Janus on New Year's Day, 1729, Swift expresses the wish that Lady Acheson might look backwards, but she cries that she will have none but forward eyes :

> Give me velvet and quadrille,
> I'll have youth and beauty still.(12)

But the most important outcome of Swift's long visit to the Achesons was The Journal of the Modern Lady, which came out as a pamphlet with the following title and imprint :

> The Journal of a Dublin Lady in a Letter to a Person of Quality.
> Dublin : Printed by S. Harding next door to the Crown in Copper Alley where Gentlemen may be furnished with The Intelligencer from no. 1 to no. 19.

As appears from a letter which Swift wrote on the completion of The Journal in January 1729, his intention was that it should come out as a number of *The Intelligencer*, which ceased then to be issued, and that there should be prefixed to it a letter giving some account of its origin. Apparently The Journal was founded on real life, and personal references which it had originally contained were left out when it was printed. Although Swift spoke of it as mediocre and only passable as a family joke,(13) it is one of the pieces about which Taine became enthusiastic(14) as illustrating what he considered the beauty of Swift's verse in being a personal and

not a developed theme and in making the figures that it portrays live :

> Now, loit'ring o'er her tea and cream,
> She enters on her usual theme ;
> Her last night's ill-success repeats,
> Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats—
> She slipt spadillo in her breast,
> Then thought to turn it to a jest :
> There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
> And to each other give the sign ;—
> Through every game pursues her tale,
> Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
> Now to another scene give place :
> Enter the folks with silks and lace :
> Fresh matter for a world of chat—
> Right Indian this, right Mechlin that ;
> Observe this pattern ; there's a stuff ;
> I can have customers enough ;
> Dear madam, you are grown so hard,
> This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard :
> Madam, if there be truth in man,
> I never sold so cheap a fan.(15)

After his return to Dublin Swift composed a Parody on a Character of Dean Smedley written in Latin by Himself, and had it brought out in May as an extra number of *The Intelligencer*. Shortly before Smedley had gone off to India, and commemorated his departure from England by drawing up a Latin inscription to be placed under a mezzotint of himself. By it he delivered himself into the hands of the enemy, and in an outspoken introduction to the Parody, Swift revealed to the world that Smedley's preferment in the Church had been obtained by simony, and

that his career in literature had terminated in an attempt to extort money for a literary work which he could not have accomplished in ten thousand years.(16) At that time Swift wrote also lines On Paddy's Character of *The Intelligencer*, which indicates that so successful was Sheridan in imitating Swift's style that even Delany found it difficult to distinguish the work of one from that of the other. The lines tell that by *The Intelligencer* Tom earned a twig of laurel and that—

> Paddy repin'd to see him wear
> This badge of honour in his hair;
> And, thinking this cockade of wit
> Would his own temples better fit,
> Forming his Muse by Smedley's model,
> Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
> Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,
> Hums like a hornet at his nose.
> At length presumes to vent his satire on
> The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.(17)

About the beginning of June Swift returned to the Achesons, and his stay with them that summer was signalized by his composition of The Grand Question debated whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt House, which was issued some years later in London with the following title and imprint:

> A Soldier and a Scholar: or the Lady's Judgment upon those two Characters in the Persons of Captain ——and D—n S—t.
> London: Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane. MDCCXXXII. [Price Six-pence.]

The piece, which is adjudged by Churton Collins (18) to be one of Swift's best compositions, has as its chief character Lady Acheson's maid and recalls Mrs. Harris's Petition in its reproduction of Hannah's thoughts as well as language :

> But Hannah, who listen'd to all that was past,
> And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
> As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
> Cried—Madam, why surely my master's possess'd,
> Sir Arthur the malster, how fine it will sound,
> I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
> But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
> When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.
> And now my dream's out, for I was a-dream'd
> That I saw a huge rat—O dear ! how I scream'd—
> And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes,
> And Molly, she said I should hear some ill news.(19)

At the same time Swift dashed off a few lines announcing to his friends that he had purchased land near Market Hill on which he intended to build a house. By its name of Drapier's Hill it was to perpetuate the fame of the Drapier's Letters, and during Swift's lifetime it was to rival Cooper's Hill in the amount of verse which it inspired. The purchase was also sung in lines which purported to be addressed by Sir Arthur Acheson to Swift, and were not published until after Swift's death :

> Happy, O Market-hill ! at least,
> That court and courtiers have no taste :
> You never else had known the dean,
> But, as of old, obscurely lain ;

All things gone on the same dull track,
And Drapier's-hill been still Drumlack ;
But now your name with Penshurst vies,
And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.(20)

Together with these pieces, Swift wrote also then lines on the two sons of the well-known non-juror Charles Leslie. As the lines tell us, the eldest, Robert, who was residing not far from Market Hill at the family seat Glaslough, had become at the age of fifty-two a beau and was about to marry a daughter of the chief justice of that day, while the younger son, Henry, who had served in the Spanish army and was residing at Market Hill with his wife, a Spanish lady, had been metamorphosed from a man of fashion into a farmer.(21)

During that year Swift's acquaintance with Matthew Pilkington began, and for his benefit Swift compiled in October Directions for making a Birthday Song. As a note on the original manuscript, which is preserved in the Forster Collection,(22) shows, it was then sent to " the Songster," who was engaged on an ode for the approaching birthday of George the Second, and, in spite of the satire, Pilkington drew probably from it inspiration for his purpose. Its theme will be apparent from the opening lines :

To form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best :

And should it be your hero's case
To have both male and female race,
Your business must be to provide
A score of goddesses beside.(23)

Towards the end of that year, with a vanity that was characteristic of him, Delany published a poem that he had addressed to Carteret asking him to add to the somewhat extensive preferment that he had already given him. It was issued in two sizes ; the larger one, a very fine specimen of Dublin typography, had the following title and imprint :

An Epistle To his Excellency John Lord Carteret Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
Dublin : Printed by George Grierson Where a small Edition of this Poem may be had.

Swift answered it at once with a piece entitled :

An Epistle upon an Epistle from a certain Doctor to a certain great Lord being a Christmas Box for D. D—ny,

which was no more than good-humoured raillery.(24) But a month later, in the opening days of February, there was " publicly cried about the streets " other verses from Swift founded upon it,(25) with the title :

A Libel on D—D—And a Certain Great Lord,

which was in the highest degree political. It opened by relating how wits like Congreve, Steele and Gay had been neglected by statesmen, and how Addison had been so until he became

a politician, and went on to applaud Pope for detesting statesmen and refusing the visits of a queen. Then it proceeded to point out that true politicians thought less of learning than of a vote, and that though he had every virtue, Carteret was not his own master—

> submitting still
> To Walpole's more than royal will ;
> And what condition can be worse ?
> He comes to drain a beggar's purse ;
> He comes to tie our chains on faster,
> And show us England is our master :
> Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
> To make them work their own undoing.
> What has he else to bait his traps,
> Or bring his vermin in, but scraps ?
> The offals of a church distrest ;
> A hungry vicarage at best ;
> Or some remote inferior post,
> With forty pounds a-year at most ?

and wound up with the lines :

> But I, in politics grown old,
> Whose thoughts are of a different mould,
> Who from my soul sincerely hate
> Both kings and ministers of state ;
> Who look on courts with stricter eyes
> To see the seeds of vice arise ;
> Can lend you an allusion fitter,
> Though flattering knaves may call it bitter ;
> Which, if you durst but give it place,
> Would show you many a statesman's face :
> Fresh from the tripod of Apollo,
> I had it in the words that follow—

Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except his excellence—
So, to effect his monarch's ends,
From hell a viceroy devil ascends;
His budget with corruptions cramm'd,
The contributions of the damn'd;
Which with unsparing hand he strows
Through courts and senates as he goes,
And then at Beelzebub's black hall,
Complains his budget was too small.(26)

Needless to say, this piece stirred the government dovecots: some were for a violent prosecution, but others thought it better to let it fall without notice as it would then die of itself, whereas a prosecution in the courts or censure by parliament would raise the curiosity of the people to read and disperse it. In writing to prepare Pope for the reference to himself, Swift spoke of the piece as a whimsical thing that was never intended for the public, and in a subsequent letter mentioned that it was said to have been first printed in London, an assertion for which no ground is to be found.(27) Evidently his position in this matter was discussed with his legal friend, and as a result there remains A Dialogue between an Eminent Lawyer and Dr. Jonathan Swift, D.S.P.D., which was probably written by Swift although it purports to be written by his friend, who is represented as saying in the concluding lines:

As from the tripod of Apollo
Hear from my desk the words that follow:
Some, by philosophers misled,
Must honour you alive and dead;

And such as know what Greece has writ,
Must taste your irony and wit ;
While most that are, or would be great,
Must dread your pen, your person hate ;
And you on Drapier's Hill must lie,
And there without a mitre die.(28)

Although no steps appear to have been taken by the government, one of the city magistrates made himself active in trying to discover the printer of the Libel, and with that object caused two newsboys to be arrested, which occasioned a broadside with lines thus entitled :

A Friendly Apology for a Certain Justice of Peace ; By Way of Defence of H—y H—n, Esq; . . . By James Blackwell, Operator for the Feet.
Printed in the Year 1730.(29)

Meanwhile Delany had become, as Swift wrote, a target for squibs of a defamatory kind from the College knot, who were envious of his favour with Carteret, and he suffered also at the hands of his friend Sheridan, who could not resist rushing into the fray, and gave him the unkindest thrust of all.(30) As " a man of much strictness of life " and not a little pride,(31) Delany was terribly mortified, but his fall was broken when Swift addressed verses to him, which were published with the title and imprint :

To Doctor D—l—y on the Libels Writ against him.
London Printed : And Dublin Reprinted in the Year 1730.(32)

Delany was also sent by Swift lines on the subject, which he printed in his *Observations*.(33) The verses On the Libels were followed by a pretty piece written by Delany under the title of *The Pheasant and the Lark—a Fable*, and by a no less pretty reply from Swift entitled An Answer to Dr. D—y's Fable of the Pheasant and the Lark.(34)

As soon as parliament, which had been in session, rose, and the danger of breach of privilege was at an end, Swift devoted his attention to Lord Allen, the chief advocate of "a violent prosecution" of all concerned in the production of the Libel on D— D— and a Certain Great Lord, and in his prose piece the Vindication of His Excellency John Lord Carteret, which was cried about as soon as Carteret came from proroguing parliament,(35) Swift prophesied that Lord Allen would fall under the hands of "an incensed political surgeon" who would flay and dissect him "all for threepence." Verily Swift did so in the verses known as Traulus. As originally published in 1730 the verses were issued in two parts, one being entitled:

> Traulus. The First Part. In a Dialogue between Tom and Robin,

and the other:

> Traulus. The Second Part.

The first part, which was devoted to proving that Lord Allen was bad, and not, as the public supposed, mad, was comparatively mild, but

into the fifty-four lines of the second part Swift crowded more invective than another would have conceived in a lifetime. As he had gone out of his way to pay court to Swift, Lord Allen was undoubtedly open to a charge of insincerity, and he was a weak man much under the domination of his wife, of whom curious tales are told; but whether Swift was justified in affixing to him the unsavoury appellation of Traulus or in giving him such a character as he has done is questionable. Certainly he had not truth on his side in his allegations as to Lord Allen's ancestors. At the time Lord Allen and his wife occupied a great position and set the fashion in Dublin, where their seat was then the show place. From his antecedents Lord Allen had only too good cause to be a strong adherent of the Hanoverian dynasty, and no one would say that the Libel was calculated to inculcate loyalty to it. As regards his ancestors, his great-grandfather, whom Swift describes as a mason, was the designer of the great Jacobean mansions that arose in Ireland during Strafford's viceroyalty, and his grandfather, whom Swift describes as a butcher, was at the time of the Revolution one of the premier merchants of Dublin on whom the financial stability of the city depended.(36)

Needless to say, Swift did not escape whig satirists, and as a concluding stroke he wrote "a very sweet libel" on himself, which was published with the following title and imprint:

A Panegyric on the Reverend Dean Swift.
In Answer to A Libel on Dr. Delany, and

a certain Great Lord. Never before Printed.

London: Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, and N. Blandford at the London-Gazette, Charing-Cross. MDCCXXX. (Price Sixpence.)

Of it he gave the following account to Lord Bathurst: "Having some months ago much and often offended the ruling party, and often worried by libellers, I was at the pains of writing one in their style and manner, and sent it by an unknown hand to a whig printer, who very faithfully published it. I took special care to accuse myself but of one fault of which I am really guilty, and so shall continue as I have done these sixteen years till I see cause to reform; but in the rest of the satire I chose to abuse myself with the direct reverse of my character, or at least in direct opposition to one part of what you are pleased to give me."(37)

In the midst of this turmoil there appeared in *The Whitehall Evening Post* of March 19 An Apology to Lady Carteret in Ireland which relates how Swift was invited to dine with the Countess, how on finding her not in he came away believing that the invitation was a dream, how he was bidden again next day and forgiven on promising to tell the truth in rhyme, and how he entertained afterwards the Countess in Naboth's Vineyard where he—

Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boast of regal rooms,

Thought it more costly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet ;
Roses of richest dye that shone
With native lustre like her own ;
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at least thought fit
To praise it *par manière d'acquit.*(38)

At the end of June Swift wrote that he was setting out for a tour of four or six weeks, and that he intended to stay nowhere long, but to go from house to house, whether inns or friends. In the end he stayed away three months and must have spent a good part of the time at Market Hill. According to Sir Walter Scott, he stayed there with Henry Leslie, but he appears from two of the pieces that he wrote to have been as domestic as ever in the Acheson's house. One of these pieces is entitled The Revolution at Market Hill, and the other A Panegyric on the Dean, in the Person of a Lady in the North.(39) In the latter piece he took even greater licence than in the Pastoral Dialogue to touch on subjects that even in that age were usually avoided in polite literature. A third piece, which he wrote then, was entitled The Dean's Reasons for not building at Drapier's Hill.(40) According to what he wrote Pope, he had never any intention of doing so ; (41) but according to these verses, he was only deterred by the baronet's unsociable character and dissimilarity of taste.

While he was at Market Hill an unfortunate accusation against a Cathedral dignitary sent from England gave him opportunity for a ballad which was published as a broadside with the heading:

An Excellent New Ballad: or, The true En—sh D—n to be hang'd for a R—pe.(42)

Soon after Swift's return to Dublin on St. Cecilia's Day, November 23, a musical festival was held in his cathedral by the Dublin Musical Society of that day, and a sermon was preached in the capacity of chaplain to the Society by Sheridan.(43) The festival and the sermon, which extolled the use of music in divine worship, were greatly criticized, and the criticism no doubt occasioned lines entitled The Dean to Himself on St. Cecilia's Day.(44) A Quibbling Epigram on Stephen Duck, the Thresher and Favourite Poet, was also written at that time,(45) and found its origin no doubt in the title prefixed to Duck's poems which were then published.

One of the most extraordinary pieces that Swift ever composed is entitled Death and Daphne, in which he pictures the king of terrors as a suitor for a lady's hand. It was addressed to Mrs. Pilkington, whose acquaintance Swift made at the close of the year 1729, and she is represented in the piece under the name of Daphne as a woman so thin and fragile that Death fled from her. In the opinion of Delany,(46) who says very truly that it is a piece of the greatest singularity, the lines were likely to live

as long as Swift's name on account of their scheme and execution. In addition Swift wrote about that time lines on Mrs. Pilkington, as Daphne, descriptive of her character, and four occasional pieces entitled On Burning a Dull Poem, To Betty the Grisette, The Power of Time, and A Fable of the Lion and other Beasts.(47)

NOTES

1. Swift's Corr., i. 62.

2. The first and third of the pieces were included in Swift's Works by Sheridan in 1784, the second by Nichols in 1776. Concanen printed the last two in 1724. Cf. Deane Swift, op. cit., p. 81 ; Delany, op. cit., p. 68.

3. Brit. Mus. 1890. c. 5 (95).

4. Swift's Corr., iv. 152.

5. The first and second of the pieces were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735 ; the third by Hawkesworth in 1765.

6. The first of the pieces, which appears in the Miscellanies of 1732, was included in Swift's Works by Sheridan in 1784 ; the others were included by Hawkesworth in 1755. Cf. Churton Collins's Jonathan Swift, p. 229.

7. In The Weekly Journal of April 27 a correspondent writes from Dublin on the 13th : " On Monday last (the 8th), the Countess of Meath, who was married to General Gorges, died at Kilbrew, the General's seat in the county of Meath, which is about twelve miles from this city; she was to have been brought here to-morrow to have been interred in St. Audoen's Church with her father and mother, but General Gorges himself died yesterday and the burial place of his family is at Ratoath." On the 16th the correspondent adds :

"General Gorges and his lady the Countess of Meath were buried together last Sunday (the 14th) at Kilbrew."

8. The Elegy was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765. For the Lamentation see Appendix XXI.

9. The two pieces appear in the Miscellanies of 1732.

10. The first and second of the pieces were included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765, the third by Faulkner in 1763. The last was printed in The Daily Post Boy of April 7, 1730, and appeared as a broadside with the heading and imprint: Lady A—S—N Weary of the Dean. . . . Printed in the Year 1730. It was reprinted by Cogan in 1752.

11. Swift's Corr., iv. 48. In The History of the Second Solomon we are told that Sheridan was prevailed upon by a lady who accompanied him to Ballyspellin to resent Swift's lines as an affront on her and himself, "which he did accordingly against all the rules of reason, taste, good-nature, judgement, gratitude or common sense."

12. These three pieces were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner, the third in 1735, the others in 1762. The first had been printed by Cogan in 1752. The year 1726 has been attached in error in some editions to the last piece.

13. Swift's Corr., iv. 61.

14. Op. cit., iii. 198.

15. It appears in the Miscellanies of 1732, and had been issued in England in pamphlet form with the following title: The Journal of a Modern Lady in a Letter to a Person of Quality. By the Author of Cadenus and Vanessa. First Printed at Dublin and now Reprinted at London for J. Wilford near Stationers' Hall 1729 [Price Four Pence].

There has been attributed to Swift an Epitaph on

the tomb of the Earl of Suffolk's fool, who died in 1728, and A Poem eulogizing James Maculla's proposals for regenerating Ireland. The former was probably written by someone on the spot and the latter by Dean Smedley.

16. The Parody was included in Swift's Works by Sheridan in 1784.

17. The piece appeared as a broadside. It was included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1776, and had been reprinted by Cogan in 1752.

18. Op. cit., p. 229.

19. The piece appears in the Miscellanies of 1732. It was issued in Dublin in pamphlet form with the title—The Grand Question debated: Whether Hamilton's Bawn Should be turn'd into a Barrack, or a Malt-House. According to the London Edition, with Notes. London printed by A. Moore. And, Dublin Re-printed by George Faulkner in Essex-Street, 1732.

20. Both were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner, the first in 1735, the second in 1762. An Answer to some lines on a very old glass at Market Hill was included by Faulkner in 1746 (viii. 194).

21. The autograph, which is dated August 4, 1729, is in the Forster Collection, no. 521. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765.

22. No. 522. The heading is: Directions for a Birthday Song. In a Letter to ye Songster, October 1729: at the end is written: "When I hear from you that this has come safe to hand the sermon will follow."

23. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765.

24. It was issued in pamphlet form both singly and with the Epistle to Carteret. Both were included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1776. They had been reprinted by Moore in 1734 and the Epistle upon an Epistle by Cogan in 1752.

25. Marmaduke Coghill to Edward Southwell, February 3, 1729/30, Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 21,122.

26. The Libel was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735. It had been issued in London in pamphlet form as A Satire on Dr. D—ny. By Dr. Sw—t. To which is added, The Poem which occasion'd it. Printed at Dublin: And Re-printed at London, for A. Moore, near St. Paul's. 1730. Of this pamphlet there are several editions.

27. Swift's Corr., iv. 127, 414.

28. Included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1762.

29. The Apology was reprinted in The Daily Post of March 18 and Fog's Weekly Journal of June 27. Nichols included it first in Swift's Works in 1779. Another broadside on the subject was entitled A Vindication of the Libel, or A New Ballad: Written by a Shoe-Boy on an Attorney, who was formerly a Shoe-Boy. Printed in the year 1729–30. It was by Dunkin; see Nichols's Literary Illustrations, v. 384.

30. The piece professes to be written by Mrs. Barber's husband. It is entitled An Answer to The Christmas Box in defence of Doctor D—n—y. By R—t B—r.

31. Swift's Corr., iv. 152.

32. The piece appears in the Miscellanies of 1732.

33. Op. cit., p. 309; included by Faulkner in 1758.

34. The Pheasant and the Lark was reprinted in The Daily Post of April 4. Both pieces were included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765. Other pieces are A Letter of Advice To the Revd. D—r. D—la—y, Humbly propos'd to the Consideration of a certain Great Lord, 1730; Some Seasonable Advice to Doctor D—n—y, 1730; and The Goddess Envy to Doctor D—l—y, 1730 (Royal Irish Academy, Haliday Pamphlets 96. 18).

35. Marmaduke Coghill to Edward Southwell, April 18, 1730, Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 21,122.

36. The first part was reprinted in The Daily Post Boy of August 21. Both parts appear in the Miscellanies published in England in 1735. They were included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1755.

37. Appendix XXII. Cf. Swift's Corr., iv. 167.

38. This piece was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1755. It was printed as a pamphlet in 1730 without a printer's name and in 1734 by Moore.

39. These pieces were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735.

40. The autograph, which is dated September 1730, is preserved in the Forster Collection, no. 524. The handwriting is to some extent disguised. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765.

41. Swift's Corr., iv. 167.

42. See The British Journal, June 13, 27 ; Applebee's Original Weekly Journal, June 20 ; The Weekly Journal, June 27. Cf. Swift's Corr., iv. 161.

43. A Sermon Preached at St. Patrick's Church on St. Caecilia's Day. By Thomas Sheridan, D.D. Psalm 150, 5, 6. Quintil. Inst. Orat. lib. I. c. 4. Dublin : Printed by S. Powell in Crane Lane for the Author 1731.

44. The autograph is preserved in the Forster Collection, no. 533. The piece was first included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765.

45. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735. Cf. Swift's Corr., iv. 173.

46. Op. cit., p. 125.

47. The Power of Time appears in the Miscellanies of 1732. Faulkner included in Swift's Works in 1735 Death and Daphne, On Burning a Dull Poem, and To Betty ; Hawkesworth in 1765 Daphne ; and Sir Walter Scott the Fable.

CHAPTER XI

ALONE

Ann. Dom. 1731–1737. Aet. suae 63–70

During the remaining years of his life Swift's environment no longer affected the subject or form of his verse. The long sojourns in country houses, which had provided themes for many pieces, became a thing of the past, and although the intimacy with Sheridan and Delany continued, their influence as regards verse ceased. Indeed for both of them verse seems to have lost its attraction. In the case of Sheridan surplus energy was thrown into the composition of the Anglo-Latin prose on which he and Swift spent weary days and nights, and in the case of Delany it was concentrated on diluvian history. On Swift's verse the effect of solitude was remarkable in the decrease in the number and increase in the importance of the pieces that came from his pen, and for the few years that his intellectual power remained unimpaired, almost every line that he wrote is worthy of attention.

Within a few years he composed three of his longest and best pieces, On the Death of Dr. Swift, On Poetry—a Rhapsody, and An Epistle to a Lady who desired the Author to make Verses

on Her in the Heroic Style. Amongst Swift's verse these pieces, with Cadenus and Vanessa, and the Imitations of Horace's *Quinque dies* and *Hoc erat*, stand in a class by themselves, and amongst them for pride of place On Poetry—a Rhapsody vies with Cadenus and Vanessa. But the three long pieces do not exhaust the number of Swift's notable verses in those years. Four revolting pieces, one entitled The Lady's Dressing Room being the chief, which were written then, cannot be ignored as works of genius, and the Epistle to Mr. Gay, The Beast's Confession, The Place of the Damned, and The Day of Judgement, which were also compositions of that period, are in their several ways intellectual efforts of a high order.

With regard to the publication of his verse the closing years of Swift's working life were a time of action and the greater number of his pieces were then printed for the first time or reprinted. In connexion with their publication the husband of Letitia Pilkington looms large. As people of middle understanding and middle rank, whose society Swift then sought, the Pilkingtons recommended themselves to him and were for a time prime favourites at the Deanery. As Swift lived to discover, the Rev. Matthew Pilkington was not overwhelmed with conscientiousness or his wife with virtue, but they were extremely plausible, and succeeded for some years in completely deceiving not only Swift but also many others. They were both clever. He had been a scholar of Trinity College, wrote verse with

ease, and became the author of *A Complete Dictionary of Painters*, which brought him credit, and she enjoys posthumous fame as the authoress of her own *Memoirs*. Their acquaintance with Swift was as unfortunate for them as it was for him. It began when they were a young married couple, and probably then, as the son and daughter respectively of a tradesman and an accoucheur, they were, as Swift said, modest in their demeanour.(1) But after a few years' run of the Deanery that quality was one that none but Swift could find in them. In 1728, when he was introduced to Swift, Pilkington had not been long in holy orders and was only three years married,(2) and, as has been mentioned, he had been admitted to favour by Swift, in October 1729, and had accepted him as his mentor. A month later Mrs. Pilkington ingratiated herself by sending Swift verses on his birthday, and in the autumn of the following year Pilkington followed her example by singing Swift's praises in a collection of his own poems that he published then. In the preface there is also a reference to Swift, which is very typical of Pilkington and shows with what art he turned Swift's patronage to his own advantage: "Inexpressible are the obligations (and unpardonable were the folly and humility of concealing them), which I have to the admired Doctor Swift, who condescended to peruse the following poems with the greatest kindness and care, and honoured them with his corrections and remarks; and I hope he will forgive me the vanity of telling the world how much

candour, humanity, and accuracy of judgement he testified on that occasion."(3)

In the summer of 1732 Pope began to worry Swift about material for another volume of their joint Miscellanies. This volume had been foreshadowed in the preface written in 1727, and it was to be introduced as volume three, an arrangement which had been made possible by the volume published in the spring of 1728 having been designated " the last." As many of the letters concerning the publication of the third volume, which was published in October 1732, have been destroyed, the negotiations are not clear, but there are sufficient letters to show that Swift did not view the project with favour, and that Pope was more concerned about the profit, which went wholly to him, than about his friend's reputation. With regard to verse, Swift mentioned as possible pieces for the volume, but without saying that he wished them published, the Libel on Doctor Delany and a Certain Great Lord, To Doctor Delany on the Libels writ against him, The Grand Question Debated, The Journal of a Modern Lady, The Lady's Dressing Room, and The Place of the Damned. He referred also to the Dialogue between Mad Mullinix and Timothy and Tim and the Fable, and said that beside The Grand Question Debated, he had written five or six, perhaps more, " papers of verses " in the north of Ireland, two or three of which might be tolerable, but the remainder of which were indifferent, the humour being local and the contents likely to give " offence to the

times."(4) When the volume reached him, Swift found, to his evident dismay, that it contained almost no verse except his own, and that of the pieces that he had named the Libel on Doctor Delany and a Certain Great Lord, The Lady's Dressing Room, and The Place of the Damned had been omitted and instead he was represented by such pieces as The Country Life, On Cutting down the Old Thorn at Market Hill, A Pastoral Dialogue, Mary the Cookmaid's Letter, and To Mr. Pope while writing the Dunciad.

To some extent Pope may have been influenced in the choice of pieces by considerations of copyright. He had originally arranged to issue the volume through his new publisher called Lawton Gilliver, whom he had played off against Benjamin Motte, the publisher of the three first volumes, in order to get more profit, but he found that as the representative of Swift's old friend Benjamin Tooke, Motte had too strong a lien on Swift to be disregarded, and eventually the volume was published under the joint names of Motte and Gilliver, the title-page being as follows :

> Miscellanies. The Third Volume.
> London : Printed for Benj. Motte at the Middle Temple-Gate, and Lawton Gilliver at Homer's Head, against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet, 1732.

But even after this arrangement had been made difficulties about copyright were not at an end, for while Pope's volume was on the anvil, Pilking-

ton was arranging for the publication of a rival one. In the absence of the letters that have been destroyed the position cannot be unravelled fully, but from such information as is available it appears to have been an extraordinary one. A month after Swift had sent Pope the list of possible pieces he wrote to Motte, in reply to a letter which is not forthcoming, that he never intended anyone but Motte should be concerned for him as printer or publisher, and that he intended on his death to leave his unpublished pieces to Pope with a recommendation that Motte should be employed to print them. He expresses also his desire that all pieces which he acknowledged should be printed during his lifetime by Motte, provided it should be to Motte's advantage, and adds that Motte is at liberty to tell Pope that this is the case.(5) But within a week Swift executed a document that would appear on the surface to be in direct contravention of all that he had said to Motte.

> Whereas several scattered papers, in prose and verse for these four years last past, were printed in Dublin by Mr. George Faulkner: some of which were sent in manuscript to Mr. William Bowyer of London, printer, which pieces are supposed to be written by me, and are now, by the means of the Reverend Matthew Pilkington, who delivered or sent them to the said Faulkner or Bowyer, become the property of the said Faulkner and Bowyer: I do

here, without specifying the said papers, give up all manner of right I may be thought to have in the said papers to Mr. Matthew Pilkington, aforesaid, who informs me that he intends to give up the said right to Mr. Bowyer aforesaid.

Witness my hand
July 22, 1732 Jonath. Swift
from the Deanery House
in Dublin the day and
year above written.(6)

In letters written to Bowyer in the following month with regard to the rival volume, Pilkington stated that the assignment covered the following pieces, some of them, it will be noticed, being amongst those that Swift had named to Pope as available for his volume,—The Grand Question Debated, the Ode to Ireland, the Libel on Doctor Delany and a Certain Great Lord, To Doctor Delany on the Libels writ against him, The Irish Feast, The Dressing Room, The Country Life, On Cutting down the Old Thorn at Market Hill, The True English Dean, and The Journal of a Modern Lady. Pilkington said also that Swift had discussed with him the titles for the pieces, which he was revising with a view to their publication by Bowyer, and that letters which Swift had received from Motte and Pope, presumably complaining of the rival volume, had not been of the least disadvantage to him.(7) But before the rival volume took shape, Pope appears to have brought pressure to bear on

Bowyer and stopped its publication. Several letters which passed between Swift and Pope on the subject have been destroyed, but, according to Pope, Swift said in one of them that by the assignment he never intended to give a perpetuity, but a leave only to reprint,(8) and Swift may possibly have had in view in these tortuous proceedings a scheme for keeping control of his pieces without acknowledging himself to be the author.(9)

While this correspondence was going on, Swift persuaded an old London friend, John Barber, who was about to be elected lord mayor of London, to appoint Pilkington as his civic chaplain,(10) and when Pilkington was filling that position, in the spring of 1733, Swift made use of him to perpetrate a huge All Fools' Day joke, by sending him a piece which purported to be the Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift. By some of Swift's later biographers it has been doubted that he wrote the travesty, for such it was, but Mrs. Pilkington states in the most categorical manner that he did ; Lord Orrery, who was then closely in touch with the Deanery, mentions it as a matter about which there was never any question ; and Faulkner is equally emphatic.(11) Besides, none but Swift would have taken the trouble to compose the travesty. As Swift said himself, not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, resembled the genuine verses ; (12) but at the same time the travesty follows the Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift with exactness, and could only have been written

by one who had access to them. In addition the date, April 1, affixed to the dedication is additional proof that none but Swift, who held that festival in high regard, was the author. As appears from a letter written some years later the travesty was published through Motte,(13) but it was issued under another name, the title-page being—

> The Life and Genuine Character of Doctor Swift. Written by Himself.
> London: Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, and Sold at the Pamphlet Shops, &c. 1733. (Price One Shilling.) (14)

At the close of the year 1733 Pilkington, who did not leave London for some time after the expiration of Barber's year of office, arranged for the publication of the Epistle to a Lady who desired the Author to make Verses on Her in the Heroic Style, and On Poetry—a Rhapsody. As the event proved, political allusions which they contained were a source of danger to all concerned in issuing them. They were both published, however, with a printer's name. The first was announced in *The Daily Journal* of November 15 as follows:

> This Day is Published [Price One Shilling] An Epistle to a Lady who desir'd the Author to make Verses on Her in the Heroic Stile. Also A Poem occasion'd by reading Dr. Young's Satires, call'd The Universal Passion. Dublin Printed: and

> Reprinted at London for J. Wilford, at The Three Flower-de-Luces, near the Chapter House in St. Paul's Church-yard.

The second was announced in the same newspaper for December 31 as follows :

> This Day is published [Price One Shilling] On Poetry. A Rhapsody. Printed at Dublin, and now Reprinted: Sold by J. Huggonson, next to Kent's Coffee-house, near Serjeants' Inn, in Chancery-Lane; and at the Booksellers and Pamphlet-Shops.(15)

Although the proceedings were taken on the verses To a Lady, it was not until after the publication of On Poetry—a Rhapsody that they commenced. On January 11, 1734, John Wilford, as the ostensible publisher, was taken into custody ; by him Lawton Gilliver was implicated ; by Gilliver Motte and Pilkington ; and finally, by whom is not known, Mrs. Barber, the poetess, who had brought the manuscript from Ireland. All were released on bail, except Motte and Mrs. Barber, who were kept in confinement for more than a year. In popular opinion Pilkington was the informer not only against Mrs. Barber but also against Swift, whose arrest is said to have been only averted by the difficulty of executing the warrant in Ireland, but Mrs. Pilkington avers that her husband was not guilty, and says that she is the more entitled to credit as she had no reason to be partial to him.(16)

Before Pilkington had left London he had

gained anything but a good character amongst Swift's friends, who did not mince matters in writing about him.(17) But notwithstanding what they said, and the fact that Pilkington had set up an acquaintance with one of Walpole's sons, which in any other case would have been a deadly sin in Swift's eyes, Swift received him into full favour on his return to Dublin, and was induced by him to give a semi-sanction to the publication of his works by Faulkner. In the case of the volumes published during his lifetime Swift's semi-sanction was manifested, according to Faulkner, in his allowing his friends to revise the sheets and in his giving them sometimes the benefit of his opinion, and according to Orrery in his actually seeing each sheet and correcting it if necessary himself.(18) But both Faulkner and Orrery say that Swift would give no aid in arranging or dating the contents of the volumes, and the want of his assistance was particularly felt in regard to the metrical pieces.

To these the second volume, which was published in 1735, was wholly devoted. It was considered of much importance, and was issued with an elaborate symbolical frontispiece executed by Philip Simms, a Dublin engraver of some note. The design of the allegory was to show the height of fame to which Ireland might attain if heedful of the spirit of independence that Swift's writings inculcated. In the centre there is a medallion portrait of Swift, with on the right a figure of Hibernia and on the left one of Minerva, while beneath the plains and hills of Ireland appear

with the sea in the forefront, and above on the left there are the symbols of night, sleep and death, and on the right the dawn with a figure of Aurora. Hibernia, who is seated on a rock, has in her right hand a rudder bearing the arms of Ireland and points with her left hand to the sea, indicating that through her insular position she can be the mistress of her fortunes, and Minerva has in her right hand a wreath, which she is about to place on the representation of Swift's head, indicating that Swift has the pre-eminence to fit him to be an adviser. Under the medallion on a scroll there is the inscription :

> The Poetical Works of the Revd. D. S. D.S.P.D. 1734 ;

and on the title-page opposite the frontispiece there appears :

> Volume II. Containing the Author's Poetical Works.
> Dublin : Printed by and for George Faulkner, Printer and Bookseller in Essex-Street, opposite to the Bridge, 1735.(19)

In the same year also such pieces as had not appeared in the Miscellanies were brought out in a volume in London with the following title-page :

> Miscellanies, In Prose and Verse. Volume the Fifth. Which with the other Volumes already published in England, compleats this Author's Works.

London: Printed for Charles Davis, in Paternoster Row. MDCCXXXV.

If the year 1731 had produced no more than the Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift, it would be one to be marked with a white stone. His amazing piece, Sir Edmund Gosse calls it.(20) As regards its composition let Swift speak for himself. Writing on December 1 to Gay he says: "I have been several months writing some five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends will say on me after I am dead. I shall finish it soon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends as well as enemies."(21) Swift opens the piece, which is dated November 1731, with arguments in support of the conclusion of La Rochefoucauld that "in the adversity of our best friends, we find something that does not displease us":

In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, Pox take him and his wit.
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.

St. John, as well as Pult'ney, knows
That I had some repute for prose ;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside ;
If with such talents Heaven has blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em ?

He goes on then to tell what will be said when he begins to break ; how the news of his death will be received in the streets, by the doctors, by Curll, and in the circle of his friends as well female as male ; what view will be taken a year after his death of his works ; and how the history of his life will be told and discussed in clubs.

The publication of the verses did not take place for eight years, and had been originally intended by him not to have taken place in his lifetime. To the author of an unreadable book, Dr. William King, the principal of St. Mary Hall in Oxford, Swift intrusted the arrangements, and under King's direction the verses were published in the opening months of 1739 with the following title and imprint :

Verses on the Death of Doctor Swift. Written by Himself : Nov. 1731.
London : Printed for C. Bathurst, at the Middle Temple - Gate in Fleetstreet. MDCCXXXIX.

But by Pope, whom King had consulted, the verses had been cut down and altered, not only as regards arrangement, but in some places as

regards meaning, in a wholesale fashion, and they were published without notes which Swift had appended to them.(22) Swift was greatly displeased, and without delay he had an edition issued in Dublin by Faulkner giving the verses as originally written with the notes, but in some places leaving words and names, indicated by dashes and asterisks, to be supplied. The title-page was as follows :

> Verses on the Death of Dr. S—, D.S.P.D. Occasioned By reading a Maxim of Rochefoulcault. *Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons quelque chose, qui ne nous deplaist pas.* In the Adversity of our best Friends, we find something that doth not displease us. Written by Himself, November 1731.
>
> London Printed : Dublin : Re-printed by George Faulkner. M,DCC,XXXIX.

Reference must next be made to the four offensive pieces. In the opinion of the biographers who knew Swift personally, Orrery, Delany and Deane Swift, Swift had in writing them a moral purpose. " They are the prescriptions of an able physician," says Delany, the one best fitted to judge, " who had in truth the health of his patients at heart, but laboured to attain that end, not only by strong emetics, but also by all the most nauseous and offensive drugs and potions that could be administered, but yet not without a mixture of the finest ingredients that could possibly be imagined and contrived

to take off the offence which the rest so justly gave."(23) Here one would wish to leave the subject, but honesty compels it to be said that the argument would be stronger if one could forget that, although in a less open way, similar images occur in every period of Swift's verse, and that they are especially to be found in the pieces written at Market Hill, where questions of morality were certainly not an issue. It is probable that the four pieces were written at the same time. The Lady's Dressing Room is dated 1730: two of the others 1731. The first, of which Swift says the copy was stolen, was printed in 1732, with the following title:

> The Lady's Dressing Room. To which is added, A Poem on cutting down the Old Thorn at Market Hill. By the Rev. Dr. S—t.
>
> London, Printed for J. Roberts at the Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane. 1732 (Price Sixpence).(24)

The other three appeared together in 1734, the title being as follows:

> A Beautiful Young Nymph going to Bed. Written for the Honour of the Fair Sex. . . . To which are added, Strephon and Chloe and Cassinus and Peter.
>
> Dublin Printed: London reprinted for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, 1734 (Price One Shilling).(25)

By Swift there was also written in 1731, in

eighteen lines of ten syllables, The Place of the Damned, which recounts the classes that made Ireland a hell upon earth. It was issued as a broadside in that year with the following heading and imprint :

> The Place of the Damn'd : By J. S. D. D. D. S. P. D.
> Printed in the Year, 1731.(26)

About the same time Swift is believed to have written also The Day of Judgement, which, in twenty-two lines of his usual metre, pictures Jove treating the world's feuds as insignificant, and telling the offending race that in believing in the doctrine of damnation, they had been victims of a bite. These wonderful lines, as Mr. Lecky calls them,(27) were evidently guarded jealously by Swift, but in some way they came into the possession of Faulkner, who passed them on to his patron Lord Chesterfield.(28)

As Swift told Gay, in a letter written in March of that year, the genesis of the Epistle to Mr. Gay, which was written then, was an idea gathered from one of Pope's letters that Gay was employed by the Duke of Queensberry to supervise his receipts and expenditure. As described by Swift, the Epistle sounded a very innocuous piece, only proving " that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue and contempt of money," and prescribing lessons to direct Gay's conduct " in a negative way, not to do so and so, etc. like other treasurers," how to deal with servants,

tenants and neighbouring squires, whom Swift took to be " courtiers, parliaments and princes in alliance."(29) But in reality the Epistle was an undisguised and most violent attack on Walpole, and so entranced was Swift by the topic that he could not keep within reasonable bounds. In the same vein are the lines On Mr. Pulteney's being put out of the Council, which were occasioned by the removal on July 1 of Pulteney's name from the list of privy councillors, and from such commissions of the peace as it had been in.

With regard to Irish affairs Swift's satire rose then to no less height, as may be seen in the pieces entitled An Excellent New Poem on the Bishops by an honest Whig Curate and Judas, in which he celebrates his triumph over the bishops by defeating parliamentary bills which they had introduced and which he believed would have resulted in the impoverishment of the country incumbents. But that Swift's mind was not yet all gall and bitterness may be seen in other pieces written that year :—On Psyche, in which he sings the praises of his friend Mrs. Sican, who was a poetess by reputation if not by works ; Helter Skelter, or The Hue and Cry after the Attorneys going to ride the Circuit, in which lawyers are depicted in no friendly spirit ; and a rhyming contest with Dr. Helsham and Sheridan on the words " juice sick."(30)

The Beasts' Confession, one of Swift's more important pieces, is dated 1732. In it the king of the beasts is represented as requiring his

subjects to confess their sins when plague has stricken the land. The wolf confesses that he has broken his fast, but defies proof of his having done his neighbour wrong or being actuated by thirst of blood; the ass confesses that he is a wit, but says that nature is to blame and represents that his voice rivalling that of a nightingale compensates for his ugly ears; the swine confesses that he is too nice in his diet, but excuses himself on the ground that he hates sloth like pease; the ape confesses that his strictness engages him in quarrels and that his virtues are too severe; and the goat confesses that he needs forgiveness for his chastity. Apply the tale, says the moralist, and you will find how it fits the human kind. The lawyer swears that he freely gives the poor advice and never delayed a cause above a term or two; the knave says that he failed because he could not flatter or turn his coat; the chaplain vows he cannot fawn and is wanting in worldly wisdom; the doctor makes a profession of religion and says that he shuns apothecaries' shops and scorns to make his art a trade; the statesman tells one that his fault is sincerity and unselfishness; and the sharper says that he hates play and always loses by want of skill. The piece was published in 1738 with the following title-page:

> The Beasts Confession to the Priest, on Observing how most Men mistake their own Talents. Written in the Year 1732. Dublin: Printed by George Faulkner.(31)

Various other pieces are connected with the year 1732. In one of these, an epigram, Bishop Hort became again the subject of Swift's satire. The epigram was headed On seeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church in the Time of Divine Service to wait on his Grace the Duke of Dorset, and consisted of the following lines :

Lord Pam in the church (cou'd you think it ?) kneel'd down :
When told the lieutenant was just come to town,
His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God, to attend on his Grace ;
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion
Since God had no hand in his lordship's promotion.(32)

Besides this epigram there are assigned to that year Epigrams on the Busts which Queen Caroline had placed in her garden at Richmond, An Answer to A new Simile for the Ladies written by Sheridan, and some lines On I Know Not What.(33)

It was in the same year, 1732, that one of Swift's Dublin heroes, Humphrey French, was elected lord mayor of the city. If his works are correct, Swift adapted then in French's honour verses which had done service three years before in adulating Lord Carteret ; (34) and whatever doubt may be felt as to his responsibility for that piece, Swift seems certainly to have written a very stirring ballad in French's praise. It is entitled The Alderman's Guide or A new Pattern for a Lord Mayor, and contains these stanzas :

Of Humphrey we're told,
The good Duke of old,
For virtue renown'd, and high blood;
Now tho' not his grace
Nor royal in race,
Yet ours is an Humphrey as good.

Our pray'rs heard on high,
Have brought from the sky,
Fair Justice to visit the land,
On cushion and bench,
She substitutes French,
Committing her scales to his hand.

The sun from his course,
Or streams from their source,
You sooner cou'd turn—I assure ye—
Than make him unjust,
Or false to his trust—
Pray mark me—O Walpole and Fleury! (35)

At that time it is probable that Swift was occupied by the pieces To a Lady who asked the Author to write Verses upon her in the Heroic Style and On Poetry—a Rhapsody. The former was addressed to Lady Acheson, and was probably begun several years before at Market Hill. It opens by a reference to the pieces in which Swift had told of her follies. Then it represents her as protesting that there are points in her character worthy of praise, excusing her failings as natural in one bred as a great heiress, and begging some lines in a sublimer strain. Afterwards it gives Swift's reply. He admits that for the qualities

that she mentions praise is her due, but says that she must learn to give and take :

> Scholars, when good sense describing,
> Call it tasting and imbibing :
> Metaphoric meat and drink
> Is to understand and think :
> We may carve for others thus ;
> And let others carve for us ;
> To discourse, and to attend,
> Is, to help yourself, and friend.
> Conversation is but carving ;
> Carve for all, yourself is starving :
> Give no more to every guest,
> Than he's able to digest ;
> Give him always of the prime ;
> And but little at a time.
> Carve to all but just enough :
> Let them neither starve nor stuff :
> And, that you may have your due,
> Let your neighbours carve for you.
> This comparison will hold,
> Could it well in rhyme be told,
> How conversing, listening, thinking,
> Justly may resemble drinking ;
> For a friend a glass you fill,
> What is this but to instil ?

After asking pardon for not acceding to her request to write of her in heroic measure, he says that it would be contrary to his natural vein :

> I, as all the parish knows,
> Hardly can be grave in prose :
> Still to lash, and lashing smile,
> Ill befits a lofty style.

He has even encountered vice with mirth and wicked ministers with scorn rather than with hate, and has found it to answer.

Were I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm ;
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Must I tremble at his frown ?
Could I not, through all his ermine,
Spy the strutting chattering vermin ;
Safely write a smart lampoon,
To expose the brisk baboon ?
When my muse officious ventures
On the nation's representers :
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools :
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull ;
Let the vessel split on shelves ;
With the freight enrich themselves :
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry :
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names ;
Like the ever-laughing sage,
In a jest I spend my rage :
Though it must be understood,
I would hang them if I could.

He loves so much to have his fling that he cannot alter and she must not object :

If I treat you like a crown'd head,
You have cheap enough compounded ;
Can you put in higher claims,
Than the owners of St. James ?

You are not so great a grievance,
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.
You are of a lower class
Than my friend Sir Robert Brass.
None of these have mercy found:
I have laugh'd, and lash'd them round.

It is probable that no long interval intervened between the completion of the piece To a Lady and that On Poetry—a Rhapsody. In the style and treatment there is much similarity. In Poetry—a Rhapsody, which Goldsmith held to be not only the most masterly production of its author, but also one of the best versified poems in our language,(36) the irony, which is sustained from the first to the last line, is astonishing. Everyone claims to be a poet is the burden of the opening lines, although no employment requires more heavenly influence, disqualifies in a greater degree for professional adornment, and brings less reward. To a new attempter an old experienced sinner offers then his counsel. He tells him to choose whatever subject he can manage best, and to set his poem off by copious use of breaks and dashes, italics and capitals. Then to publish it surreptitiously and to listen to what the critics at Will's say about it. As soon as it has become wastepaper let him try a second and a third time, when he can profit by the criticisms that he has overheard, and introduce conventional jests, conceits and descriptions, and vent his fury against the letters of the alphabet, which can be used to represent a parliament or den of thieves, a statesman or a South-Sea jobber, a

prelate who believes in no god, etc. If the third attempt fails, the aspirant can become a party man, and write a pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence, or sing the praises of a king, but if he means to thrive let him choose a living one. In case he thinks that trade too base, he can become a critic and get disciples. London is covered with poets, civic, political and plebian. The greater devour the less : even fleas have smaller fleas on whom to prey. In purchasing fame by writing ill, there is still difficulty. Few are able to reach the low sublime : in poetry the height is known, it is only infinite below. In the concluding passages the hoary sinner declaims on the indignity and shame of flattering kings whom Heaven designed as the plagues and scourges of mankind, but of course their own king is an exception :

> Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
> Whose virtues bear the strictest test ;
> Whom never faction could bespatter,
> Nor minister nor poet flatter ;
> What justice in rewarding merit,
> What magnanimity of spirit,
> What lineaments divine we trace
> Through all his figure, mien and face.

The intensity of irony continues as the royal family is reviewed :

> The consort of his throne and bed,
> A perfect goddess born and bred,
> Appointed sovereign judge to sit
> On learning, eloquence, and wit.

Our eldest hope, divine Iulus—
Late, very late, O may he rule us.
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown ;
Then think, what wonders will be done,
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood :
Bright goddesses, in number five ;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.

Finally, Walpole comes under the harrow :

Now sing the minister of state,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court :
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing !
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector ;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose to rule the sable flock !
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.

St. George beheld thee with delight,
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean,
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.

With the exception of very few pieces, the verses of the remaining years of Swift's life contain nothing but violent personal satire, and before proceeding further it will be convenient to mention three pieces of the lighter kind that seem attributable to the year 1733 : these are A Love Song in the Modern Taste and An Ode on Science ridiculing the style of versification then in vogue, and a few lines entitled The Hardship put upon the Ladies, the hardship being card-playing.(37)

When the Irish parliament met again in the autumn of 1733 one of the first acts of the House of Lords was to attack Faulkner for his part in Swift's opposition to the bishops' bills in the last session, and after a fortnight's imprisonment to have him reprimanded on his knees by the chancellor. Although the House of Commons began well by rejecting " with a roar " a proposal to tamper with the Test,(38) it came under Swift's displeasure by considering a bill which would have involved serious loss to a large number of the clergy. As the bill related to the tithes from flax and hemp, it did not concern Swift personally, but he constituted himself the protagonist of such of his brethren as were affected by it and appeared by counsel at the bar of the House. One of the chief supporters of the bill was the redoubtable Serjeant Bettesworth, and

on him Swift's wrath was vented in the verses On the Words Brother Protestants and Fellow Christians which appeared at the end of December. In it Swift told how things of heterogeneous kind come together and how in particular—

> at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
> Though half a crown o'erpay's his sweat's worth,
> Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
> Calls Singleton his brother serjeant.

These verses were followed by a ballad entitled The Yahoo's Overthrow: or The Kevan Bail's New Ballad upon Serjeant Kite's insulting the Dean, which, although it professes to be written by another, is beyond the capacity of any author but Swift:

The Dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the De'il did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer or leap of a louse.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know;
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning than pleading at bar.

Subsequently when Bettesworth threatened to cut off his ears, Swift wrote an Epigram to prove that this would be a mercy rather than a penalty, as it would save him from being racked by Bettesworth's voice and having to listen to his nonsense; and when Bettesworth railed at Archbishop Bolton, Swift wrote lines On the Arch-

bishop of Cashel and Bettesworth, in which he said that it would be more effective if Bettesworth praised the archbishop, as his panegyrics like mops dirtied more than they cleaned.(39)

The year 1734 is made memorable in the history of Swift's life as a writer of verse by a mystery as to his part in a clash that took place during it between Charles Carthy and William Dunkin, then both aspirants for fame as poets in Dublin. At the time it was believed to be a case of Carthy and others versus Dunkin and Swift, and although two years later Swift declared that he had seen Dunkin only twice in company and would not be able to recognize him by appearance, it is evident that their knowledge of each other was not so slight as Swift wished people to believe, and that directly or indirectly there was communication between them. When the clash took place, Carthy, who was the son of an innkeeper in Longford, was a man of thirty years of age and a master of arts of Dublin University, where he had been distinguished as a sizar and scholar, earning his bread as a schoolmaster in Dublin ; and Dunkin, whose father was described as of gentle blood, was a man of twenty-seven years of age and a master of arts also of Dublin University, where he had been, however, undistinguished, dependent on an annuity secured for him in connexion with a gift of lands to the University by one of his aunts. The origin of the clash is not clear. Three years before the clash came the names of Swift and Dunkin had appeared amongst a host of subscribers to a

volume published by Carthy, Dunkin's subscription being for no less than six copies, and a year before the clash came Swift had received support that was not despicable from Carthy in singing the praises of Humphrey French. The actual clash comprised three pieces, The Kevan Bail Poem, Dunkin Chastised, and Mezentius on the ack, but there were many other pieces that bore upon it. Before it took place there appeared an attack on one of Carthy's followers, a poetaster named James Drelincour, in the form of a dialogue between him and his grandmother's ghost and pieces in which Dunkin is described as the chevalier of St. Patrick, and after the clash took place there appeared A Libel on the Dunces and The Scall'd Crows Nest, which owed clearly their origin wholly to Swift.

Apart from this episode there is little to mark the year 1734. Latin lines written in September On his Deafness indicate Swift's prostration both in mind and body,(40) but some anonymous nursery rhymes occasioned by the birth of Delany's daughter suggest that relief was still sometimes found in *la bagatelle*.(41)

The opening of the year 1735 is associated with lines entitled The Dean and the Duke and an Epigram occasioned by the neglect of the Duke of Chandos, who had been well known to Swift in the days of Oxford's ministry, to answer a letter in which Swift had requested him to give manuscripts relating to Ireland then in his possession to the library of Trinity College, Dublin.(42) Later on, in 1735, there came from

Swift's pen his somewhat famous lines On Dr. Rundle, Bishop of Derry. Rundle's appointment to the Irish episcopal bench, after his rejection for heterodoxy in England, was too congenial a theme to escape Swift, and gave him scope for unlimited satire on the qualifications of those whom Rundle was about to join and of those who had been his rivals. Together with the lines there came also from Swift's pen an Epigram which purported to be on Rundle, but was in reality a satire on Primate Boulter's profundity.(43)

While parliament was sitting in the beginning of the year 1736 there appeared a pamphlet entitled *A New Proposal for the better Regulation and Improvement of Quadrille*, which had been written by Bishop Hort, but owed something to revision by Swift and contained a suggestion that in cases of dispute Bettesworth should be employed as arbiter. On March 3 complaint was made of the pamphlet in the House of Commons as containing "two scandalous paragraphs highly reflecting on a member of the House," and on the same day the unhappy Faulkner was again attached as the printer and committed a close prisoner to the common prison. As malignant fever was raging in it he was in two days transferred to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms, but another printer, Edward Waters, who had the temerity to reprint the pamphlet, was three days later sent to the plague-stricken gaol. The immediate response from Swift were pieces On a Printer being sent to Newgate and On Noisy Tom, and probably also pieces

entitled A new Ballad by way of Dialogue between a Kite and Crow on the Quadrille, A Satire upon a monstrous Peruke Gown and Band written by a Kite, and A Curry-Comb of Truth for a certain Dean, or The Grub-street Tribunal.(44)

But it is certain that these proceedings were also in a great degree the origin of The Legion Club. In the opinion of Churton Collins, that piece is a philippic with neither equal nor second in the literature of invective, but although all must admit that as the artist Swift never was greater than in it, the piece appears to an average mind to lose effect by its maniacal fury. It pictures the members of the House of Commons as the inmates of the asylum that Swift founded, and with regard to those who are mentioned by name, it drags into the light of day every iniquity that a microscopic examination could detect in the lives of themselves or of their ancestors.

Who is that hell-featur'd brawler ?
Is it Satan ? No ; 'tis Waller.
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of Sir Hardress ?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are Hell and murder ;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murdered Throp.
Keeper, show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks :
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren :
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there ?

And again disparagement of the son and brother of Lord Allen is found in the occupation of the peer's great-grandfather.

Those are Allens, Jack and Bob,
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brain-sick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at Howth to boast his fame
On a chimney cut his name.(45)

Even in 1737 a flash of humour as well as satire came from Swift's pen, the latter in Ay and No —a tale from Dublin which recounts Swift's contest with Primate Boulter, at the Lord Mayor's feast, about the lowering of the standard of gold, and the former in a ballad upon the same subject.

Patrick astore, what news upon the town ?
By my soul there's bad news, for the gold she was pulled down,
The gold she was pull'd down, of that I'm very sure,
For I saw'd them reading upon the towlsel doore.
Sing, och, och, hoh, hoh.

Arrah ! who was him reading ? 'twas a jauntleman in ruffles,
And Patrick's bell she was ringing all in muffles ;
She was ringing very sorry, her tongue tied up with rag,
Lorsha ! and out of her shteeple there was hung a black flag.
Sing och, etc.

But then the curtain falls save for the Epigram attributed to his last years :

Behold ! a proof of Irish sense ;
Here Irish wit is seen !
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine.(46)

NOTES

1. Swift's Corr., iv. 169, 257 ; cf. Alumni Dublinenses.
2. Dublin Marriage Licence.
3. Poems on Several Occasions. Printed by George Faulkner in Essex-Street opposite to the Bridge, 1730.
4. Swift's Corr., iv. 307.
5. Ibid., p. 359.
6. Nichols, 1779 (Supplement, p. 479).
7. Swift's Corr., iv. 483.
8. Ibid., p. 485.
9. The publication of the third volume of The Miscellanies was thus announced in The Daily Post of October 2—" Next Wednesday (the 4th) will be published in 8 vo. : Another Volume of Miscellanies in Verse and Prose by Dr. Swift, Mr. Pope, &c. : Containing several Pieces never before published and others never before collected together, which finishes the entire Collection of these Miscellanies. Printed for E. Motte under the Middle Temple Gate and L. Gilliver at Homer's Head against St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street. Where may be had, in Octavo, the Three Volumes formerly published, or the last of those Volumes, containing The Art of Sinking in Poetry with the Poetical Pieces. Price 5s. unbound."
10. Swift's Corr., iv. 323, 333, 338.
11. Orrery, op. cit., p. 279 ; Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs, i. 88 ; Faulkner, 1746.

12. Swift's Corr., iv. 428.

13. Ibid., v. 214.

14. A copy of this edition in the Bodleian Library bears in writing the date April 12. An advertisement of the edition appears in The Daily Journal of April 20. The piece was published in Dublin under the title: "The Life and Genuine Character of the Revd. Dr. S—t, D.S.P.D. Written by Himself. London Printed and Reprinted and Sold by Edward Waters on the Blind Quay, Dublin, 1733." Appendix XXIII.

15. A Dublin edition bears the title: "On Poetry: A Rapsody. London Printed, and Dublin Re-printed, by and for S. Hyde, Bookseller in Dame-Street, 1734."

16. Swift's Corr., v. 51 n., 59 n., 214.

17. Ibid., pp. 44, 67.

18. Op. cit., p. 79.

19. See for advertisement concerning the publication of Swift's Works in 1735, Swift's Corr., v. 449.

20. English Literature, p. 239.

21. Swift's Corr., iv. 273.

22. Ibid., pp. 107, 109, 114, 458.

23. Observations, p. 198.

24. A second edition appeared in the same year with this title: "The Lady's Dressing Room. To which is added, I. A Poem on cutting down the Old Thorn at Market Hill. II. Advice to a Parson. III. An Epigram on seeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church in the Time of Divine Service to wait on his Grace the D. of D. By the Rev. Dr. S—t. We may observe, the finest Flowers, and the most delicious Fruits, sometimes owe their Nutriment and Increase to such kind of Matter, as is most offensive to the Senses, which themselves have the greatest Power to gratify. Fiddes." There were also several Dublin editions. One was entitled: "The Lady's Dressing-Room. A Poem. By ****** London Printed, and Dublin Reprinted in

the Year 1732." Another was entitled: "The Lady's Dressing-Room. A Poem. By D—n S—t. From the Original Copy. The Third Edition. Dublin: Printed and Sold by George Faulkner in Essex-street, 1732." The piece was reprinted in Berington's Evening Post of June 17, 1732.

25. The four pieces were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735. There appears also in that collection a still more objectionable piece Apollo, or A Problem solved. With it may be associated The Mishap, which was attributed to him at the time of his death, and it is to be feared rightly.

26. This piece was also included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735.

27. Swift's Prose Works, 1897, i. xl.

28. The lines were included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1775.

29. Swift's Corr., iv. 202.

30. Excepting Helter Skelter, the seven preceding pieces were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner, the first four in 1735, the fifth in 1762 and the last in 1746. Helter Skelter was included by Hawkesworth in 1775. It had been published as a broadside, which was announced in The Daily Journal of December 7, 1731.

31. A London edition is thus entitled: "The Beasts Confession to the Priest, on Observing how Most Men mistake their own Talents. By J. S. D.S.P. Dublin, Printed: London, Re-printed: And Sold by F. Cooper, at the Globe, in Pater-Noster-Row, 1738." The piece was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1746.

32. The Epigram appears in Fog's Weekly Journal of July 15, 1732, and in the Miscellanies of the same year.

33. The Epigrams were included in Swift's Works by Sheridan in 1784 and Hawkesworth in 1765; The Simile by Faulkner in 1738; and the lines by Hawkesworth in 1765. The autograph of the last is in the

Forster Collection. The Simile was reprinted in The Weekly Register of August 19, 1732.

34. The Ode in its original form bore the title: "To his Excellency John Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. An Imitation of Horace. Ode IX. Lib. IV. Dublin: Printed by James Carson in Coghill's-Court, Dame's Street, 1729." As applied to French, the Ode was included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1779. In that application it was afterwards attributed to Charles Carthy. See An Ode addressed to the Freemen and Freeholders of Dublin in 1739.

35. Appendix XXIV.

36. The Beauties of English Poesy, 1767, i. 175.

37. The three pieces were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner, the first and third in 1735, the second in 1762.

In The Daily Journal of February 24, 1733, Curll and others announced—A Panegyrical Poem on the Horn-Book. With a surprizing Satire upon a very surprizing Lord, Written by Dr. Swift.

38. Swift's Corr., v. 53.

39. On the Words was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1735; The Yahoo's Overthrow by Hawkesworth in 1765; The Epigram by Sir Walter Scott; and the lines by Hawkesworth in 1765. An incomplete piece, The Irish Club, seems connected with the proceedings then. It was added to Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765.

40. The lines were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1746.

41. Appendix XXV.

42. The Dean and Duke was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1765, and The Epigram by Faulkner in 1746. The autograph of the first is in the Forster Collection, no. 527.

43. The first piece was included in Swift's Works by Faulkner in 1762, and the second by Nichols in 1775.

In the year 1735 a pamphlet of some forty pages was published with the following title—Ub-bub-a-boo : or, The Irish Howl in Heroic Verse. By Dean Swift. London : Printed for J. James without Temple-Bar, and Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster, 1735. [Price One Shilling.] It is, both from its style and length, unlikely to have had any connexion with Swift.

44. The first two pieces were included in Swift's Works by Faulkner, the first in 1746, the second in 1762, and the last was included by Nichols in 1776.

45. The piece was included in Swift's Works by Hawkesworth in 1755. It was published at Glasgow in the following year under this title : A Character, Panegyric and Description of the Legion Club. And he said Legion because many Devils had entered therein. Luke VIII. 30. Written by the Writer, But he was not the Inditer. Dublin Printed : Glasgow Reprinted in the year 1756.

46. Ay and No was included in Swift's Works by Nichols in 1776, The Ballad by Sir Walter Scott and The Epigram by Nichols in 1775.

By Sir William Wilde (op. cit., p. 183) there were attributed to Swift two pieces entitled respectively The Review in 1738 and Fix'd on St. James's Gate. Doubt may be felt about the correctness of the attribution, although " the original manuscript in the Dean's well-known disguised hand " was sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge on December 1, 1910.

APPENDIX I

THE

LOYAL ADDRESS

OF THE

Clergy of Virginia.

May it please you dread Sir, we the Clerks of *Virginia*,
Who pray for Tobacco, and preach for a guinea,
Patroon'd to contempt, and by favour made elves,
For troopers are listed and pay tythes to our selves,
The meanest Brigade of your Majesties Grubstreets,
Tho' late, not least loyal of your clerical subjects,
Among crouds of True Hearts that of late do address you,
In our humble phrase do crave leave to carress you
To shew for your safety how with zeal we burn all,
Under the Reverend James Blare our Collonel.
And here we cann't choose but proclaim our resentment,
That we mar'l what the devil the politick French meant:
In affront to your person, and the throne that you sit on,
To dub the young Bricklair, the King of Great Britain.
Tho' we are not with some so high pufft with the ptysick,
As to say 'tis a breach of the Treaty of Reswick;
Yet we boldly averr, and by words do assure it
To be such a contempt, we can never indure it:
Wherefore if your foes do persist for to slight you,
We will all of us pray, nay and some of us fight too:
For like Hogans half drunk, your polemicks I fancy
Can club prety well when inspir'd with Nantsy,

Among all the Black Guard you cann't miss of an Hector,
Unless you chance light on the Williamburg Rector:
Yet we'll favour the French if we find they'l be civil,
For be it known that we fear 'em no more than the Devil:
However we chan huff it, if they never come near us,
If they should I am afraid they would damnably scare us:
Then to save our own skins, and to silence gainsaiers,
We'll leave of our bouncing and fall to our prayers.
May kind Heavens preserve long your Majesties good soul,
And bring Lewis to beg a loath'd life at your footstool:
May Mantanoon p** his black soul to the devil,
And Burgundy rot with his putred Kings Evil:
May young D'Anjoy be trust at the arm of the main-yard,
And Austria possess the command of the Spaniard:
May all factious distinctions henceforth be forgotten,
Nor your spiritual pedlers be contrould by a Scotch one:
May your health in your college go loyally round,
And all your leige people have twelve-pence a pound.

Williamsburgh:

Printed for Fr. Maggot, at the Sign of the Hickery-Tree in Queen-Street. 1702.

Brit. Mus. C. 20. f. 2 (224).

APPENDIX II

A

Trip to Dunkirk :

Or,

A HUE and CRY

After the Pretended

Prince of WALES.

BEING A

PANEGYRICK

ON THE

DESCENT.

Why, hark me, Sirs,—if this rumour holds true,
W'are like here, egad, to have somewhat to do :
The French, as they say (he'll believe it that sees it,)
Are coming gadzookers to pay us a visit ;
With such a vast fleet—(L—d mercy upon's,
And keep us from popery, swords and great guns)
That as I'm alive—tho' I ne'er was afraid yet,
It almost had frighten'd me—first when I heard it.
Nay, more than all this, it is certainly said
There's a little Welch Monarch to come at their head ;
And he, (shame the devil, and let us speak the truth,)
You know in your hearts is a very smart youth,
And doubtless will prove, when he's pleas'd to bestir him,
As valiant as e'er was his father before him,

Who bent on some great expedition in view,
Now glitters in arms with an equipage too,
Which, positively, you may swear is all new.
For as I have heard, (if some people speak right,)
He ne'er march'd before,—unless 'twere to **** ;
But now at the head of ten thousand brave fellows,
(That is, as accounts thence are pleas'd for to tell us)
He's going on some strange advantage or other
(Perhaps 'tis to seek out his father and mother)
In Ireland, or Scotland, or some land or another ;
I can't tell you where, but some place no doubt,
Which you'll hear time enough if he e'er does set out,
With an army of French, Popish bridles and knives,
To cut all our throats and to **** all our *****.
Then stand to your arms, all good people, I'd wish you,
You loyal train'd-bands, and the valiant militia,
Brush up your buff-doublets and Scotch basket-hilt,
(By which, to your honour, no blood was e'er spilt ;)
The nation will now your assistance want sore,
Which, as I remember, they ne'er had before,
Nor will—I hope in kind Heaven, e'er want any more.
Altho' for your zeal, it is not to be question'd,
You've always been ready when ought has occasion'd,
At ev'ry rejoicing you've made a fine show,
(And that is one part of a soldier we know,)
Been drunk, and done all that became you to do,
And as for your valour we cannot deny it,
'Tis known you can fight—tho' you'd rather be quiet.
Nor has the French threats, or their menaces scar'd us,
Because we knew well we'd such a hero to guard us.
Then since they're so hot on't, 'gad e'en let 'em come,
I'll warrant they'll be maul'd—tho' I don't say by whom.
We've rods here in piss, that will firk off their tails,
For all their brave all's—and their monarch of Wales.
Adsheart the young hero had best take a care,
That he ben't in conclusion drawn into a snare ;

For as it is said, his old godsire intends
(Or at least wou'd be glad as the matter now stands)
To get shut of him handsomely off of his hands ;
And therefore e'en tells him in words very plain,
That he hopes (which is true) *ne'er to see him again.*
To e'en sink or swim, fleet, forces and all,
He'll venture this cast, tho' it cost him a fall.

To Ireland some think this Welsh hero is bound,
Tho' pox that's a jest, we may venture five pound :
For there's an old debt still on Lewis's score,
He was bit in assisting his father before,
And therefore he'll hardly come there any more.

No, Scotland's the place they say he's design'd to,
Where 'tis thought—
H'as a great many friends—which perhaps he'll scarce find so ;
But let him take care what may follow hereafter,
If he trusts to the Scots, he may chance catch a Tartar ;
And if he should fall in our clutches ye know,
He'd be damnably mump'd, I can tell him but so ;
Were I in his case I'd not trust my own brother,
They sold us one K——, shou'd they sell us another ;
For our jacks here at home—as brave fellows as may be,
They prick up their ears at the news on't already ;
And out of their zeal they expect him at least
To be here, French and all, when the wind's next at east ;
But some are more cautious, and question it much,
And doubt th' invasion's design'd on the Dutch ;
For the noise of his landing they swear 'tis a bite all,
They'll trust to't no more—till they see him at White-Hall.

But this is but talk all, and so let it rest,
Some are still of opinion 'twill all prove a jest;
This hero at Dunkirk will make his campaign,
And so gallop back to St. Germains again.

FINIS.

London: Printed, and Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. 1708.

Brit. Mus. 11631. bb. 43.

APPENDIX III

An *Irish* BALLAD,

UPON THE

Rev[d] Mr. FRANCIS HIGGINS

HIS

TRYAL;

Before the Lord Lieutenant and Council,

in *Dublin.*

To the Tune of *Ye Commons and Peers.*

I

At a Sessions of late,
There arose a debate,
Which the dons of the county resented;
When a hot-headed jury,
With less wit than fury,
An orthodox church-man presented.

II

With a peer at their head,
Who the managers led,
They most boldly petition'd his Grace,
With tumult and riot,
And zeal most unquiet,
To preserve the Queen's Majesties peace.

III

But the good man in black,
Who no courage did lack,
Wou'd not bate the proud noble an ace, Sir,
Tho' he hufft and look'd big,
And hector'd at Higg,
He bravely supported his place, Sir.

IV

Then, to bully and boast,
They began with a toast,
To William their hero so brave ;
But oh ! I profess,
'Tis a sorrowful case,
To disturb a man's rest in his grave.

V

In peace let him lie,
With his memory,
Whilst our gracious Queen Anne fills the throne ;
By birth and by merit,
Long may she inherit
(In spite of her foes) what's her own.

VI

But the Whigs that unite
To invade her just right,
Wou'd be their own Monarch's electors ;
To pull high-flyers down,
The best friends to the Crown,
And set up themselves for protectors.

VII

These sharpers still aim
At the Forty-one game,
Enrag'd, while they cant moderation ;
That Knaves shou'd be trump,
And a Parliament Rump
Palm bad votes for laws on the nation.

VIII

Of late our Recorder,
'Gainst duty and order,
Has flown in the face of the Duke ;
But when he doth babble,
To his long-ear'd rabble,
Some are forc'd to come off with a puke.

IX

This orator quaint
His hearers does taint,
Whence some who are pleas'd to be witty,
Do give him a name,
I here write with shame,
Not the mouth but the a—— of the city.

X

Some with addle pates,
In furious debates,
Have rail'd at the gown in great passion ;
For they have their heart on
Fanatical Wh—ton
Who wou'd bring the cloak into fashion.

XI

Hence Clod-pate and Rowly
On the Doctor fell foully,
For slighting a health as prophane ;
And their champion my Lord,
Late a man of the sword,
Wou'd his Coll—l's lost honour maintain.

XII

This youngster so smart
Has attempted a part,
To be for the faction a bully ;
But mark the disaster
Of pert little master,
His worship came off like a cully.

XIII

He thought, without doubt,
The Doctor must out,
As soon as his train he did summons ;
And hop'd to be try'd
By hearing one side,
As Mercer was try'd by the Commons.

XIV

To gain him success,
Some great ones, we guess,
In private cabals have assisted ;
But since under the rose,
We will not disclose,
Tho' the plot may in time be untwisted.

XV

With these owls of the night,
Was a swan, tho' not white,
A witness that swore fast and loose ;
But if birds of a feather,
Do still flock together,
'Tis plain that their swan was a goose.

XVI

A like evidence
For conscience and sense
Was Tom Carter deep read in the laws,
Who by falshood, and fictions,
And gross contradictions,
Meant to strengthen, but ruin'd the cause.

XVII

And as we do hear,
They summon'd to swear,
Some persons in office and trust ;
I shall mention but one,
And that's good as ten,
The maker of pyes and pye-crust.

XVIII

This officer saith,
She lives in Tredath,
An evidence chief in the case ;
But she wou'd not be seen,
For fear that the Queen
Shou'd turn her quite out of her place.

XIX

Thus my moderate friends,
To gain their vile ends,
Their violent methods pursue ;
But while Sir Con's in place,
To advise the Duke's grace,
He their plots and cabals will undoe.

XX

Next Anglesea brave
A tribute shall have,
And he in my sonnet shall follow ;
The Church's defender,
When few did befriend her.
Who spake in her case like Apollo.

XXI

Then fill boys the glass,
Here's a health to his Grace,
Whilst those two fast friends are about him ;
Whom if he forsake,
With grief I must speak,
In spight of his guards they will rout him.

XXII

Before I conclude,
The cause of the fewd,
'Tis fit should be told, without favour,
How a fresh-water soldier,
Who ne're had smelt powder,
Was scar'd at the cock of a beaver.

XXIII

And if a cock'd hat
Cou'd cause such debate,
As did in this scuffle befal,
Oh! what had it done,
Had the hat been a gun,
And loaded with powder and ball.

XXIV

Thus by giving them rope,
They have answer'd our hope,
And their line is now brought to an end.
The Doctor's just cause,
For the Queen and the laws,
The Church's true sons may defend.

XXV

But as it is common,
When death men doth summon,
For life to make efforts in vain;
Their impotent malice
Hath made some faint sallies,
But now dead, may they ne're rise again.

Brit. Mus. 1876. f. 1 (56).

APPENDIX IV

SCOTCH-CLOATH,

OR

Occasional-Conformity

Occasionally as we discourst
  Of State, and Church and Nation,
Occasionally we took to view
  That engine call'd Occasion.

Occasion fram'd for nothing else,
  But to Occasion mischief:
A cloak to cover hypocrites,
  Of whom the devil is chief.

Occasion for a loop-hole serves,
  Whenever there's Occasion
To leave plain-dealing in the lurch,
  And fly to dear evasion.

The Jesuit may hang himself,
  And his equivocation:
That fusty ware's not thrown aside,
  Occasion's all the fashion.

Some sophisters of late devis'd
  This new trick call'd Occasion,
By which they have refin'd upon
  All former reformation.

Dull martyrs spilt their blood in vain,
For want of this device Sir,
By this they might have Heathens been,
And Christians in a trice Sir.

Occasion more faces hath,
Upon Occasion surely,
Than any canting Quaker makes,
When he holds forth demurely.

True Scot upon Occasion
Can look like English Bishop,
And so impose with noise and tone,
On all that come to his shop.

Occasion can make a man,
With little or no trouble,
Sincere, as who acts Cat in Pan,
And honest as Tom Double.

Occasion permits some men
Occasionally to lye Sir,
And practise things that are too vile
For such as you and I Sir.

Occasionally they shall conform,
Occasionally dissent Sir,
Occasionally take an oath,
To break it with intent Sir.

Occasionally shall go to Church,
Occasionally to Meeting,
Occasionally betray the Lord,
While they like Judas greet him.

Occasionally deny Him too,
In open view of men Sir,
And where's the harm ? for when 'tis fit,
They own Him can agen Sir.

Occasionally communicate,
Occasionally refrain Sir,
But constantly communicate
When 'twill Occasion gain Sir.

When 'twill Occasion geudly men
To Parliament to ride — a,
And there with great sincerity
To take Occasion's side — a,

On such Occasions they can kneel,
Like rankest idolaters,
But turn once serv'd, and place obtain'd,
No stiffer idol-haters.

Thus Occasionally for God they are,
And Occasionally for Devil ;
Occasionally for good again,
Occasionally for evil.

Occasionally for Heaven bound,
Occasionally for Hell Sir,
But surely 'twill be sad to have
Occasion there to dwell Sir.

London : Printed in the Year, 1711. [Price 1*d.*]

Brit. Mus., 1876. f. 19 (20).

APPENDIX V

A

FABLE

OF THE

Widow and her Cat.

A Widow kept a favourite Cat,
  At first a gentle creature ;
But when he was grown sleek and fat,
With many a mouse, and many a rat,
  He soon disclos'd his nature.

The *Fox* and he were friends of old,
  Nor cou'd they now be parted ;
They nightly slunk to rob the fold,
Devour'd the lambs, the fleeces sold,
  And Puss grew lion-hearted.

He scratch'd her maid, he stole the cream,
  He tore her best lac'd pinner ;
No chanticleer upon the beam,
Nor chick, nor duckling 'scapes, when *Grim*
  Invites the *Fox* to dinner.

The Dame full wisely did decree,
  For fear he shou'd dispatch more,
That the false wretch shou'd worry'd be :
But in a sawcy manner he
  Thus speech'd it like a *L*[*echme*]*re*.

" Must I, against all right and law,
  Like pole-cat vile be treated ?
I ! who so long with tooth and claw
Have kept domestick mice in awe,
  And foreign foes defeated !

" Your golden pippins, and your pies,
How oft have I defended ?
'Tis true, the pinner which you prize
I tore in frolick ; to your eyes
I never harm intended.

" I am a Cat of honour "—" Stay,"
Quo' she, " no longer parley ;
Whate'er you did in battle slay,
By law of arms became your prey ;
I hope you won it fairly.

" Of this we'll grant you stand acquit,
But not of your outrages ;
Tell me, perfidious ! was it fit
To make my cream a perquisite,
And steal, to mend your wages ?

" So flagrant is thy insolence,
So vile thy breach of trust is,
That longer with thee to dispense,
Were want of pow'r, or want of sense :
Here, *Towzer* !—do him justice."

The Ashley Library.
Prior's Works, 1907, ii. 382.

APPENDIX VI

THE
Description of Dunkirk
WITH
Squash's and Dismal's
OPINION

How easily Prince Eugene may retake it, and many other matters of the last Importance.

HARLEY at length has reaped the fame,
His father sow'd in actions just,
And rais'd his family a name
Renown'd for faithfulness in trust.
Dunkirk to save for England's good
Sir Edward strove with might and main,
Which without cost, and without blood,
His son dos gloriously regain.
Our Whigs are mad, the Dutch repine,
The Germans gnash their teeth to see
His measures crown'd in each design,
In spite of their inveteracie.
All Britain by his actions knows
Her friends from such as are her foes,
For patriots are by actions shown
As by their fruits the trees are known.
Thus Harley's deeds are great and good,
Not chargeable nor stain'd with blood ;
So that his wisdom's better far
Than Malbro's swords and guns in war.

Since Oxford's wisdom Dunkirk won,
A work too great for Fighting John,
And France so long declar'd a foe
To peace, her love of peace dos show,
And proves in treaties she's sincere
Now knaves and rebels disappear.
For none but idiots would trust
The coveteous and the unjust.
But when such enemies they have
Like Harley loyal, Ormond brave,
Dunkirk the richest gem in France
They yield, that peace they may advance.
The Dutch therein to see our banners
Display'd, begin to mend their manners,
To eat their words and stink for fear,
And own in the wrong box they were
To treat great Ormond as they've done
And lye i' th' face of the bright sun.
First the half charge o'th' war's too sore,
Next they can pay the whole and more,
And in contempt of Heaven and Anne
Prevaricate with God and man.
As snug at roost as sets a Pullet,
Eugene on cock-horse fears no bullet.
One leg o'er's saddle-pommel throws,
With snuff sets charging of his nose,
As safe behind his horse's head
As any Crispin in a shed.
Yet he himself for all his cunning
Much fears our English way of gunning,
And finding he has been mistaken
Grows complaisant to save his bacon.
But th' other day in height of pride
The English thus he did deride,
They send a warlike Plenipo
To make a peace and for a show

(As if Dutch limits they'd extend)
A peaceful general they send.
For all Eugene is grown so witty,
The little man must change his ditty.
When he shall know from France and Spain
How much for Britain's good we gain ;
For one pacifick grand Campaign
Shall do great Britain far more good
Then all that cost us so much blood :
When homebred vipers without measure
Made prey and plunder of our treasure,
And everything was wrong or right
Claim'd as one subject's perquisite.
Eugene shall own all this is true,
Repent and beg our pardon too ;
Or he and mercenary bands
Shall have the lash from Villars hands,
And then reswing'd to common sense
Fly to brave Ormonde for defence.
Not longer shall our Whiggs make boast
That Dunkirk's but a butter'd toast
And scarce will serve (mark but their spleen)
To make a breakfast for Eugene.
Eugene will take't, cries Squash, by Mars,
As easily as **** his **** ;
Which I can the more safely swear
Since I and my dear lord were there,
Like chimney sweepers drest that we
Might with our dismal hopes agree ;
But tears gush't from my eyes in floods
To see my lord was in the suds,
And that his face wellwash'd at last,
Renew'd its shallow brownish cast,
Which made him known ; thus all our hopes
Of gathering flourishes and tropes,
Without ladders without ropes,

For winter speeches now are o'er ;
I prov'd it was in no man's power
To wash till white a blackamoor.
But what most makes my spirits droop,
Folks cry my lord's a ninecomepoop,
A truth they safely may maintain,
Since all his speeches, shifts and pain
Are like their washing me in vain.

FINIS

Printed in the Year MDCCXII.

Brit. Mus. 11602. i. 12 (4).

APPENDIX VII

To Mr. Sheridan
On his " Art of Punning "

Had I ten thousand mouths and tongues,
Had I ten thousand pair of lungs,
Ten thousand skulls with brains to think,
Ten thousand standishes of ink,
Ten thousand hands and pens to write,
Thy praise, I'd study day and night.
Oh ! may thy work for ever live
(Dear Tom a friendly zeal forgive);
May no vile miscreant saucy cook
Presume to tear thy learned book,
To singe his fowl for nicer guest,
Or pin it on the turkey's breast.
Keep it from pasty bak'd or flying,
From broiling steak, or fritters frying,
From lighting pipe, or making snuff,
Or casing up a feather muff,
From all the several ways the grocer—
Who to the learned world's a foe, Sir—
Has found in twisting, folding, packing,
His brains and ours at once a racking,
And may it never curl the head
Of either living block or dead ;
Thus when all dangers they have past,
Your leaves, like leaves of brass, shall last,

No blast shall from a critic's breath,
By vile infection, cause their death,
Till they in flames at last expire,
And help to set the world on fire.

Nichols, 1779.

APPENDIX VIII

The BANK thrown down.

To an Excellent New TUNE.

Pray, what is this Bank of which the town rings ?
The banks of a river I know are good things,
But a pox o' those banks that choke up the springs.
Some mischief is brewing, the project smells rank,
To shut out the river by raising the bank.

The dams and the weirs must all be your own,
You get all the fish, and others get none,
We look for a salmon, you leave us a stone.
But thanks to the House, the projectors look blank,
And thanks to those members that kick'd down the bank.

This bank is to make us a new paper mill,
This paper they say, by the help of a quill,
The whole nation's pockets with money will fill.
But we doubt that our purses will quickly grow lank,
If nothing but paper comes out of this bank.

'Tis happy to see the whole kingdom in rags,
For rags will make paper, and Pa-ba-ba-bags,
This paper will soon make us richer than Craggs.
From a bo-bo-bo-boy he pursues his old hank,
And now he runs mad for a ba-ba-ba-bank.

Oh ! then but to see how the beggars will vapour,
For beggars have rags and rags will make paper,
And paper makes money, and what can be cheaper ?
Methinks I now see them so jovial and crank,
All riding on horseback to hell and the bank.

But the cobbler was angry, and swore he had rather,
As they did in old times, make money of leather,
For then he could coin and could cobble together ;
And then he could pay for the liquor he drank
With the scrap of a sole, and a fig for the bank.

By a parliament-man when the farmer was told,
That paper would quickly be dearer than gold,
He wonder'd for how much an inch 'twould be sold :
Then plodding, he thought on a whimsical prank
To turn to small money a bill on the bank.

For nicely computing the price by retail,
He found he could purchase two tankards of ale
With a scrap of bank paper the breadth of his nail ;
But the tapster well cudgell'd him both side and flank,
And made him to curse the poor innocent bank.

The ghost of old D-mer, who left not his betters,
When it heard of a bank appear'd to his debtors,
And lent them for money the backs of his letters :
His debtors they wonder'd to find him so frank,
For old Nick gave the papers the mark of the bank.

In a Chancery Bill your attorney engages,
For so many six-pences, so many pages,
But six-pence a letter is monstrous high wages :
Those that dropp'd in the South-Sea discover'd this plank,
By which they might swimmingly land on a bank.

But the squire he was cunning and found what they meant,
That a pack of sly knaves should get fifty per cent,
While his tenants in paper must pay him his rent:
So for their quack-bills he knows whom to thank,
For those are but quacks, who mount on a bank.

Dublin: Printed by John Harding in Molesworth-Court.

Brit. Mus. 839. m. 23 (93).
Trin. Coll. Dubl. Lib. Press A. 7. 6 (2).
Gilbert Lib. Newenham Pamph. 1 (28).

APPENDIX IX

The First of April:
A
POEM.
Inscrib'd to Mrs. E. C.

This morn the God of Wit and Joke,
Thus to his choir of Muses spoke:
"Go, Sisters Nine, into that cabin,
Where most true sons of Phoebus ha'bin;
Each take a child into her care,
There's one for each and one to spare;
Tho' there's a boy whom a lord [1] chooses,
Who is as good as all the Muses;
And beauteous Bess a differ'nt case is,
For she belongs to all the Graces;
Divide the rest, but then take care,
Ye don't fall out about the heir."
They dropp'd low court'sies, one and all
And took their progress tow'rds Loughgall.
Apollo laugh'd till he was sick,
That he had served the prudes a trick.
"With due submission to the god,"
Thalia said, "'tis somewhat odd,
We all shou'd march on this occasion,
And not leave one for invocation.
Poets till they grow hoarse may bawl,
And not a Muse will hear their call:
Besides to me this seems a bubble,
'Tis all to save their mother trouble;

[1] Anglesey.

I'll warrant she's some flaunting dame,
Regardless of her house and fame ;
When we come there we'll stand unseen,
T'observe her management within."
They peep'd and saw a lady there
Pinning on coifs and combing hair ;
Soft'ning with songs to son or daughter,
The persecution of cold water.
Still pleas'd with the good-natur'd noise,
And harmless frolics of her boys ;
Equal to all in care and love,
Which all deserve and all improve.
To kitchen, parlour, nursery flies
And seems all feet, and hands, and eyes.
No thought of hers does ever roam,
But for her squire when he's from home ;
And scarce a day, can spare a minute
From husband, children, wheel or spinnet.
The Muses when they saw her care,
Wonder'd the god had sent them there,
And said "His worship might ha' told us,
This house don't want, nor will it hold us.
We govern here ! where she presides
With virtue, prudence, wit besides ;
A wife as good as heart cou'd wish one,
What need we open our commission,
There's no occasion here for us,
Can we do more than what she does.
Thalia now began to smoke,
That all this business was a joke.
"Sisters," said she, "my life I'll lay,
Ye have forgot this month and day—
'Tis a fair trick, by ancient rules—
The god has made us April fools."

Royal Irish Academy. 24. C. 32.
Wilde, Last Years, p. 172.

APPENDIX X

JOVE'S RAMBLE:

A

TALE

Shewing how the

MOON was made of a GREEN CHEESE

That gods sometimes, incognito,
Convers'd with mortals long ago,
(As by my grandam I've been told,
The king and cobler did of old,)
Is what I rather will suppose,
Than prove, since logick is but prose.
  Believe ye therefore, that one night,
Ere moon was made to give us light.
" Before the moon was made—That's pleasant,"
Some forward critic crys. At present
I beg your leave, Sir, to go on:
You shall be satisfied anon.
Well, Jove, it seems, had now patrol'd
All day; and hungry, wet and cold
In such an ancient night was trudging,
To find some house and ask for lodging.
At length a mastiff-dog he heard,
Rending his throat, in farmer's yard.
His godship, long 'twixt hope and fear,
At last took courage, and drew near;
When strait the dog, whether by smell
These animals a god can tell,

Who knows, however, fawn'd upon him,
And wagg'd his tail as if he'd known him.
Thus pious elephants we see
Adore the host with bended knee ;
And carriers' horses view with dread
The devil driving without head,
By which examples we may ken
Some beasts are as devout as men.
The farmer now came to the door,
An honest civil man, tho' poor,
And kindly ask'd him his request,
Jove told his case, and spoke his best :
Had Hermes at his elbow stood,
Perhaps his speech might have been good,
But setting that at once aside,
Jove spoke, and Dobson thus reply'd.
" Why truly friend, I have had warning,
I miss'd my cocks and hens this morning ;
Within my barn four gypsies lay
Last night, and stole them all away.
But it were hard to judge, I trow,
That all are bad, 'cause some are so.
So pray walk in "—He set a chair,
Begg'd pardon for his homely fare ;
Such fare no god had ever seen,
The remnant of a cheese call'd green.
Then the good man a faggot lighted,
To cheer the stranger thus benighted,
And bid him dry his dropping clothes,
And warm his feet, and toast his nose.
Jove tho' he lik'd not much the food,
Was hungry, and the will was good ;
So he e'en fell on without sparing,
And strok'd poor Tray, and gave him paring.
They talk'd of harvests, and of rain ;
The gypsy's tale was told again ;

And then the guest to please his host
Call'd to my landlord for a toast ;
" Your daughters, come, they must be pretty " ;
And then he laught, and then grew witty :
All which we out of modesty,
For fear of spoiling, will pass by :
But could I sing with Pindar's vein,
Or lyrick D'Urfey's loftier strain,
The farmer's ale would claim a song,
As smooth as oil, as brandy strong.
Now Jove to bed he e'en may go,
And dream of any, you know who,
The farmer's daughter if he please,
Or lie awake and curse the fleas ;
For spite of fate, where poultry come
These vermin will be troublesome.
Next morn came Dobson e'er 'twas light ;
" I hope you've rested well last night."
Jove yawn'd, and thank'd him, you may think,
Altho' he never slept a wink,
Then thus went on, " Know, honest man,
'Tis Jupiter you entertain,
Who shall your services reward
By miracle as yet unheard.
First, then, your cheese shall upward rise,
And gain a station in the skies,
Where shining, with amazing light,
It travellers shall guide by night.
And when it shall, with few nights wearing,
Be worn out to the very paring,
It shall again, by just degrees,
Increase till it be grown full cheese :
Besides, as peculiar grace,
You in your cheese shall have a place,
And on your back a bush shall bear,
The fasces of your empire there.

Lastly, shall Tray, your trusty friend,
Be your companion to the end ;
Of dogs terrestrial, sovereign lord,
By solemn midnight bark ador'd."
Now, how they got up to the skies—
But there they are, let that suffice.
Hence, with true jest, 'tis often said,
The moon of a green cheese is made ;
Tho' the craz'd scholar, in that round,
A world inhabited has found,
And gravely fancies that he sees
Mountains, seas, rivers in a cheese.

Dublin : Printed in Big Ship-street, 1723.

Trin. Coll. Dubl. Lib. Press, A. 7, 6 (17).

APPENDIX XI

UNDER SPUR-LEATHERS

The Drapier's Head is associated with the following pieces:

The Donore Ballad. Inscrib'd to the Praise of the worthy M. B. Drapier. Written on the occasion of putting up his Head in Truck-street.

The Drapier Anatomized: A Song.

A New Song Sung at the Club at Mr. Taplin's, The Sign of the Drapier's Head in Truck-street.

A Second Song, Sung at the Club at Mr. Taplin's.

The Drapier's Ballad.

A Congratulatory Poem on Dean Swift's Return to Town. By a Member of the Club, held at Mr. Taplin's in Truck-street, October 7th, 1725.

Samuel Owens would appear to have written the following pieces:

Remarks upon the Report of the Committee of the Lords of his Majesty Privy-Council in Relation to Wood's Half-pence. By Samuel Owens, Lock-Smith (1724).

Vulcan's Speech spoken the 12th of August 1725 to his Excellency the Lord Carteret, on Occasion of the Contest between the Smiths and Taylors about Precedency in their March.

The Auricula.

An Elegy on the much Lamented Death of Mr. John Lock of Athgoe who departed this Life the Second of November 1747. Written by Samuel Owens, Lock-Smith.

Robert Ashton would appear to have written the following pieces :

A Congratulatory Poem to the Reverend Dean Swift. By Robert Ashton (1725).

A Poem in Honour of the Loyal Society of Journeymen Shoemakers, who are to Dine at the Castle in Castle-street, on Monday October the 25th, 1725. Being the Anniversary of St. Crispin. Written by R. Ashton, one of the Brethren.

A Poem in Honour of the Loyal Society of Journeymen Shoemakers, who are to dine at the Bull's Head in Fishamble-street on Tuesday, October the 25th 1726, being the Anniversary of St. Crispin. Written by R. Ashton, S.M., a Member of the Society.

A Satyr on the Journeymen Taylors. Written by R. A., Shoemaker.

A Poem on the Birth-Day of Her late Majesty Queen Anne of Ever Glorious Memory. Dedicated to the Reverend Dean Swift. Writ by Rob. Ashton (1726/7).

APPENDIX XII

BLUESKIN'S BALLAD.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

1

Ye fellows of Newgate whose fingers are nice
In diving in pockets and cogging of dice ;
Ye sharpers so rich who can buy off the noose,
Ye honester poor rogues who die in your shoes,
Attend and draw near,
Good news you shall hear,
How honest Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear ;
Now Blueskin's sharp penknife has set you at ease,
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he please.

2

When to the Old Bailey this Blueskin was led,
He held up his hands, his indictment was read,
Loud rattled his chains, near him honest Wild stood,
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood ;
Then hopeless of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a sad widow of honest Wild's wife ;
But forty pounds paid her, her grief shall appease
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he please.

3

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown
Who steal the king's gold and leave him but a crown ;

Some say there are peers and some parliament men
Who meet once a year to rob courtiers again ;
But let them have their swing
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon instead of a string ;
For Blueskin's sharp etc.

4

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call briberies grants, and plain robbery pensions,
Physicians and lawyers who take their degrees
To be learned rogues, call their pilferings fees ;
Since this happy day
Now ev'ry one may
Rob (as safe as in office) upon the high-way ;
For etc.

5

Some rob in the customs, some cheat in th'excise
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise ;
Churchwardens who always have dreaded the halter
As yet only venture to steal from the altar ;
But now to get gold
They may be more bold,
And rob on the high-way since honest Wild's cold ;
For etc.

6

Some by public revenues which pass thro' their hands
Have purchas'd clean houses and bought dirty lands ;
Some to steal from a charity think it no sin,
Which at home (says the proverb) does always begin ;
If ever you be
Assign'd a trustee,
Treat not orphans like Masters in the Chancery ;
For etc.

7

What a pother is here with Woods and his brass,
Who would modestly make a few halfpennies pass ;
The patent is good, and the precedent's old,
For Diomede changed his copper for gold ;
But if Ireland despise
The new halfpennies,
More safely to rob on the road I advise,
For Blueskin's, etc.
Printed in the Year 1724–5.

Brit. Mus. 839. m. 23 (31).

The assault which Blueskin, otherwise Joseph Blake, the companion of Jack Sheppard, made on Jonathan Wild, the receiver of stolen goods and informer, was not fatal. Blake was hanged on 11 November, 1724, and Wild pursued his ordinary occupations for some months and did not die until 24 May, 1725, when he also was executed.

Another version of the ballad was published in London [Brit. Mus. 1876, f. 1 (74)]. It appears to be a revised form of the Dublin version.

APPENDIX XIII

RIDING THE FRANCHISES OF DUBLIN

The Dublin Jubilee, a new Poem ascrib'd to The Rt. Honourable Lord Mayor of this City on His Riding the Franchises, August the 12th 1725. Accompanied by All the Corporations.

A Poem on the Riding the Franchises.

The New Order and Procession of the Riding the Franchises (ironical).

A Second Poem on the Riding the Franchises (ironical).

The Order of the Procession of the Journeymen Builders, Plaisterers, Painters, and Free-Masons. To which is added a Poem suitable to the Occasion. By Henry Nelson, Bricklayer, a Member of the Society.

APPENDIX XIV

HARDING'S RESURRECTION

FROM

HELL upon EARTH

Forth from my *dark* and *dismal Room*,
Behold to Life again I come ;
By long confinement, poor *John Harding*
Has hardly left a single Farthing ;
He's brought to such a wretched Pass,
He'd almost take the *English Brass* ;
Begs that his *Customers* would use
His *Pamphlets*, *Elegies*, and *News*.

My *Letters* all, that silent lay,
Are glad again to see the Day ;
See, from their *Cases* how they rattle,
Like Armies drawn in Ranks of Battle ;
The CAPITALS, as being Great,
Before the *Font* advanc'd in State ;
The rest are Common Soldiers all,
Obedient to their *General's* call ;
Italick, *Roman*, and *Long Primer*,
Diff'ring like *Tory*, *Whig*, and *Trimmer*,
Distinguish'd by their *Forms* and *Size*,
Some *sink* beneath, while others *rise* ;
Others to *neither side* inclin'd,
In close *Parenthesis* confin'd ;
And since for neither they've Regard,
I think indeed they might be spar'd ;

Some for the Greatness of their Station
Have got a Note of *Admiration*!
Others are *trench'd* within their *Clauses*,
As I for LIBELS—as the LAW says;
For *Stops* and *Points* I take to be
To *Them*, what is a *Jail* to *Me*.
Some cloath'd in *black*, and some in *red*,
Some with, and some without a *Head*;
Others with *Tails* advance among
The rest, but we supply the Tongue.
Now look *Abroad* among Mankind,
Exact the *Parallel* you'll find,
By *Interest* guided, or by *Rage*,
In *Peace* they join, in *Wars* engage;
Some *high*, some *low*, some *great*, some *little*,
The *Letters* fit us to a *Tittle*;
And when we've met our *final Doom*,
Don't they pursue us to our *Tomb*?
Upon the *Whole*, sure *Man* had better,
Ne'er known *Himself*, or known a *Letter*;
This I experienc'd to my *Cost*,
For All I *Got* by *them* I *Lost*;
And *nothing* now can *make Amends*,
But my *old Customers* and *Friends*.

Faulkner, 1751.

APPENDIX XV

A

SATYR

Canit, ante Victoriam Triumphum.

Most Reverend *Dean*, pray cease to Write ;
Nor longer dwell on Things so Trite ;
Teize not unto thy Feeble Aid,
Each *Grace* and *Heliconian* Maid ;
Apollo's tired, *Minerva* Swears,
She never more will hear thy Prayers ;
And to speak Truth, I think it odd is,
To Nauseate, thus, The God and Goddess ;
To *Ditto* it, daily, through the Town,
And Write, and Write our Spirits down.

Great Sir, its own'd, you well behav'd ;
Your Skin is whole, your Country's sav'd ;
The Grand Dispute ! you've made an End on't ;
Our State and Church are Independent.
The Weather's good, and *Phœbus* Smiles,
On This, just, as on other Isles ;
In Gold we wallow ; But, nor Brass,
Thank God, or Silver current pass ;
Priests bent, and People are, on Gains,
No Politicks disturb our Brains.
No Popish Plot, nor Wars Alarms
Our Warlike Genius wakes to Arms.

Long since, the *Muses* Nine were seen,
To take their leave of *College-Green* ;
The *Graces* too, are either Dead,
Or, Opiated, are gone to Bed,
And (unless Fame does much bely 'em,)
Dos'd, sleeps *Præpos. Cum sociis*, by 'em ;
No Midnight Hours consume the Taper ;
Cheaply are sold Pen, Ink and Paper.
Science and Arts are at a Stand ;
Were't not for *Hel—m's Slight of Hand*,
For *Sherry*'s Quibles, and thy Quill,
The Dusty Press wou'd stand, quite, still ;
A Stop to Literature be put,
And the *Musæum*' Gates be shut :
And, as it happen'd, once at *Paris*,
(Nor fetch'd, the Simile, too far is,)
With Milk, the Maids, so *jeune et Tendre*,
Wou'd cry about, *Latin A vendre*.

But pray, *Great Sir*, (our Isle's *Apollo*,)
From what dull Logic, does it follow,
That, 'cause in Writing you have Skill,
Can joke off Hand, have Wit at Will,
That *a whole People* you must cully,
And feed with nought but *Chapon Bouilli* :
And make us all for Idiots pass
With Foreign Nations : *Wood and Brass*
Being all the Subjects, that you write on,
And squander Wit, and vent your Spite on :
Unless that, how and then, you deign
To praise your self, in humble Strain.

Stop then thy Hand, my dear *Dean Bluff* ;
Believe me Sir, you've done enuff :
Ay, and much more, a deal, than any
Poet before ; wrote against Money.

Then let us chaw, no more, your *Crambe*;
No such disgustful Thing there can be;
Thy Saint ordain'd not such Lent-Diet;
His Broad-fac'd Mob's Mouth's shut and quiet:
Snarlerus does no longer press
In fervent Pray'r for thy Success:
No longer frown, no longer flatter;
The Saint, again, is turn'd The Satyr.
Ev'n *Præcox*, who did, once, abhor thee,
Has ceas'd, at length, to stutter for thee.
And I must say (what e'er be ment)
Thy Works are no great Complement,
For Learned *Carteret* to lay before him,
Et spes et Ratio Studiorum.
Nor do I see the wondrous Glory,
You're like to get, by all this Story;
You Print, just as you Preach and Pray,
No mortal ever yet said, *Nay*,
You write, a while; and then write on;
Sole Arbiter of Pro & Con.
No Knight attempting to oppose
The Olive Dean and Black-guard Foes.
And you'll be, fully, answer'd, when,
For want of *Brass*, your *Huzza-Men*
Find *Butter-Milk* nor Bought, nor sold here,
Which happen may, e're you're much Older.

And so ADIEU.

PRINTED in the YEAR, MDCCXXV.

Brit. Mus. 839. m. 23 (59).

A
LETTER
FROM
D. S——t to D. S——y.

Quid de quoque Viro, cui dicas, sepe caveto.

Dear Dean, if e're again you Write,
Beware of Subjects you call *Trite*,
For *Satyr* now's so common grown
That ev'ry S—th, and Type in Town
Have teiz'd, by calling to their Aid
The *Graces* and the other *Maid*;
That, Faith, I think, there scarce is Room
For you or I to crave a *Boon*;
But, Yet, you'll find by what will follow,
That I'm Befriended by *Appollo*,
And that by all I e're did hear
Minerva ne'er an Oath did Swear
Unless by you she was Entreated
When first of *Griz*, you *Grafton* reated,
But as to DITTO'T *thro' the Town*,
You never did, for 'twould not down.
My *Country's* sav'd, as you have shown,
And *Skin's* yet whole, I needs must own,
And if by Chance I should deny it
I'm sure Old *Jour*—— you'd not stand by it;
And if you should, we'd ne'er have end on't,
Both Church and State, being still dependent.
The Weather's Fair, nay, that is true,
But what is it to me or you?
Or if 'tis true, Great *Phoebus* smiles
On this, as upon other Isles,
I know no Reason at this Time
We should them Quote, unless for Rhime.

In Gold, Perhaps, my Friend you Wallow
And W——d's ditto Pills do Swallow,
Being possitive there is no P——st
So bent on Gains, Ju——ro by C——est
As you Dr. S——y are, being sure
The Coyn's Currant and Mettal Pure.
If Wood's Coin should 'mongst Us pass
Tho' now I'm poor I them might pass
As well as you, for a *Midas*:
Then as to War's Alarms I pray
What is't that you or I've to say,
(Who ought for Peace and Plenty Pray.)
Science and Art you say at stand are,
How that can be, when you at hand are,
I can't Conjecture, for Dr. D——n
You hate to see ought that seems Clean
Since *Cindercola* first you Courted
And with the youthful Damsel sported.
Hel——am does truly Wit command
And surely Writes with slight of Hand.
For *Sherry's* Quibbles, and thy Skill,
They are as once, and *Idem* still.
Since I'm *Apollo* stil'd by you,
When e're I'gin, you should pursue
And boldly force the winged Quill
Unto the utmost Bounds of Skill,
And never turn upon thy Master
Who sav'd thee from a great Disaster.
What's meant by *Chapoon* I can't guess
And making —— some for Ideots pass
Unless i' th' Answer of his Grace,
Which if right ta'en, and but good Luck-hold
By the horned Sun, he sure meant C——d,
Not saying, lest I go too far,
That you an *Actæon* was, or are.

Now let's no more caress thy *French*,
Nor *Cindercola*, charming Wench!
Lest my *Mobb's* Mouth, being seldom quiet,
Should them Ordain for *Lenten* Diet.
Snarlerus next, I'm sure, has need
Of Prayers, that he might well succeed,
And bravely *Precox* might oppose
Cum multis aliis (all his Foes)
When they're to pull him by the Nose,
And by the Orders of his Betters
Have him confin'd in Iron Fetters;
Now you've done right, *No Knight attempting*
To oppose the D——n your-self Exempting
Because no —— But B——k Gown'd Foe,
As when Time serves, you more shall know.

FINIS.

Brit. Mus. 839. m. 23 (76).

APPENDIX XVI

A Christmas Box for
NAMBY PAMBY,

OR,

A Second part to the same Tune.

Ludit & Inania captat. Hor.

Now the Day is almost peeping,
What! is Namby yet a sleeping?
Prince of all harmonious Jingle,
Whether double, whether single,
And of soft bewitching Numbers,
Gently causing gentle slumbers,
And of Quibble, Pun, and Riddle,
Rise and string thy tuneful Fiddle;
Rise, compose a Christmas Carol
And receive the bending Laurel,
Tho' we cannot hear the Thrush,
Nor the Linet in the Bush,
Nor the kind refreshing Breeze,
Softly whisp'ring thro' the Trees;
Tho' Florella has withdrawn
All her Beauties from the lawn,
Locking up her Cabinet,
Pink, and Rose, and Violet,
Tulips, Daffidels, and Daizies,
And whatever Namby pleases;

You may sing of Cook-maids nasty,
And of Pudding, Pye and Pasty ;
And of Dumpling, Tart, and Custard,
And of Turkies, Geese, and Mustard ;
And of Kitchen wenches toiling,
And of Pots and Posnets boiling ;
And of Spits in order turning,
And of Beef and Mutton burning ;
And of Jacky Horner dipping
Bits of Bread into the Dripping ;
And of sprightly City Prentice,
Feeding upon dainty dainties,
Cakes and Ale and other Cheer,
Christmas comes but once a year :
And of Bully, without Riches,
Pledging Coat and Vest and Breeches ;
And of straggling sparks and Mummers,
Watchmen, Bell-men, Fidlers, Drummers,
With a Rat, Tat, Tat Tat too,
Having nothing Else to Do ;
And of Porters, Cits and Weavers,
Cobblers, Smiths, and penny-shavers,
Without Rhime or Reason Drinking,
Not of Wives or Children thinking,
Tho' they had so many warnings,
Spending all their Weekly earnings &c.
Those and other themes we meet,
Daily passing thro' the Street,
Gently tag'd with gentle Rhimes
Must Amuse the Gentle times,
And make up a Deal of Verse,
Fit for Namby to Rehearse ;
" On the next returning Spring,
" When again the Linets Sing "
You may treat of other themes,
Woods and Groves and Purling Streams,

Pebbles thro' the Channel Straying,
Bubbles on the Surface playing,
And of Rivers still in Motion,
Smoothly gliding to the Ocean,
And of Hills and lofty Mountains,
Pearly Dew and Christal Fountains,
And of Cool Refreshing Shades,
And the Gay enamel'd Meads,
Thus in Summer or in Winter,
You may still Employ the Printer.

FINIS.

Brit. Mus. 1890. e. 5 (128).

APPENDIX XVII

To the Honourable Mr. D.T. Great Pattern of Piety, Charity, Learning, Humanity, good Nature, Wisdom, good Breeding, Affability, and one most eminently distinguished for his Conjugal Affection.

Ex Despauterio [1]

O *Tite* Tute *Tati tibi* tanta *Tyranne tulisti.*

What strange disorder often springs
From very light and trivial things!
Which makes philosophers conjecture
They are from Providence a lecture,
To check our vanity and pride,
And many other faults beside.
This gave the first creation rise
Of maggots, insects, worms, and flies,
Of bugs, wasps, midges, mice and rats,
And barking curs, and spit-fire cats;
That strive to shun them where you will,
There's one or other at you still;
No man escapes insidious vermin,
From coat of frieze to royal ermin;
From the low joint-stool to the throne,
These plagues of Egypt favour none.

[1] Joannes Despauterius (1460–1520), grammarian. The line, a fragment of Ennius, is quoted by Despauterius in his treatise 'De Figuris,' *Commentarii*, 1537, p. 613.

And now to paint the sev'ral ways,
Such trifles have such power to teize.
The lurking maggot, in your meat,
Destroys your appetite to eat.
Proceed to bed, that place of rest,
Lay down your head and do your best,
One little, skipping, sorry flea,
Can chase the god of sleep away.
The bug, that spawn of rotten wood,
Not only sucks, but taints your blood,
At length you seize the worthless prize,
You squeeze, he bursts, and bursting dies ;
But still a greater curse you find,
So strong a stink he leaves behind.
The crawling louse assails you next,
You grope, and grope, you fret, you're vex'd,
This little speck of sweat and dirt,
Altho' it cannot greatly hurt,
Yet still it makes you scratch and shrug,
As much as the adherent bug.
If none of these a rat or cat,
Or nibbling mouse, or buzzing gnat,
May come as you're supinely laid,
And break the peace which sleep has made ;
So slight an accident destroys
The greatest of all human joys !
If to the fields you walk for air,
What num'rous squadrons meet you there,
Flies of all sorts, and hues you see,
From ev'ry ditch, and ev'ry tree,
Like dust in clouds, or powd'ring hail,
Your face on all sides they assail,
Eyes, cheeks, brows, lips, and chin, and nose,
Are all attack'd by swarming foes ;
You tap them with your hands in vain,
No sooner off, but on again ;

Such are the plagues of human life,
Doom'd ever thus to live in strife,
With things so much beneath our care,
To wage an everlasting war.
Canst thou, O man! be vain and proud,
When this must be by all allow'd;
One flea, one wasp, one fly, one drone,
Thy pow'rs of thinking can dethrone;
If perch'd upon your lip, or brow,
Can banish what your thought just now,
Can break the lab'ring fancy's chain,
And set your brains to work again.
What pain the riding traveller feels,
When barking curs are at his heels!
He stops, he turns, he stands at bay,
And frights them for a while away;
But still they teize, and still pursue,
And keep the bounding steed in view,
Till one cur bites him to the bone,
And almost brings the rider down.
That case and his is just the same,
Who mounts upon the horse of Fame,
Some envious snarling curs pursue him,
With eager malice to undo him;
'Till one more fierce than all, thro' spite,
Comes up and gives his horse a bite,
The bouncing prancer kicks amain,
The rider holds a strait'ned rein,
Clings fast, until the horse has done,
The cur flies off, and he rides on.

Note, This Paper will be continued weekly, if due Encouragment be given.

Dublin: Printed by S. Harding on the Blind-Key, 1725.

The following Fable is most humbly Inscribed to the Honourable Mr. D. T. A most Extraordinary Personage, Renowned for his great Quality, Charity, Hospitality, Liberality, Civility, Piety, Affability, Dignity, Love to Liberty, and Property, Facility of Speaking, Volubility of Language, Activity, and Agility, with many other Endowments which I reserve for the next Dedication.

O Tite Tute Tati tibi tanta Tyranne tulisti. Despaut.

THE SICK LION AND THE ASS

A lion sunk by time's decay,
Too feeble grown to hunt his prey,
Observ'd his fatal hour draw nigh,
He droop'd and laid him down to die,
There came by chance a savage boar,
Who trembled oft to hear him roar,
But when he saw him thus distrest,
He tore and goar'd his royal breast.
A bull came next (ungen'rous foe),
Rejoic'd to find him fall'n so low,
And with his horny-armed head,
He aim'd at once to strike him dead,
He strikes, he wounds, he shocks in vain,
The lion still conceals his pain.
At length a base inglorious ass,
Who saw so many insults pass,
Came up and kick'd him in the side,
'Twas this that rais'd the lion's pride.
He rous'd and thus he spoke at length.
(For indignation gave him strength),
Thou sorry, stupid, sluggish creature,
Disgrace and shame, and scorn of nature!
You saw how well I could dispense,
With blows from beasts of consequence;

They dignified the wounds they gave !
For none complain who feel the brave.
But you—the lowest of all brutes,
How ill your face with courage suits ;
What dulness in thy looks appears !
Thy hanging face ! thy slouching ears !
I'd rather far, (by Heav'n 'tis true)
Expire by these than live—by you ;
A kick from thee is double death !
I curse thee with my dying breath.

THE MORAL

Rebukes are easy from our betters,
From men of quality and letters,
But when low dunces will affront,
What man alive can stand the brunt ?

Dublin : Printed by Sarah Harding 1725.

Written on dorso in ink in British Museum copy :—

D— T— the greatest of the great
D— T— the pillar of the state
D— T— the ablest politician
D— T— the skilfulest physician
Of all the hero's of antiquity
There never yet was one like D—y T—.

Brit. Mus. 1890. e. 5 (230) ; also 839. m. 23 (63).
Nat. Lib. Dubl., Thorpe Tracts, xii. 105–6.

A
FAREWELL TO THE WORLD
By the Honourable D——

I

Farewel ye Gilded Follies pleasing Troubles,
Farewel ye honour'd Rags, the glorious bubble,

Fame's but a hollow Eccho, Gold pure Clay,
Honour thy Darling, but of one short Day :
Beauty, the Eyes of Idol, but a Damask'd Skin,
State but a Golden Prison to live in ;
And Torture Free-born Minds, Embroidered Trains,
Meerly but Pageants for Proud swelling Veins :
And Blood allay'd to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, not our own ;
Fame, Honour, Beauty, State, Train, Blood, and birth,
Are but the fadeing Blossoms of the Earth.

II

I wou'd be great, but that the Sun doth still
Levil his Rays against the rising Hill.
I wou'd be high, but see the proudest Oak
Most subject to the rending Thund'ring stroak.
I wou'd be Rich, but see Men too unkind,
Dig in the Bowels of the Richest Mine.
I wou'd be Wise, but that I often see
The *Fox* suspected, while the *Ass* goes free.
I wou'd be Fair, but see the Fair and Proud,
Like the bright Sun, oft setting in a Cloud.
I wou'd be Poor, but see the humblest Grass
Still trampled on, by every unworthy *Ass*,
Rich hated, Wise suspected, Scorn'd if poor,
Great fear'd, Fear temp'd, high, still envy'd more :
I Wish all, but now I Wish for neither
Great, High, Rich, Wise, or Fair, Poor to be rather.

III

Wou'd the World now adopt me for her Heir,
Wou'd Beauty's Queen, entitle me the Fair :
Fame speak my Fortunes, Minium cou'd I view
ANGELS with *India*, what a speaking Eye,

Command bare Heads, bow'd Knees, strike Justice dumb,
As well, as Blind and Lame, or give a Tongue
To Stones by *Epitaphs*, be call'd great Master,
In the loose Rhimes of every *Poetaster*.
Cou'd I be more than any Man that lives ;
Great, Fair, Rich, Wise, in all Superlatives,
Yet I most freely wou'd these Gifts resign,
Then ever Fortune wou'd have made them mine ;
And hold one Minute of this Holy Leasure,
Beyond the Riches of the empty Pleasure.

IV

Welcome pure thoughts, welcome ye silent Groves,
These Guests, these Courts, my Soul most dearly loves ;
Now the Wing'd People of the Sky shall Sing
My Cheerful *Anthems* to the gladsome Spring ;
A Pray'r-Book now shall be my Looking-Glass,
In which I will Adore sweet Virtues Face :
Here Dwells no hateful looks, no Palace cares,
No broken Vows dwell here, nor pale fac'd fears !
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot-love's folly,
And learn to effect an Holy Melancholy ;
And if Contentment be a Stranger then,
I'll never look for it, but in HEAVEN again.

CONCLUSION

Birth it is a bragg, Glory a Blaze,
Honour Earth's Pomp, Riches a Gaze.
Fame is but a Wind, Beauty a Flower,
Pleasure a Dance, the World's a Bower :
In HEAVEN with thee, LORD let me be ;
On Earth my HEAVEN'S alone in Thee.

FINIS.

Dublin : Printed in the Year, 1725.

Brit. Mus. 1890. e. 5 (7).

APPENDIX XVIII

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS OF ENGLISH INNS

I. On a window at an Inn

II. At an Inn in England.

Hawkesworth, 1765.

III. On a window at the Four Crosses in the Watling-street Road, Warwickshire.

Nichols, 1808.

IV. Another at Chester.

Faulkner, 1735.

V. Another at Chester.

VI. Another at Chester.

VII. Another at Holyhead.

VIII. Another Written upon a Window where there was no writing before.

Hawkesworth, 1765.

IX. On seeing Verses written upon Windows at Inns.

X. Another.

XI. Another.

Faulkner, 1735.

APPENDIX XIX

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

To a good Old Tune

I Synge of a sermon a sermon of worth,
Which newly was printed, and newly come forth ;
A sermon of late
Which rais'd a debate,
And many opinions, of Church and of State :
It was made by a priest of six foot and more,
But the like of it, scarce has been heard of before.

Most are at a loss to find out his true meaning,
Whilst others of some dark design are complaining,
Some think he's for Martin,
Some for Jack his heart in,
But most do agree he's for Peter, for certain :
O Synge who won't think thou wert bred at St. Germains,
Who reads what opinions you've broach'd in your sermons.

Some say it is new, some say what is stranger,
That all you have said is taken from Bangor :
Then looks it not oddly
T'extract from Ben Hoadly
A scheme that seems Popish to all that are godly :
O Synge thou had'st better been hang'd in a rope,
Than thus to turn stickler for Rome and the Pope.

Now who will not say you are for the Pretender,
When yo' oppose the true Faith and the Faith's true defender ?
For you open a door
For Babylon's whore,
And for all sects that are in the world, and much more :
O Synge thou had'st better have died in thy youth,
Than thus to be plagu'd for opposing the truth.

This sermon was lately attack'd in a letter,
Which some people think might have been somewhat better ;
Be that as it will,
He got a damn'd pill,
Which in vain he since thought to expell by his quill :
O Synge thou had'st better by far held thy peace,
Than thus to be slav'd by the Vicar of Naas.

Beware of this vicar and dread his attack,
For surely he'll lay you, at length, on your back ;
For he shews you've perplex'd
And murther'd your text,
And quoted—of which you'll hear more in his next :
O Synge thou had'st better a blanket been toss'd in,
Than thus to be pelted for quoting St. Austin.

This truth for experience is always allow'd,
That men of low parts may pass in a crowd,
Without vain pretence,
To superior sense,
Or more than kind nature does wisely dispense :
But when they pretend to soar up 'bove their pitch,
It is twenty to one, but they fall in a ditch.

How-e'er he's abus'd here, he's sure that in Britain,
He'll meet with applause both from Whiston and Ditton.
So S-nge be not **** on
By Whiston or Ditton,
He cares not what Irish folk say of what's written:
Synge, Ditton and Whiston: Synge, Whiston and Ditton:
Synge, **** on and **** on, Synge **** on and **** on.

Printed in the Year, MDCCXXVI.

Brit. Mus. 839. m. 23 (157).

APPENDIX XX

ELEGY

UPON

TIGER;

Her dead LADY's Joy and Comfort,
Who departed this Life,
The last day of *March*, 1727.
To the great Joy of *BRYAN*,
That his Antagonist is gone.

AND is poor TIGER laid at last so low!
O Day of Sorrow!—Day of Dismal Woe!
Blood-Hounds, or *Spaniels*, *Lap-Dogs* 'tis all one,
When *Death* once Whistles—Snap—away they're gone.
See how she lies, and hangs her Lifeless Ears,
Bath'd in her mournful LADY'S Flowing Tears!
Dumb is her *Throat*, and Wagless is her *Tayl*,
Doom'd to the *Grave*, to *Death's* Eternal Jayl!
In a few Days this *lovely Creature* must
First turn to *Clay*, and then be Chang'd to *Dust*!
That Mouth which used its LADY'S Mouth to Lick,
Must Yield it's Jaw-Bones to the *Worms* to Pick.
That Mouth which used the PARTRIGE-WINGE to Eat
Must give it's Palate to the *Worms* to Eat.
Methinks I see her now in CHARON'S Boat,
Bark at the *Stygian* Fish which round it Float;

While CERBERUS, Alarm'd to hear the Sound,
Makes *Hell's* wide Concave Bellow all around.
She sees him not, but hears him thro' the Dark,
And Valiantly returns him Bark for Bark.
But *now* she Trembels—*tho' a Goast*, she Dreads,
To see a Dog with three large Yawning Heads.
Spare her you *Hell-Hounds*,—case your frightful Paws,
And let poor TIGER S[c]ape your furious Jaws.
Let her go safe to the *Elyzian Plains*,
Where *Hylax* barks among the *Mantuan* Swains;
There let her Frisk about her new found Love,
She lov'd a Dog when she was here above.

The EPITAPH

Here lies beneath this Hollow Marble,
An Annimal cou'd Bark, or Warble.
Sometimes a Bitch, sometimes a Bird,
Cou'd eat a Tart, *or eat a* T——

N.B.—She died in Puppy, and left two poor helples Infants behind. And that Mrs. *Sally*, and *Jane* and *Robin* cryed three Days for.

Trin. Coll. Dubl. Lib. Press, A. 7, 4 (115).

APPENDIX XXI

Spuddy's Lamentation
For the Loss of her Collar,
Who was Deprived of it the 12th of April, 1728.

Bow Wou Wou.

A creature I, of flesh and blood,
A lady's dog, my name is Spudd ;
My doleful case all men shall know,
Being fed and pamper'd, free from blow ;
My lady took what care she cou'd,
And often cried, " Come hither Spudd :
Pray is it not a pretty creature ?
Look at its nose—so fine a feature—
My dog it shall have what it wants,
Tom, bring some water, see it pants ;
O give my dear a bit of gizard,
It won't eat wild-fowl, cunning wizard ;
But see the sense it has ! I vow,
I wou'd not give it for a cow."

Thus Spuddy liv'd, with care attended,
By all the neighbours much befriended ;
She had a bit, a tender pat
From all that at the table sat ;
But now confus'd, with tears in eyes,
She tells ye that her lady dies ;
And e'er her lady's funeral,
Drops off her master-general—
Good luck to squire, to me hard fate,
That they to him shou'd leave the plate ;
A dreadful day to me poor bitch,
That he to plate, had such an itch ;

I ne'er met hardship, nor rebuff,
The day they died, I got a cuff,
A cuff—I scarce cou'd bear, but must,
Now they are gone, and laid in dust;
The man appear'd as if in dolor,
He call'd me 'Spudd, let's see your collar'.
I thought his goodness was so great,
Not to insist my collar's plate,
Believ'd he more in mind had those
That lay in coffins last repose;
But he insisting on his right,
Took collar, plate, and bid good-night:
All cried out 'Shame!' and thought a wonder,
To coax a beast, and then to plunder.
As grave a countenance he had,
As master when he whips a lad,
Or mother when she gives advice
To daughter that she may shun vice.

He said, 'Poor Spudd, your collar's neat,
I'd have yourself to wear your plate.'
I'm satisfied of that, good Sir,
Tho' bitch I am, I hate a cur,
That gave my master such a wound,
Your usage in the thousand pound;
And when you got it, bid Adieu,
To your papa, and sweet Kilbrew.

My wish ('tis time to give you ease),
May your sweet collar ne'er want fleas,
And, since you've shewn your poor mean spirit,
A collar worse may you inherit:
To man or beast, you'll ne'er be good,
So kiss the nose, or **** of Spudd.

FINIS.

Brit. Mus. 1890, e. 5 (160).

APPENDIX XXII

A

PANEGYRIC

On the Reverend

Dean *SWIFT*.

In Answer to

A LIBEL *on Dr.* Delany,

and a certain Great Lord.

Never before Printed.

LONDON :

Printed for J. Roberts in *Warwick-Lane*, and N. Blandford at the *London-Gazette*, *Charing-Cross*. MDCCXXX.

(Price Six-pence.)

A

PANEGYRIC

On the Reverend

Dean SWIFT.

Could all we little Folks that wait,
And dance Attendance on the Great,
Obtain such Privilege as You,
To rail, and go unpunish'd too ;

To treat our *Betters* like our *Slaves*,
And all Mankind as *Fools*, or *Knaves*;
The Pleasure of so large a Grant
Would much compensate all we want.
Mitres and *Glebes* could scarce do more
To *scratch* our endless *Itch* of Pow'r.
For next to being great our selves,
It is to think all great ones *Elves*,
And when we can't be *tete à tete*
Their Fellows, turn their *Dread* and *Hate*.
How amply then does Pow'r provide
For you to gratifie your Pride?
Where'er the Wind of *Favour* sits,
It still your constitution hits.
If fair, it brings you safe to Port,
And when 'tis foul, affords you Sport.
A *Deanery* you got, when *in*;
And now you're *out*, enjoy your *Grin*.

But hark'ee, is it truly so,
(And you of all Mankind should know)
That Men of *Wit* can be no more
Than *Pimps* to Wickedness in Pow'r?
Then pray, dear Doctor, condescend
To teach the Science to your Friend.
For long inur'd to musty Rules,
And idle Morals in the Schools,
My highest Progress in the Myst'ry
Is of *short Sessions a long Hist'ry*;
Lampoons on *Whigs*, when in Disgrace;
Or vile *Submissions*, when in Place;
Poems address'd to great Men's *Whores*;
Or other *Lap-Dog* Cures for *Sores*.
But form'd more perfect *Gamester*, you
The deepest *Tricks* of Courtiers knew.

Your *Horace* not content to quote,
You at a Pinch could *forge* a *Plot*;
The fatal *Box* itself display'd,
Where *Whigs* their cursed *Trains* had laid;
Nor ceas'd the *Faction* to pursue,
Till you had got them in a *Screw*.
Oh, wondrous *Box*! my Lyre unstrung
Shall be, when thou art left unsung.
More precious far than ev'n the Gift
Of our *Metropolis* to *Swift*;
The Gift, (Good Heav'ns preserve't from Thieves)
Of *Lord May'r*, *Aldermen*, and *Shrieves*,
Where, if the Curious list to read 'em,
They'll find his Life, and Acts, and *Freedom*,
And the Great Name engrav'd most fairly
Of him that *Ireland* sav'd, and *Harley*;
With quaint *Inscription*, which contains,
Laid out with no less Art, than Pains,
His Virtues all, and half my Brains.

No Wonder 'tis, you think it *little*
To *lick a Rascal States-man's Spittle*,
Who, to express your *great* Devotion,
Have swallow'd down a stronger Potion,
A Composition more absurd,
Bob's *Spittle* mix'd with *Harry*'s ——
Oh, could'st thou teach us how to *Zest*
Such Draughts as this, and then *Digest*,
Then we might also have in Time
More beneficial Ways than *Rhime*;
Refuse our Patron's Call to dine,
Pish at his Cook'ry, *Damn* his Wine;
Assume a *Dignitary*'s Airs;
And go to *Church*, and say our Prayers.

Rightly you shew, that *Wit* alone
Advances few, enriches none.

And 'tis as true, or Story lies,
Men seldom by their *Good Deeds* rise ;
From whence the Consequence is plain,
You never had commenc'd a *Dean*,
Unless you other Ways had trod
Than those of *Wit*, or Trust in GOD.
'Twas therefore cruel hard, by *Jove*,
Your *Industry* no better throve,
Nor could atchieve the promis'd *Lawn*
Though *Robin*'s Honour was in Pawn ;
Because it chanc'd, an old grave *Don*
Believ'd in GOD, and you in *none*.
Be this however your Relief,
Whene'er your Pride recals your Grief,
That all the Loss your Purse sustain'd
By that Rebuff your *Virtue* gain'd.
For must you not have often *ly'd*,
And griev'd your *righteous Soul* beside,
Th' *Almighty's Orders* to *perform*,
Not to *direct* a *Plague*, or *Storm*,
But 'gainst the Dictates of your Mind,
To *bless*, as now you *curse* Mankind ?

You tell me, 'till my *Fortune's made*,
I must take up the *sweetening Trade*.
I own, the Counsel were not wrong,
Did *Congreve*'s Wit inspire my Song,
Or could my Muse exert the Rage
Of *Addison*'s Immortal Page,
When rap't in Heav'nly Airs, he sings
The Acts of GODS, and Godlike Kings.
But form'd by You, how should their Model
E'er enter any Mortal's Noddle ?
Our Thoughts, to hit your nicer Taste,
Must in a diff'rent Mould be cast ;

The Language *Billingsgate* excel;
The Sentiments resemble *Hell.*

Thus, should I give your Humour Place,
And draw like you my *Patron's* Face;
To do him Honour meet, in Course
I must compare him to a *Horse*;
Then shew, how *States-men* oft are stung
By Gnats, and draw the Nation's *Dung*,
The *stinking* Load of all the Crimes,
And *Nastiness* of modern Times,
Not only what themselves have ——
For that were not unjust a Bit,
But all the *Filth* by *Spiss*, and *Sparse*
Of e'ery *Rogue* that wears an ——.

To add more Dignity and Light
To an Allusion so polite,
The *Devil* ready stands, my *Swift*
To help our Fancy at a Lift;
Yet envy not, that I repeat
The damnable the dear Conceit.

" So when poor *Irish Rapparee*
" Is sentenc'd to the fatal *Tree*;
" Or naughty Boy elopes from School;
" Or pretty Miss has play'd the Fool,
" And crack'd her tender *Maiden-head*
" By lying on too hard a Bed;
" Their Loads they all on *Satan* lay,
" The *Devil* did the Deed, not they.

The Simile wou'd better *jump*,
Were you but plac'd on *Satan's* Rump;
For if bestrode by you, *Old Nick*
Himself could scarce forbear to kick,

And curse his wicked Burthen more
Than all the Sins he ever bore.

Is this the Art, good Doctor, say,
The true, the genuine sweet'ning Lay ?
Then must it truly be confest,
Our *Ministers* are void of Taste,
To let such *Dabs* as You and I
So long undignify'd lie by,
While Dunces of the coarsest Clay,
That only know to *preach*, and *pray*,
Devour the *Church's tiddest Bits*,
That only should be shar'd by *Wits*,
And leave us nought but *Guts*, and *Garbage*,
Or dirty *Offals* cook'd with *Herbage*.

No less than Reasons of such Weight
Cou'd make you so *sincerely hate*
Both —— and *Ministers* of *State*.
For once there was a Time, GOD wot,
Before our Friends were gone to *Pot*,
When *Jonathan* was great at *Court*,
The *Ruin'd Party* made his Sport,
Despis'd the Beast with *many Heads*,
And damn'd the *Mob* whom now he leads.
But Things are strangely chang'd since then ;
And *Kings* are now no more than *Men* ;
From whence 'tis plain, they quite have lost
GOD's *Image*, which was once their Boast.
For *Humankind* are all *Yahoos*,
As *Gulliver* divinely shews.
Both Envy then, and Malice must
Grant your Aversion strictly just ;
Since you alone of all the Race
Have clear renounc'd both *Name*, and *Face* ;
And with the *Virtues* pant to wear

(May Heav'n indulgent hear your Pray'r !)
The *Proof* of your high *Origine*,
The *Horse's Countenance Divine!*
While *Grattan*, *Sheridon*, and I,
Who after you *adoring* fly,
An humbler Prospect only wait,
To be your *Asses Colts* of *State*,
The *Angels* of your awful *Nods*,
Resembling You, as *Angels* GODS.

FINIS.

Brit. Mus. 11631. e. 61.

APPENDIX XXIII

THE

LIFE

AND

Genuine Character

OF

Doctor *SWIFT*.

Written by Himself.

London :

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*, and

Sold at the Pamphlet Shops, *&c.* 1733.

(*Price One Shilling.*)

To the READER.

This Poetical Account *of the* Life *and* Character *of the Reverend* Dean SWIFT, *so celebrated through the World for his many* Ingenious Writings, *was occasioned by a* Maxim *of* Rochefoucault : *and is now published from the* Author's last corrected Copy, *being Dedicated by the* Publisher, *To* ALEXANDER POPE, *of* Twickenham, Esq ;

TO

Alexander Pope, *Esq*;

OF

Twickenham in the County of *Middlesex.*

As you have been long an *intimate Friend* of the *Author* of the following *Poem*, I thought you would not

be displeased with being informed of some Particulars, how *he* came to write it, and how *I*, very innocently, procured a *Copy*.

It seems the D—n, in conversation with some *Friends*, said, he could guess the discourse of the World concerning his *Character* after his Death, and thought it might be no improper *Subject* for a *Poem*. This happened above a Year before he finished it; for it was written by small pieces, just as *Leisure* or *Humour* allowed him.

He shewed some Parts of it to *several Friends*, and when it was compleated, he seldom refused the sight of it to any *Visiter*: So that, probably, it has been perused by *fifty Persons*; which being against his *usual Practice*, many People judged, likely enough, that he had a desire to make the People of *Dublin* impatient to see it *published*, and at the same time resolved to *disappoint* them; For he never would be prevailed on to grant a *Copy*, and yet several Lines were *retained* by *Memory*, and are often repeated in *Dublin*.

It is thought, that one of his *Servants* in whom he had great *confidence*, and who had access to his *Closet*, took an opportunity, while his *Master* was riding some miles out of town, to *transcribe* the whole *Poem*: and it is probable, that the *Servant* lent it to *others*, who were not *trusty* (as it is generally the case). By this accident, I, having got a very *correct Copy* from a *Friend* in *Dublin*, lye under no obligation to conceal it.

I have shewn it to very *good Judges*, and *Friends* of the *Dean*, (if I may venture to say so to You, who are such a *Superior Judge* and *Poet*), who are well acquainted with the *Author*'s Stile, and Manner, and they all allow it to be *Genuine*, as well as perfectly *finished* and *correct*; his particular *Genius* appearing in every Line, together with his *peculiar* way of *thinking* and *writing*.

I should be very sorry to offend the *Dean*, altho' I am a perfect Stranger to his *Person:* But since the *Poem*

will infallibly be soon printed, either *here*, or in *Dublin*, I take my self to have the best *title* to send it to the *Press*; and I shall direct the *Printer* to commit as few *errors* as possible.

I am, Sir, *with the greatest respect,*
Your most Obedient and
most Humble Servant,
L. M.

From my Chambers
in the Inner Temple,
Lond. Apr. 1. 1733.

THE
LIFE and CHARACTER
OF
Dean SWIFT.

Upon a *Maxim* in *Rochefoucault.*

Wise *Rochefoucault* a *Maxim* writ,
Made up of *Malice*, *Truth*, and *Wit*:
If what he says be not a *Joke*,
We *Mortals* are strange kind of *Folk*.

But hold— : before we farther go,
'Tis fit the *Maxim* we should know.
He says, " Whenever *Fortune* sends
" *Disasters*, to our *Dearest Friends*,
" Although we *outwardly* may Grieve,
" We oft are *Laughing in our Sleeve*.
And, when I think upon't, this minute,
I fancy, there is something in it.

We see a *Comrade* get a fall,
Yet *laugh* our hearts out, *one* and *all.*

Tom for a *wealthy Wife* looks round,
A *Nymph*, that brings *ten thousand* Pound:
He no where could have better pick'd;
A *Rival* comes, and *Tom*—is nick'd—.
See, how behave his *Friends* profest,
They turn the *Matter* to a *Jest*;
Loll out their Tongues, and thus they talk,
Poor Tom has got a plaguy baulk—!

I could give Instances Enough,
That *Human Friendship* is but *Stuff.*
Whene'er a *flatt'ring Puppy* cries
You are his *Dearest Friend*—; he lyes:
To lose a *Guinea* at *Picquet*
Wou'd make him *rage*, and *storm*, and *fret*,
Bring from his Heart *sincerer* Groans,
Than if he heard you *broke your Bones.*

Come, tell me truly, wou'd you take well,
Suppose your *Friend* and *You* were *Equal*,
To see him always *foremost* stand,
Affect to take the *upper hand*,
And strive to pass, in *publick* view,
For much a *better Man* than *You*?
Envy, I doubt, wou'd pow'rful prove,
And get the *better* of your *Love*;
'Twou'd please your Palate, *like a feast*,
To see him *mortify'd* at least—.
'Tis true, we talk of *Friendship* much,
But, who are they that can *keep touch*—?
True *Friendship* in two breasts requires
The same *Aversions*, and *Desires*;

My *Friend* should have, when I complain,
A *Fellow-feeling* of my *Pain.*

Yet, by *Experience,* oft we find,
Our *Friends* are of a *diff'rent* mind;
And, were I tortur'd with the *Gout,*
They'd *laugh,* to see me make a *rout,*
Glad, that themselves cou'd *walk* about.

Let me suppose, two special Friends,
And, each to *Poetry* pretends:
Wou'd either *Poet* take it well,
To hear the other *bore the Bell*— ?
His *Rival,* for the *Chiefest* reckon'd,
Himself, pass only for the *Second*— ?

When you are *Sick,* your *Friends,* you say,
Will send their *Howd'ye's* ev'ry day:
Alas! that gives you small relief— !
They send for *Manners*— ; not for *Grief*— :
Nor if you dy'd, wou'd fail to go
That Ev'ning to a *Puppet-Show*— :
Yet, come in time to *shew* their *Loves,*
And get a *Hatband, Scarf,* and *Gloves.*

To make these *Truths* the better known,
Let me suppose the *Case* my *own,*

The day will come, when 't shall be said,
" D'ye hear the *News*— ? The *Dean* is dead— !
" *Poor Man!* he went, all on a sudden— !
H'as drop'd, and *giv'n the Crow a Pudden* !
What *Money* was behind him found ?
" I hear about *two thousand* Pound—.
" 'Tis own'd he was a *Man* of *Wit*—,
Yet many a *foolish thing* he writ— ;

" And, sure he must be *deeply* learn'd—!
That's more than ever I discern'd—;
" I know his *nearest Friends* complain,
" He was too *airy* for a *Dean*—.
" He was an *honest man* I'll swear "—:
Why Sir, I differ from you there,
For, I have heard another Story,
He was a most *confounded Tory*—!
" Yet here we had a strong report,
" That he was *well-receiv'd* at *Court*—.
Why, then it was, I do assert,
Their *Goodness*, more than his *Desert*—.
He grew, or else his *Comrades* ly'd,
Confounded *Dull*—, before he Dy'd—.

He hop'd to have a *Lucky Hit*,
Some *Medals* sent him for his *Wit*;
But, truly there the *Dean* was bit—.
" And yet, I think, for all your *Jokes*,
" His *Claim* as good as other *Folks*—.

" Must we the *Drapier* then forget?
" Is not our *Nation* in his debt?
" 'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's Letters*—!
He shou'd have left them for his *Betters*;
We had a Hundred *abler Men*,
Nor need *depend* upon his *Pen*—.
Say what you will about his *reading*,
You never can *defend* his *Breeding*!
Who, in his *Satyrs* running riot,
Cou'd never leave the *World* in *quiet*—;
Attacking, when he took the *Whim*,
Court, *City*, *Camp*, all one to him—.

But, why wou'd he, except he *slobber'd*,
Offend our *Patriot*, Great Sir *R*——,

Whose *Councils* aid the Sov'reign Pow'r,
To *save* the *Nation* ev'ry hour ?
What *Scenes* of Evil he unravels,
In *Satyrs, Libels, Lying Travels* !
Not sparing his own *Clergy-Cloth*,
But, *eats* into it, like a *Moth*— !

" If he makes *Mankind* bad as *Elves*,
" I answer, they may thank themselves;
" If *Vice* can ever be abash'd,
" It must be *Ridicul'd*, or *Lash'd*.
But, if I chance to make a *slip*,
What right had he to hold the *Whip* ?

" If you *resent* it, who's to blame ?
" He neither knew *you*, nor your *Name* ;
" Shou'd *Vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
" Because its *Owner* is a *Duke* ?
" *Vice* is a *Vermin* ; *Sportsmen* say
" No *Vermin* can demand *fair Play*,
" But, ev'ry Hand may justly slay.

I envy not the *Wits*, who write
Meerly to *gratify* their *Spight* ;
Thus did the *Dean* : his only scope
Was, to be held a *Misanthrope*.
This into gen'ral *Odium* drew him,
Which if he lik'd, *much good may do him* :
This gave him *Enemies* in plenty,
Throughout *two Realms* nineteen in twenty.
His *Zeal* was not to lash our *Crimes*,
But *Discontent* against the Times ;
For, had We made him *timely* Offers,
To *raise* his *Post*, or *fill* his *Coffers*,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other *Brethren* of his *Gown*,

For *Party* he would scarce have Bled— :
I say no more—, because he's *dead*—.

" But who cou'd charge him, to his face,
" That e'er he *cring'd* to *Men* in *Place* ?
" His *Principles*, of antient date,
" Ill suit with those profess'd of late :
" The *Pope*, or *Calvin* he'd oppose,
" And thought they *Both* were *equal* Foes :
" That *Church* and *State* had suffer'd more
" By *Calvin*, than the *Scarlet Whore* :
" Thought *Popish* and *Fanatick Zeal*,
" *Both bitter* Foes to *Britain*'s Weal.
" The *Pope* would of our *Faith* bereave us,
" But, still our *Monarchy* wou'd leave us—.
" Not so, the vile *Fanatick Crew* ;
" That Ruin'd *Church* and *Monarch* too.

" Supposing these Reflections just ;
" We shou'd indulge the *Dean*'s disgust,
" Who saw this *Factious Tribe* caress'd,
" And *Lovers* of the *Church* distress'd— :
" The *Patrons* of *the good old Cause*,
" In *Senates* sit, at making Laws ;
" The most *malignant* of the *Herd*,
" In surest way to be preferr'd— ;
" And *Preachers* find the better *quarter*,
" For *railing* at the *Royal Martyr*.

" Whole Swarms of *Sects*, with grief, he saw
" More favour'd, than the *Church by Law* :
" Thought *Protestant* too good a Name
" For *canting Hypocrites* to claim,
" Whose *Protestation* hides a *Sting*
" Destructive to the *Church and King* :
" Which might as well, in his opinion,
" Become an *Atheist*, or *Socinian*.

" A *Protestant*'s a special *Clinker* ;
" It serves for *Sceptick*, and *Free-thinker*,
" It serves for *Stubble*, *Hay*, and *Wood*,
" For ev'ry thing—, *but what it should.*

What *Writings* has he left behind— ?
" I hear, they're of a diff'rent kind :
" A few, in *Verse* ; but most, in Prose "—.
Some *high-flown Pamphlets*, I suppose— :
All scribbled in the *worst* of *times*,
To *palliate* his Friend *Oxford*'s Crimes,
To praise Queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her,
As never fav'ring the *Pretender*— :
Or *Libels* yet conceal'd from sight—,
Against the *Court* to shew his *Spight*—.
Perhaps, his *Travels*, *Part the Third* ;
A *Lye*, at ev'ry *second* word :
Offensive to a *Loyal* Ear— :
But—*not one Sermon*, you may *swear*—.

" *Sir*, our *Accounts* are diff'rent quite,
" And your *Conjectures* are not right ;
" 'Tis plain, his Writings were design'd
" To *please*, and to *reform* Mankind ;
" And, if he often miss'd his Aim,
" The *World* must own it, to their *Shame* ;
" The *Praise* is *His*, and *Theirs* the *Blame.*

" Then, since you *dread* no further *Lashes*,
" You freely may *forgive his Ashes.*

FINIS.

Brit. Mus. 840. m. 1 (16).

APPENDIX XXIV

The Alderman's Guide; or, A new Pattern for a Lord-Mayor. A Ballad.

To the Tune of *Ye Commons and Peers*, &c.

Written by a Craftsman of the City of Dublin.

I

Kind Heav'n has granted
At last what we wanted,
A worthy Lord-Mayor for our Town!
A Man of more Merit,
True honour and spirit,
Ne'er yet wore an alderman's gown.

II

Of Humphrey[1] we're told,
The good Duke of old,
For virtue renown'd, and high blood:
Now, tho' not his Grace,
Nor royal in race,
Yet ours is an Humphrey as good!

III

Our pray'rs, heard on high,
Have brought from the sky

[1] Duke of Gloucester, Brother of King Henry the Vth.

Fair Justice to visit the land :
On cushion and bench,
She substitutes French,
Committing her scales to his hand.

IV

The sun from his course,
Or streams to their source,
You sooner cou'd turn—I assure ye,—
Than make him unjust,
Or false to his trust.——
Pray mark me,—O Walpole and Fleury !—

V

Let no man dare think
From danger he'd shrink,
When rogues are insulting our laws :
With resolute heart,
Our rights to assert,
He'd lay down his life for the cause.

VI

The gentry in red
Revere him with dread,
As savages worship the devil :
They feel by their wounds,
He fears no dragoons,—
And so they'll hereafter be civil.——

VII

Resolv'd to behave,
Like Walworth,[1] the brave,

[1] The famous Lord-Mayor of London in King Richard the IId's reign.

Who stabb'd 'midst his rabble Wat Tyler;
He put to the rout
Those myrmidons stout,
With a courage that fears no reviler.

VIII

For the public good
He'll risk his heart's blood !——
When perils his person environ;
He answers each bully,
Who thought him a cully,
He knows how to deal in cold Iron.

IX

Tho' titles he scorns,
Where virtue adorns,
Yet, now, to support his high place,—
By Jove !—he'll not flinch,
Nor give up an inch,
But take the right hand of his Grace ! [1]

X

The coaches of state,
And farce of the great,
Next year, he'll resign without pain;
And, like the fam'd Roman,[2]
'Till now, match'd by no man,
Return to his ploughshares again.

[1] He contended for right of precedency with the Archbishop of Dublin, and obtained it.

[2] Q. Cincinnatus the Dictator.

XI

Oppression no more
Shall threaten the poor;
Nor villains escape by their treasure:
While honesty thrives,
And commerce revives,
Maintain'd by just weight, and true measure.

XII

Ye traitors, who cheat
In the bread, we must eat,
And pray daily for to our Maker;
We bid you beware
Our vigilant May'r,
And the fortune of Pharaoh's chief baker.

XIII

Such worth wou'd become
A censor of Rome;
And envy, however malicious,
Must own he exceeds,
In generous deeds,
Stern Cato, and rigid Fabricius.

XIV

Then, boys, fill a glass,
And round let it pass!
The mark of cursed Cain let him wear;
Who, void of all art,
Won't drink, from his heart,
The health of our worthy Lord Mayor!

XV

Come—boys—t'other cup !——
Again—fill it up !
To the Welfare and Trade of the City !—
Now, if any foes,
Who this dare oppose,
'Scape hanging—it sure were a pity !—

XVI

Once more drink about !
We'll see it all out !—
Still, still, may we have—to direct us,—
A magistrate brave,
No dastard, or slave ;
But one, who, like French, shall protect us.

XVII

To the patriot's praise
A statue let's raise !
Be an arch triumphal decreed him !
Whose glory shall fire,
And nobly inspire
The souls of all those, who succeed him !

Brit. Mus. 839. m. 23 (111).

APPENDIX XXV

A Lullaby

For the D—n of St. *P—ks*:

OR,

The D—r fed with his own Spoon.

To the Tune of the Nurse's Ballad.

Risum teneatis amici. *Hor. de Art. Poet.*

O MY sweet *J—n—n, J—n—n,*
O my sweet *J—n—n S—ftee,*
Goody good D—n be so kind,
T'accept of a *New-Years-Giftee*:
Sure thy *Lilliput, Lilliput,*
Sure thy *Tale of a Tubbee,*
Shews us that you have been Sucking
Each MUSES lilly-white Bubbee.

Chucky chuckow my prety Face,
Fair as Alabaster,
Kneel on both Knees to his G—ce,
And he'll make a B–sh–p of Master:
A B–sh–p, indeed, you shall be,
If you'll quit your Pen, Ink, and Paper;
But, if you Rail at GREAT FOLKS
You still shall continue the *Dr–p–r.*

We was the D—n of St. *P–t—k's*,
And we was a Womanee Hater ;
If ever we get us a Wife,
Efekins, we'll sorely beat Her :
We'll beat her from Morn 'till Night,
If she do's n't do what we bid her ;
And when the poor Soul dies for *Grief*,
The dear D—n must die a Wid'er.

Were was a Laugh and a Jest ?
And, were was a Punn and a Quibble ?
Were was a Song and a Poem ?
And, were was a Ballad and Scribble ?
When *People* grow *old* they grow *peevish*,
And that is thy Case, dear D—nee ;
You shall have a Nurse and a Cradle,
As well as the Child of *D–l—ny*.

An Huze:

OR,

The D—n's ANSWER

TO THE

LULLABY.

——Risus Risum.

O MY little *F——y*, sweet *F——y*,
O my Nown *F——y Du—y*;
Scribble a Song for his G—ce,
And he surely will make'e a D——:
For sure thy Punns and thy Fables,
Your exquisite taste o' the Fashion,
Shews us that you are designed
One of the K—— of this Nation.

Chear up your Heart, mine Honey,
And your Cheeks as red as a Rosey;
Sit with nown Wife, and Write
Some sweet Ballad or Pomey:
Your Pomeys, indeed, will make'e,
If 'ou *them* closely follow,
A B—p or D—n at least,
Or, perhaps, another *Apollo*.

. . . .

Were was a Sneer and a Smile?
And, were was a fawning Expression?
Were was a sanctify'd Leer?

And, were was a design'd Carressing ?
When People are Married, the're foolish,
And that's thy Case, dear *Du—y*;
Should *P——y* chance to prove W—sh
You'd be worse off than *J—n—n D——y*.

BROBDIGNAGG

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Cambridge University Lib. Hib. 3. 730. 1 (82).
The Trader's Garland, Brit. Mus. 11621. c. 4 (77).

APPENDIX XXVI

UNDATED PIECES ATTRIBUTED TO SWIFT

Octosyllabic

Catullus de Lesbia.
Epigram on the English Tongue.
An Answer to On Stealing a Crown.
The Dean's Manner of Living.
Motto for Jason Hasard, a Woollen-draper.
Faulkner, 1746.

Epigram on Fasting.
Miscellanies, 1735.

The Parson's Case.
Imitation of the Rose by Mr. Philips.
An Answer to a Friend's Question.
Nichols, 1776 (cf. Literary Illustrations, v. 383).

On Two Celebrated Modern Poets.
Hawkesworth, 1775.

The Upstart.
On Blenheim.
On a Window at Kilmore.
On the Arms of Waterford.
Sir Walter Scott.

Other Metres

Street Cries—For Fruitwomen, etc.
To Mrs. Houghton of Bormount.
Faulkner, 1746, 1762.

The Dog and Shadow.
A Portrait from the Life.
On a Curate's Complaint of Hard Duty.

Hawkesworth, 1765, 1775.

A Dialogue between Sir William Handcock and Thady Fitz Patrick.

Barrett, 1808.

(This piece appears to have been begun in 1701 but cannot have been completed before 1716–17.)

Celer ad Fervendum.

Wilde, op. cit., p. 182.

In Life of James Bonnell.

Notes and Queries, 2nd Ser., v. 207.

A New Ballad on a Mock Duel between a Lawyer and a Certain Physician.

Brit. Mus. 839, m. 23 (82).

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APR 23 '70
MAY 9 '70
JUN 4 '70
March 73
OCT 17 '74
NOV 2[illegible]
APR 29 '75
MAY 13 '75
MAY 4 '76
MAY 02 94

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